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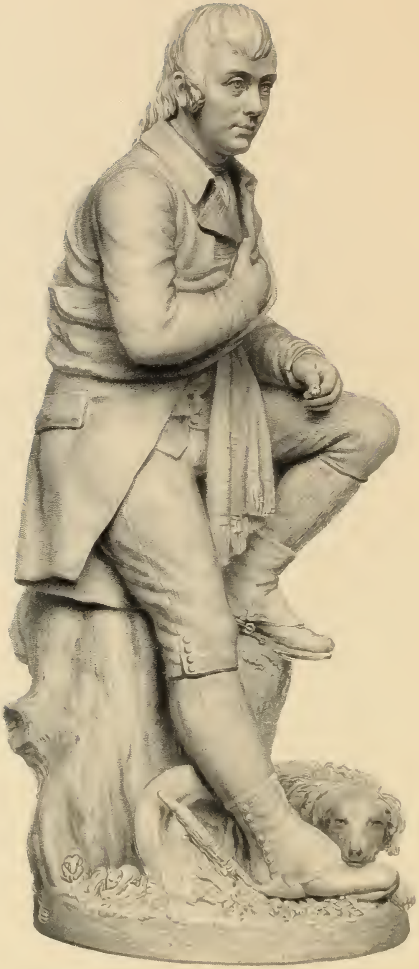

BURNS STATUE, DUMFRIES.

ENGRAVED BY W ROFFE FROM SKETCH MODEL BY MRS D. O. HILL.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE, LONDON, EDINBURGH & GLASGOW

THE

NATIONAL BURNS,

INCLUDING

THE AIRS OF ALL THE SONGS

IN THE STAFF AND TONIC SOL-FA NOTATIONS;

EDITED,

WITH AN ORIGINAL LIFE OF BURNS,

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

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LONDON:
WILLIAM MACKENZIE, 69 LUDGATE HILL,
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

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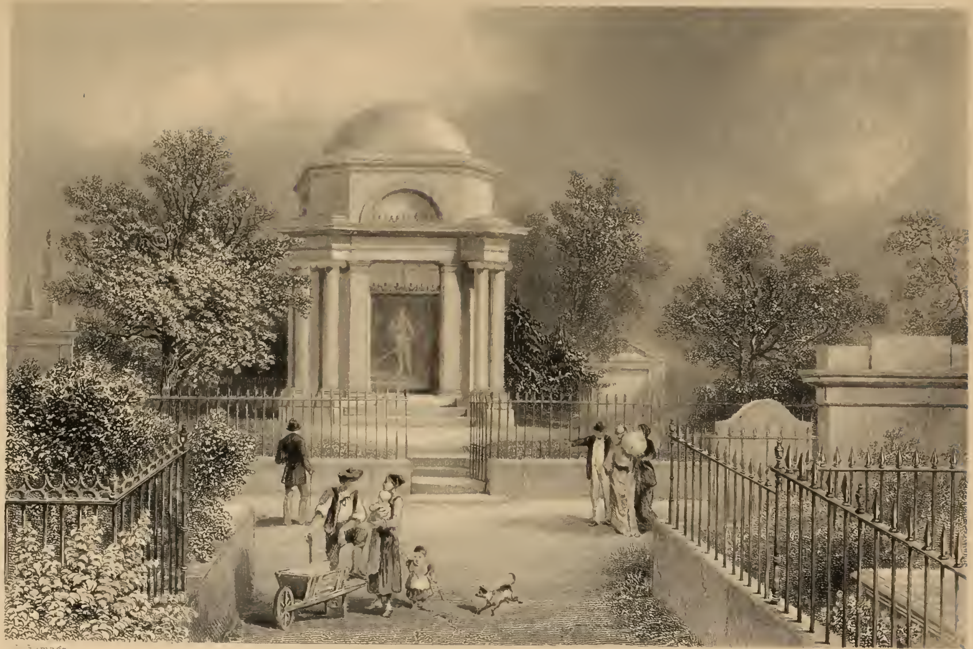

Ramage

Bradshaw

BURNS' MAUSOLEUM,

DUMFRIES.

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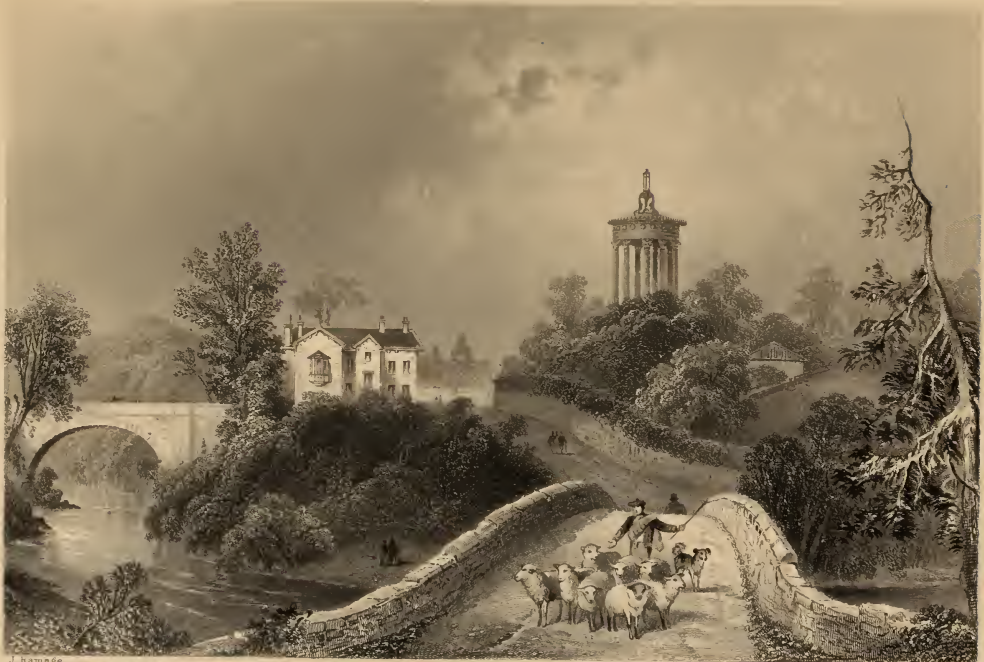


J. Ramage

R. P. Brandard.

OLD AND NEW BRIGS OF DOON,

WITH BURNS MONUMENT

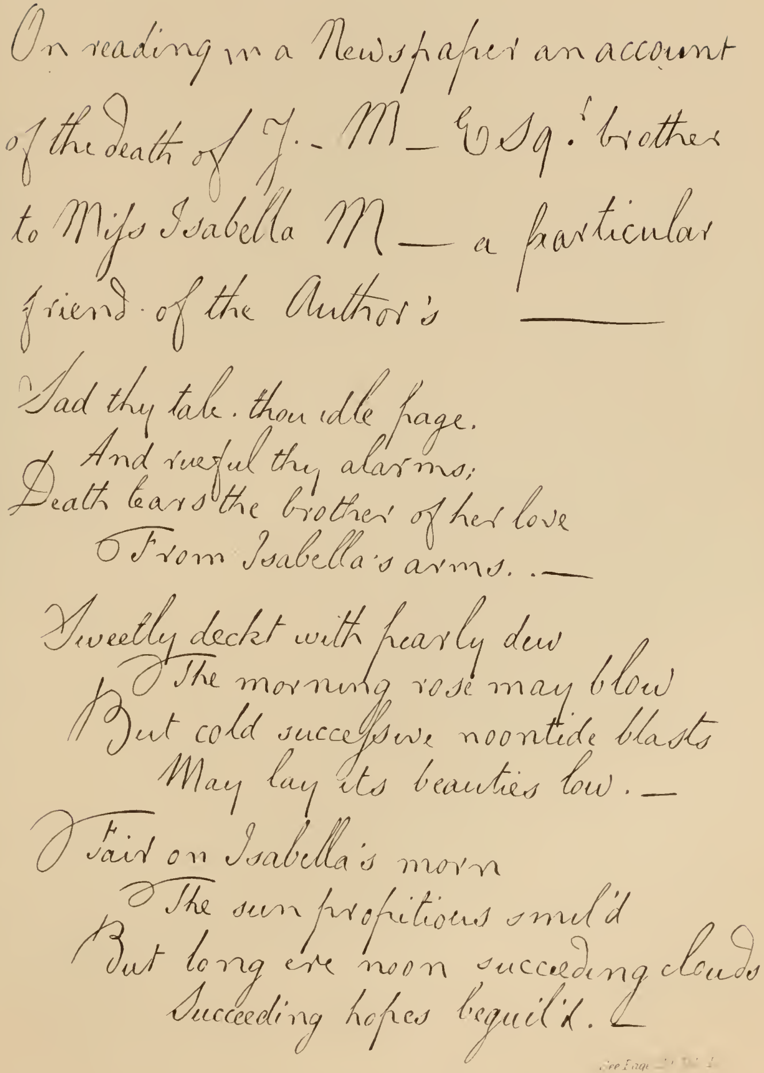
WILLIAM MACKENZIE, LONDON, EDINBURGH & GLASGOW.

"OH PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY,
WHEN ROVING THRO' THE GATHER'D HAY."

"WE TWA HAE PAIDL'D IN THE BURN"

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE HAND-WRITING
OF
ROBERT BURNS.



On reading in a Newspaper an account of the death of J.— M— Esq.r brother to Miſs Isabella M— a particular friend of the Author's

Sad thy tale. thou idle page.
And rueful thy alarms;
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.—

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow
But cold succeſsive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.—

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd
But long ere noon succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

See Page [illegible] Vol. [illegible]

Adieu, my dear Sir! So soon as your present views and schemes are concentered in an aim, I shall be glad to hear from you; as your welfare and happiness is by no means a subject indifferent to, yours,

R. B.

No. CCXXIII.

TO MR. WILLIAM BURNS, SADDLER, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Ellisland, 14*th August*, 1789.

My Dear William,

I received your letter, and am very happy to hear that you have got settled for the winter. I enclose you the two guinea-notes of the Bank of Scotland, which I hope will serve your need. It is indeed not quite so convenient for me to spare money as it once was, but I know your situation, and, I will say it, in some respects your worth. I have no time to write at present, but I beg you will endeavour to pluck up a *little* more of the Man than you used to have. Remember my favourite quotation—

> "On reason build resolve,
> That column of true majesty in Man;"
>
> "What proves the Hero truly great
> Is never, never to despair."

Your mother and sisters desire their compliments. *A Dieu je vous commende.*

R. B.

No. CCXXIV.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 6*th September*, 1789.

Dear Madam,

I have mentioned in my last my appointment to the Excise, and the birth of the little Frank; who, by the bye, I trust will be no discredit to the honourable name of Wallace, as he has a fine manly countenance, and a figure that might do credit to a little fellow two months older; and likewise an excellent good temper, though when he pleases he has a pipe, only not quite so loud as the horn that his immortal namesake blew as a signal to take out the pin of Stirling bridge.

I had some time ago an epistle, part poetic and part prosaic, from your poetess, Miss J. Little,[*] a very ingenious, but modest composition. I should have written her as she requested, but for the hurry of this new business. I have heard of her and her compositions in this country; and I am happy to add, always to the honour of her character. The fact is, I know not well how to write to her: I should sit down to a sheet of paper that I knew not how to stain. I am no dab at fine-drawn letter-writing; and, except when prompted by friendship or gratitude, or, which happens extremely rarely, inspired by the Muse (I know not her name) that presides over epistolary writing, I sit down, when necessitated to write, as I would sit down to beat hemp.

Some parts of your letter of the 20th August struck me with the most melancholy concern for the state of your mind at present.

Would I could write you a letter of comfort! I would sit down to it with as much pleasure as I would to write an epic poem of my own composition that should equal the "Iliad." Religion, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A strong persuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition so obviously probable, that setting revelation aside, every nation and people, so far as investigation has reached, for at least near four thousand years, have, in some mode or other, firmly believed it. In vain would we reason and pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch; but, when I reflected that I was opposing the most ardent wishes, and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all human belief in all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct.

I know not whether I have ever sent you the following lines, or if you have ever seen them; but it is one of my favourite quotations, which I keep constantly by me in my progress through life, in the language of the book of Job,

> "Against the day of battle and of war"—

spoken of religion:—

> "'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright,
> 'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night.
> When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few;
> When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
> 'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
> Disarms affliction, or repels his dart;
> Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
> Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies."

I have been very busy with "Zeluco." The Doctor is so obliging as to request my opinion of it; and I have been revolving in my mind some kind of criticisms on novel-writing, but it is a depth beyond my research. I shall, however, digest my thoughts on the subject as well as I can. "Zeluco" is a most sterling performance.

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[*] Janet Little a large masculine-looking woman, was born near Ecclefechan, became a milkmaid in Loudon Castle, published her poems in 1792, gained by them £50, once visited Burns (see Life), married John Richmond, died in 1813—an estimable person, if no poet.

Farewell! *A Dieu, le bon Dieu, je vous commende!*

R. B.

* * *

No. CCXXV.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDELL, OF FRIARS CARSE.

Ellisland, 16*th October*, 1789.

Sir,

Big with the idea of this important day at Friars Carse,* I have watched the elements and skies in the full persuasion that they would announce it to the astonished world by some phenomena of terrific portent. Yesternight, until a very late hour, did I wait with anxious horror for the appearance of some comet firing half the sky; or aerial armies of sanguinary Scandinavians darting athwart the startled heavens, rapid as the ragged lightning, and horrid as those convulsions of nature that bury nations.

The elements, however, seem to take the matter very quietly; they did not even usher in this morning with triple suns and a shower of blood, symbolical of the three potent heroes, and the mighty claret-shed of the day. For me, as Thomson, in his "Winter," says of the storm —I shall "hear astonish'd, and astonish'd sing."

"The whistle and the man I sing:
The man that won the whistle," &c.

"Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we," &c.†

To leave the heights of Parnassus and come to the humble vale of prose. I have some misgivings that I take too much upon me, when I request you to get your guest, Sir Robert Lawrie, to frank the two enclosed covers for me, the one of them to Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, Bart., at Auchenskeith, Kilmarnock —the other to Mr. Allan Masterton, Writing-Master, Edinburgh. The first has a kindred claim on Sir Robert, as being a brother Baronet, and likewise a keen Foxite; the other is one of the worthiest men in the world, and a man of real genius; so, allow me to say, he has a fraternal claim on you. I want them franked for to-morrow, as I cannot get them to the post to-night. I shall send a servant again for them in the evening. Wishing that your head may be crowned with laurels to-night, and free from aches to-morrow, I have the honour to be, Sir, your deeply indebted humble servant,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCXXVI.

TO MR. ROBERT AINSLIE, EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, 1*st November*, 1789.

My Dear Friend,

I had written you long ere now, could I have guessed where to find you, for I am sure you have more good sense than to waste precious days of vacation-time in the dirt of business in Edinburgh. Wherever you are God bless you, and lead you not into temptation, but deliver you from evil!

I do not know if I have informed you that I am now appointed to an Excise division, in the middle of which my house and farm lie. In this I was extremely lucky. Without ever having been an expectant, as they call their journeymen excisemen, I was directly planted down to all intents and purposes an officer of Excise, there to flourish and bring forth fruits—worthy of repentance.

I know how the word "exciseman," or still more opprobrious "gauger," will sound in your ears. I too have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on this subject; but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting these kind of sensations. Fifty pounds a year for life, and a provision for widows and orphans, you will allow is no bad settlement for a *poet*. For the ignominy of the profession, I have the encouragement which I once heard a recruiting sergeant give to a numerous, if not a respectable audience, in the streets of Kilmarnock:— "Gentlemen, for your further and better encouragement, I can assure you that our regiment is the most blackguard corps under the crown, and consequently, with us an honest fellow has the surest chance of preferment."

You need not doubt that I find several very unpleasant and disagreeable circumstances in my business; but I am tired with and disgusted at the language of complaint against the evils of life. Human existence in the most favourable situations does not abound with pleasures, and has its inconveniences and ills; capricious foolish man mistakes these inconveniences and ills, as if they were the peculiar property of his particular situation; and hence that eternal fickleness, that love of change, which has ruined, and daily does ruin many a fine fellow, as well as many a blockhead; and is, almost without exception, a constant source of disappointment and misery. So far from being dissatisfied with my present lot, I earnestly pray the Great Disposer of events that it may never be worse, and I think I can lay my hand on my heart and say "I shall be content?"

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* See Life. The date of the letter is wrong; it should be 1790.

† See vol. i. p. 157.

I long to hear from you how you go on—not so much in business as in life. Are you pretty well satisfied with your own exertions, and tolerably at ease in your internal reflections? 'Tis much to be a great character as a lawyer, but beyond comparison more to be a great character as a man.

That you may be both the one and the other is the earnest wish—and that you will be both, is the firm persuasion of, my dear Sir, &c.,

R. B.

No CCXXVII.

TO MR. RICHARD BROWN, PORT GLASGOW.

Ellisland, 4*th November*, 1789.

I have been so hurried, my ever-dear friend, that though I got both your letters, I have not been able to command an hour to answer them as I wished; and even now, you are to look on this as merely confessing debt, and craving days. Few things could have given me so much pleasure as the news that you were once more safe and sound on terra firma, and happy in that place where happiness is alone to be found—in the fireside circle. May the benevolent Director of all things peculiarly bless you in all those endearing connections consequent on the tender and venerable names of husband and father! I have indeed been extremely lucky in getting an additional income of £50 a year, while, at the same time, the appointment will not cost me above £10 or £12 per annum of expenses more than I must have inevitably incurred. The worst circumstance is, that the Excise division which I have got is so extensive—no less than ten parishes to ride over; and it abounds besides with so much business, that I can scarcely steal a spare moment. However, labour endears rest, and both together are absolutely necessary for the proper enjoyment of human existence. I cannot meet you any where. No less than an order from the Board of Excise, at Edinburgh, is necessary before I can have so much time as to meet you in Ayrshire. But do you come and see me. We must have a social day, and perhaps lengthen it out half the night, before you go again to sea. You are the earliest friend I now have on earth, my brothers excepted: and is not that an endearing circumstance? When you and I first met, we were at the green period of human life. The twig would easily take a bent, but would as easily return to its former state. You and I not only took a mutual bent, but by the melancholy, though strong influence of being both of the family of the unfortunate, we were entwined with one another in our growth towards advanced age: and blasted be the sacrilegious hand that shall attempt to undo the union! You and I must have one bumper to my favourite toast, "May the companions of our youth be the friends of our old age!" Come and see me one year; I shall see you at Port Glasgow the next; and if we can contrive to have a gossiping between our two bedfellows, it will be so much additional pleasure. Mrs. Burns joins me in kind compliments to you and Mrs. Brown.

Adieu! I am ever, my dear Sir, yours,

R. B.

No. CCXXVIII.

TO MR. WM. BURNS, SADDLER, MORPETH.

Ellisland, 10*th November*, 1789.

Dear William,

I would have written you sooner, but I am so hurried and fatigued with my Excise business, that I can scarcely pluck up resolution to go through the effort of a letter to anybody. Indeed you hardly deserve a letter from me, considering that you have spare hours in which you have nothing to do at all, and yet it was near three months between your two last letters.

I know not if you heard lately from Gilbert. I expect him here with me about the latter end of this week. . . My mother is returned, now that she has seen my little boy Francis fairly set to the world. I suppose Gilbert has informed you that you have got a new nephew. He is a fine thriving fellow, and promises to do honour to the name he bears. I have named him Francis Wallace, after my worthy friend, Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop.

The only Ayrshire news that I remember, in which I think you will be interested, is that Mr. Ronald is bankrupt. You will easily guess, that from his insolent vanity in his sunshine of life, he will now feel a little retaliation from those who thought themselves eclipsed by him; for, poor fellow, I do not think he ever intentionally injured any one. I might indeed, perhaps, except his wife, whom he certainly has used very ill; but she is still fond of him to distraction, and bears up wonderfully—much superior to him—under this severe shock of fortune. Women have a kind of sturdy sufferance, which qualifies them to endure beyond, much beyond, the common run of men; but perhaps part of that fortitude is owing to their short-sightedness, for they are by no means famous for seeing remote consequences in all their real importance.

I am very glad at your resolution to live within your income, be that what it will. Had poor Ronald done so, he had not this day been a prey to the dreadful miseries of insolvency.

You are at the time of life when those habitudes are begun which are to mark the character of the future man. Go on and persevere, and depend on less or more success. I am, dear William, your brother,

R. B.

No. CCXXIX.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

9th December, 1789.

Sir,

I have a good while had a wish to trouble you with a letter, and had certainly done it long ere now—but for a humiliating something that throws cold water on the resolution; as if one should say, "You have found Mr. Graham a very powerful and kind friend indeed, and that interest he is so kindly taking in your concerns, you ought by every thing in your power to keep alive and cherish." Now though, since God has thought proper to make one powerful and another helpless, the connection of obliger and obliged is all fair; and though my being under your patronage is to me highly honourable—yet, Sir, allow me to flatter myself, that, as a poet and an honest man, you first interested yourself in my welfare, and principally as such still, you permit me to approach you.

I have found the Excise business go on a great deal smoother with me than I expected; owing a good deal to the generous friendship of Mr. Mitchell, my collector, and the kind assistance of Mr. Findlater, my supervisor. I dare to be honest, and I fear no labour. Nor do I find my hurried life greatly inimical to my correspondence with the Muses. Their visits to me, indeed, and I believe to most of their acquaintance, like the visits of good angels, are "short and far between;" but I meet them now and then as I jog through the hills of Nithsdale, just as I used to do on the banks of Ayr. I take the liberty to enclose you a few bagatelles, all of them the productions of my leisure thoughts in my excise rides.

If you know or have ever seen Captain Grose, the antiquarian, you will enter into any humour that is in the verses on him.* Perhaps you have seen them before. as I sent them to a London newspaper. Though, I daresay, you have none of the Solemn-League-and-Covenant fire, which shone so conspicuous in Lord George Gordon and the Kilmarnock weavers, yet I think you must have heard of Dr. M'Gill, one of the Clergymen of Ayr, and his heretical book. God help him, poor man! Though he is one of the worthiest, as well as one of the ablest of the whole priesthood of the Kirk of Scotland, in every sense of that ambiguous term, yet the poor Doctor and his numerous family are in imminent danger of being thrown out to the mercy of the winter winds. The enclosed ballad on that business is, I confess, too local, but I laughed myself at some conceits in it, though I am convinced in my conscience that there are a good many heavy stanzas in it too.

The Election Ballad,† as you will see, alludes to the present canvass in our string of burghs. I do not believe there will be a harder-run match in the whole general election. The *Great Man* here, like all renegadoes, is a flaming zealot kicked out before the astonished indignation of his deserted master, and despised, I suppose, by the party who took him in to be a mustering faggot at the mysterious orgies of their midnight iniquities, and a useful drudge in the dirty work of their country elections; he would fain persuade this part of the world that he is turned Patriot, and, where he knows his men, has the impudence to aim away at the unmistrusting manner of a man of conscience and principle. Nay, to such an intemperate height has his zeal carried him that, in convulsive violence to every feeling in his bosom, he has made some desperate attempts at the hopeless business of getting himself a character for Benevolence; and, in one or two late terrible strides in pursuit of party-interest, has actually stumbled on something like meaning the Welfare of his Fellow-Creatures.‡ I beg your pardon, Sir, if I differ from you in my idea of this *great man;* but were you to know his sins, as well of omission as commission, to this outraged land, you would club your curse with the execrating voice of the country. I am too little a man to have any political attachments; I am deeply indebted to, and have the warmest veneration for, individuals of both parties; but a man who has it in his power to be the Father of a Country, and who is only known to that country by the mischief he does in it, is a character of which one cannot speak with patience.

Sir James Johnston does "what man can do," but yet I doubt his fate. Of the burgh of Annan he is secure;

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* In the letter the Poet inclosed his verses on Grose, "The Kirk's Alarm," and an election ballad.

† "The Five Carlins," see vol. i. p. 162.

‡ Alluding to the Duke of Queensberry.

Kirkcudbright is dubious. He has the provost; but Lord Daer, who does the honours of "great man" to the place, makes every effort in his power for the opposite interest. Luckily for Sir James, his Lordship, though a very good Lord, is a very poor politician. Dumfries and Sanquhar are decidedly the Duke's, "to sell or let;" so Lochmaben, a city containing upwards of fourscore living souls that cannot discern between their right hand and their left—for drunkenness—has at present the balance of power in her hands. The honourable council of that ancient burgh are fifteen in number; but alas! their fifteen names endorsing a bill of fifteen pounds, would not discount the said bill in any banking office. My lord provost, who is one of the soundest-headed, best-hearted, whisky-drinking fellows in the south of Scotland, is devoted to Sir James; but his Grace thinks he has a majority of the council, though I, who have the honour to be a burgess of the town, and know somewhat behind the curtain, could tell him a different story.

The worst of it for the buff and blue folks is, that their candidate, Captain Miller, my landlord's son, is, *entre nous*, a youth by no means above mediocrity in his abilities, and is said to have a huckster-lust for shillings, pence, and farthings. This is the more remarkable, as his father's abilities and benevolence are so justly celebrated.

The song beginning, "Thou lingering star," &c., is the last, and in my own opinion, by much the best of the enclosed compositions. I beg leave to present it with my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Graham.

I return you by the carrier, the bearer of this, Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Marshall's "Yorkshire," and "Angola." *Les Contes de Fontaine* is in the way of my trade, and I must give it another reading or two. *Chanson's Joyeuses* and another little French book, I keep for the same reason. I think you will not be reading them, and I will not keep them long.

Forgive me, Sir, for the stupid length of this epistle. I pray Heaven it may find you in a humour to read *The Belfast New Almanac*, or *The Bachelor's Garland*, containing five excellent new songs, or the Paisley poet's version of the Psalms of David, and then my impertinence may disgust the less.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your ever-grateful, humble servant, R. B.

No. CCXXX.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.*

ELLISLAND, 13*th December*, 1789.

MANY thanks, dear Madam, for your sheet-full of rhymes. Though at present I am below the veriest prose, yet from you everything pleases. I am groaning under the miseries of a diseased nervous system; a system, the state of which is most conducive to our happiness, or the most productive of our misery. For now near three weeks I have been so ill with a nervous head-ache, that I have been obliged to give up for a time my Excise-books, being scarce able to lift my head, much less to ride once a week over ten muir parishes. What is Man! To-day in the luxuriance of health, exulting in the enjoyment of existence; in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, loaded with conscious painful being, counting the tardy pace of the lingering moments by the repercussions of anguish, and refusing or denied a comforter. Day follows night, and night comes after day, only to curse him with life which gives him no pleasure; and yet the awful, dark termination of that life is a something at which he recoils.

> "————Tell us, ye dead;
> Will none of you in pity disclose the secret
> What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?
> 'Tis no matter———a little time
> Will make us learn'd as you are, and as close."

Can it be possible, that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence! When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that knew me, and the few who loved me; when the cold, stiffened, unconscious, ghastly corse is resigned into the earth, to be the prey of unsightly reptiles, and to become in time a trodden clod, shall I yet be warm in life, seeing and seen, enjoying and enjoyed? Ye venerable Sages and holy Flamens, is there probability in your conjectures, truth in your stories, of another world beyond death; or are they all alike, baseless visions and fabricated fables? If there is another life, it must only be for the just, the benevolent, the amiable, and the humane; what a flattering idea, then, is a world to come! Would to God I as firmly believed it, as I ardently wish it? There I should meet an aged parent, now at rest from the many buffetings of an evil world, against which he so long and so bravely struggled. There should I meet the friend, the disinterested friend of my early life! the man who rejoiced to see me, because he loved me and could serve me. Muir! thy weaknesses were the aberrations of human nature, but thy heart glowed with every thing generous, manly, and noble; and if ever emanation from the All-good Being animated a human form, it was thine! There should I, with speechless agony of rapture, again recognize my lost, my ever dear Mary! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love:—

My Mary, dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of heavenly rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

---

* Transcribed partly from his Common-place Book.

Jesus Christ, thou amiablest of characters! I trust thou art no impostor, and that thy revelation of blissful scenes of existence beyond death and the grave is not one of the many impositions which, time after time, have been palmed on credulous mankind. I trust that in thee "shall all the families of the earth be blessed," by being yet connected together in a better world, where every tie that bound heart to heart, in this state of existence, shall be, far beyond our present conceptions, more endearing.

I am a good deal inclined to think with those who maintain, that what are called nervous affections are in fact diseases of the mind. I cannot reason, I cannot think; and but to you I would not venture to write any thing above an order to a cobbler. You have felt too much of the ills of life not to sympathize with a diseased wretch, who is impaired in more than half of any faculties he possessed. Your goodness will excuse this distracted scrawl, which the writer dare scarcely read, and which he would throw into the fire, were he able to write any thing better, or indeed any thing at all.

Rumour told me something of a son of yours who was returned from the East or West Indies. If you have gotten news of James or Anthony, it was cruel in you not to let me know; as I promise you on the sincerity of a man, who is weary of one world and anxious about another, that scarce any thing could give me so much pleasure as to hear of any good thing befalling my honoured friend.

If you have a minute's leisure, take up your pen in pity to *le pauvre miserable,*

R. B.

No. CCXXXI.

TO LADY GLENCAIRN.*

ELLISLAND, *December*, 1789.

MY LADY,

THE honour you have done your poor poet, in writing him so very obliging a letter, and the pleasure the enclosed beautiful verses have given him, came very seasonably to his aid amid the cheerless gloom and sinking despondency of diseased nerves and December weather. As to forgetting the family of Glencairn, heaven is my witness with what sincerity I could use those old verses, which please me more in their rude simplicity than the most elegant lines I ever saw:—

"If thee, Jerusalem, I forget,
  Skill part from my right hand.

My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
  If I do thee forget,
Jerusalem! and thee above
  My chief joy do not set."

When I am tempted to do anything improper, I dare not, because I look on myself as accountable to your ladyship and family. Now and then, when I have the honour to be called to the tables of the great, if I happen to meet with any mortification from the stately stupidity of self-sufficient squires, or the luxuriant insolence of upstart nabobs, I get above the creatures by calling to remembrance that I am patronized by the noble House of Glencairn; and at gala-times, such as New-year's day, a christening, or the kirn-night, when my punch-bowl is brought from its dusty corner, and filled up in honour of the occasion, I begin with—*The Countess of Glencairn!* My good woman, with the enthusiasm of a grateful heart, next cries, *My Lord!* and so the toast goes on, until I end with *Lady Harriet's little angel!* † whose epithalamium I have pledged myself to write.

When I received your Ladyship's letter, I was just in the act of transcribing for you some verses I have lately composed, and meant to have sent them my first leisure hour, and acquainted you with my late change of life. I mentioned to my Lord my fears concerning my farm. Those fears were indeed too true; it is a bargain would have ruined me, but for the lucky circumstance of my having an Excise commission.

People may talk as they please of the ignominy of the Excise: £50 a year will support my wife and children, and keep me independent of the world; and I would much rather have it said that my profession borrowed credit from me, than that I borrowed credit from my profession. Another advantage I have in this business, is the knowledge it gives me of the various shades of human character, consequently assisting me vastly in my poetic pursuits. I had the most ardent enthusiasm for the Muses when nobody knew me but myself, and that ardour is by no means cooled now that my Lord Glencairn's goodness has introduced me to all the world. Not that I am in haste for the press. I have no idea of publishing, else I certainly had consulted my generous, noble patron; but after acting the part of an honest man, and supporting my family, my whole wishes and views are directed to poetic pursuits. I am aware that though I were to give performances to the world superior to my former works, still if they were of the same kind with those, the comparative reception they would meet with would mortify me. I have turned my thoughts on the Drama. I do not mean the stately buskin of the Tragic Muse. Does not your Ladyship think that an Edinburgh theatre would be more amused with affectation, folly, and whim of true Scottish growth, than manners, which by far the greatest part of the audience can only know at second-hand? I have the honour to be your Ladyship's ever devoted and grateful, humble servant,

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* Mother of Burns' patron.

† The late Sir Alexander Don, Bart., of Newton Don.

R. B.

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No. CCXXXII.

TO LADY WINIFRED MAXWELL CONSTABLE.*

Ellisland, 16*th December*, 1789.

My Lady,

In vain have I from day to day expected to hear from Mrs. Young, as she promised me at Dalswinton that she would do me the honour to introduce me at Tinwald; and it was impossible not from your Ladyship's accessibility, but from my own feelings, that I could go alone. Lately, indeed, Mr. Maxwell, of Currachan, in his usual goodness offered to accompany me, when an unlucky indisposition on my part hindered my embracing the opportunity. To court the notice or the tables of the great, except where I sometimes have had a little matter to ask of them, or more often the pleasanter task of witnessing my gratitude to them, is what I never have done, and I trust never shall do. But with your Ladyship I have the honour to be connected by one of the strongest and most endearing ties in the whole world—common sufferers in a cause where even to be unfortunate is glorious, the cause of heroic loyalty! Though my fathers had not illustrious honours and vast properties to hazard in the contest, though they left their humble cottages only to add so many units more to the unnoted crowd that followed their leaders, yet what they could they did, and what they had they lost: with unshaken firmness and unconcealed political attachments, they shook hands with ruin for what they esteemed the cause of their king and their country. This language and the enclosed verses† are for your Ladyship's eye alone. Poets are not very famous for their prudence; but as I can do nothing for a cause which is now nearly no more, I do not wish to hurt myself.

I have the honour to be, my lady, your ladyship's obliged and obedient humble servant,

R. B

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* Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, a descendant of the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale. This nobleman was implicated in the Rebellion of 1715, but his life was saved through the conduct of his Countess, whose ingenuity and presence of mind enabled him to effect his escape from the Tower of London. She exchanged clothes with her husband.

† Viz., the Verses to William Tytler, author of the Defence of Mary Queen of Scots, given at vol. i. p. 131.

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No. CCXXXIII.

TO PROVOST MAXWELL, OF LOCHMABEN.

Ellisland, 20*th December*, 1789.

Dear Provost,

As my friend Mr. Graham goes for your good town to-morrow, I cannot resist the temptation to send you a few lines; and as I have nothing to say, I have chosen this sheet of foolscap, and begun, as you see, at the top of the first page, because I have ever observed that when once people have fairly set out they know not where to stop. Now that my first sentence is concluded, I have nothing to do but to pray Heaven to help me on to another. Shall I write you on politics or religion?—two master subjects for your sayers of nothing. Of the first I dare say by this time you are nearly surfeited; and for the last, whatever they may talk of it who make it a kind of company concern, I never could endure it beyond a soliloquy. I might write you on farming, on building, on marketing; but my poor distracted mind is so torn, so jaded, so racked and bedeviled with the task of the superlatively damned, to make *one guinea do the business of three*, that I detest, abhor, and swoon at the very word "business," though no less than four letters of my very short surname are in it.

Well, to make the matter short, I shall betake myself to a subject ever fruitful of themes—a subject, the turtle feast of the sons of Satan, and the delicious secret sugar-plum of the babes of grace—a subject sparkling with all the jewels that wit can find in the mines of Genius, and pregnant with all the stores of learning, from Moses and Confucius to Franklin and Priestley—in short, may it please your Lordship, I intend to write—*

If at any time you expect a field-day, in your town—a day when Dukes, Earls, and Knights pay their court to weavers, tailors, and cobblers,† I should like to know of it two or three days beforehand. It is not that I care three skips of a cur-dog for the politics, but I should like to see such an exhibition of human nature. If you meet with that worthy old veteran in Religion and good-fellowship, Mr. Jeffrey, or any of his amiable family,‡ I beg you will give them my best compliments.

R. B.

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* An obscene song.

† Alluding to a contested election.

‡ Minister of Lochmaben, father of the blue-eyed lass, upon whom Burns wrote the fine song, "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen," given at vol. i. p. 164.

No. CCXXXIV.

TO MR. GILBERT BURNS.

Ellisland, 11*th January*, 1790.

Dear Brother,

I mean to take advantage of the frank, though I have not in my present frame of mind much appetite for exertion in writing. My nerves are in a cursed state. I feel that horrid hypochondria pervading every atom of both body and soul. This farm has undone my enjoyment of myself. It is a ruinous affair on all hands. But let it go to hell! I 'll fight it out and be off with it.

We have got a set of very decent players here just now. I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell, in Ayr, wrote to me by the manager of the company, a Mr. Sutherland, who is a man of apparent worth. On New's-year-day evening I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause:—

> No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,
> That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity:
> Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
> Good sense and taste are natives here at home. *

I can no more. If once I was clear of this cursed farm, I should respire more at ease.

R. B.

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No. CCXXXV.

TO MR. WILLIAM DUNBAR, W.S.

Ellisland, 14*th January*, 1790.

Since we are here creatures of a day, since "a few summer days, and a few winter nights, and the life of man is at an end," why, my dear, much esteemed Sir, should you and I let negligent indolence, for I know it is nothing worse, step in between us and bar the enjoyment of a mutual correspondence? We are not shapen out of the common, heavy, methodical clod, the elemental stuff of the plodding, selfish race, the sons of Arithmetic and Prudence; our feelings and hearts are not benumbed and poisoned by the cursed influence of riches, which, whatever blessing they may be in other respects, are no friends to the nobler qualities of the heart: in the name of random Sensibility, then, let never the moon change on our silence any more. I have had a tract of bad health most part of this winter, else you had heard from me long ere now. Thank Heaven, I am now got so much better as to be able to partake a little in the enjoyments of life.

Our friend Cunningham will perhaps have told you of my going into the Excise. The truth is, I found it a very convenient business to have £50 per annum, nor have I yet felt any of those mortifying circumstances in it that I was led to fear.

February 2.—I have not, for sheer hurry of business, been able to spare five minutes to finish my letter. Besides my farm business, I ride on my Excise matters at least 200 miles every week. I have not by any means given up the Muses. You will see in the third volume of Johnson's Scots Songs that I have contributed my mite there.

But, my dear Sir, little ones that look up to you for paternal protection are an important charge. I have already two fine, healthy, stout little fellows, and I wish to throw some light upon them. I have a thousand reveries and schemes about them and their future destiny. Not that I am a Utopian projector in these things; but I am resolved never to breed up a son of mine to any of the learned professions. I know the value of independence; and since I cannot give my sons an independent fortune, I shall give them an independent line of life. What a chaos of hurry, chance, and changes is this world, when one sits soberly down to reflect on it! To a father, who himself knows the world, the thought that he shall have sons to usher into it must fill him with dread; but if he have daughters, the prospect in a thoughtful moment is apt to shock him.

I hope Mrs. Fordyce and the two young ladies are well. Do let me forget that they are nieces of yours, and let me say that I never saw a more interesting, sweeter pair of sisters in my life. I am the fool of my feelings and attachments. I often take up a volume of my Spenser to realize you to my imagination, and think over the social scenes we have had together. God grant that there may be another world more congenial to honest fellows beyond this — a world where these rubs and plagues of absence, distance, misfortunes, ill health, &c., shall no more damp hilarity and divide friendship. This I know is your throng season, but half a page will much oblige, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

R. B.

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No. CCXXXVI.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 25*th January*, 1790.

It has been owing to unremitting hurry of business that I have not written to you, Madam, long ere now. My health is greatly better, and I now begin once more to share in satisfaction and enjoyment with the rest of my fellow-creatures.

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* See vol. i. p. 165.

Many thanks, my much esteemed friend, for your kind letters; but why will you make me run the risk of being contemptible and mercenary in my own eyes? When I pique myself on my independent spirit, I hope it is neither poetic licence nor poetic rant: and I am so flattered with the honour you have done me, in making me your compeer in friendship and friendly correspondence, that I cannot without pain and a degree of mortification be reminded of the real inequality between our situations.

Most sincerely do I rejoice with you, dear Madam, in the good news of Anthony. Not only your anxiety about his fate, but my own esteem for such a noble, warm-hearted, manly young fellow, in the little I had of his acquaintance, has interested me deeply in his fortunes.

Falconer, the unfortunate author of the "Shipwreck," which you so much admire, is no more. After weathering the dreadful catastrophe he so feelingly describes in his poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the *Aurora* frigate! I forget what part of Scotland had the honour of giving him birth; but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune.* He was one of those daring adventurous spirits which Scotland, beyond any other country, is remarkable for producing. Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad, which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart:—

"Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should die."

Old Scottish songs are, you know, a favourite study and pursuit of mine, and now I am on that subject, allow me to give you two stanzas of another old simple ballad, which I am sure will please you. The catastrophe of the piece is a poor ruined female, lamenting her fate. She concludes with this pathetic wish:—

"O that my father had ne'er on me smiled;
O that my mother had ne'er to me sung!
O that my cradle had never been rock'd;
But that I had died when I was young!

O that the grave it were my bed;
My blankets were my winding sheet;
The clocks and the worms my bedfellows a';
And O sae sound as I should sleep!"

I do not remember in all my reading to have met with anything more truly the language of misery than the exclamation in the last line. Misery is like love; to speak its language truly, the author must have felt it.

I am every day expecting the doctor to give your little godson the small-pox. They are *rife* in the country, and I tremble for his fate. By the way, I cannot help congratulating you on his looks and spirit. Every person who sees him acknowledges him to be the finest, handsomest child he has ever seen. I am myself delighted with the manly swell of his little chest, and a certain miniature dignity in the carriage of his head, and the glance of his fine black eye, which promise the undaunted gallantry of an independent mind.

I thought to have sent you some rhymes, but time forbids. I promise you poetry until you are tired of it next time I have the honour of assuring you how truly I am, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCXXXVII.

TO MR. G. S. SUTHERLAND, DUMFRIES THEATRE.

Monday Morning, 1st *February*, 1790.

I was much disappointed, my dear Sir, in wanting your most agreeable company yesterday. However, I heartily pray for good weather next Sunday; and, whatever aerial Being has the guidance of the elements, that he may take any other half dozen Sundays he pleases, and clothe them with

"Vapours and clouds and storms,
Until he terrify himself
At combustion of his own raising."

I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon. In the greatest hurry, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCXXXVIII.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER.

Ellisland, 2nd *February*, 1790.

No! I will not say one word about apologies and excuses for not writing to you. I am a poor damn'd, rascally gauger, condemned to gallop at least 200 miles every week to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels, and where can I find time to write to, or importance to interest, anybody? The upbraidings of my conscience, nay, the upbraidings of my wife, have persecuted me on your account these two or three months past. I wish to God I was a great man, that my correspondence might throw light upon you to let the world see what you really are; and then I would make your fortune without putting my hand in my pocket for you, which, like all other great men, I suppose I would avoid as much as possible. What are you doing, and how are you doing? Have you lately seen any of my few friends? What has become of the Borough Reform? or how is the fate of my poor namesake, Mademoiselle Burns, decided?* Which of their grave lordships can lay his hand on his heart, and say that he has not taken advantage of such frailty? Nay, if we may judge by near 6000 years' experience, can the world do without such frailty? O Man! but for thee and thy selfish appetites and dishonest artifices, that beauteous form, and that once innocent and still ingenuous mind, might have shone conspicuous and lovely in the faithful wife and the affectionate mother: and shall the unfortunate sacrifice to thy pleasures have no claim on thy humanity? As for those flinty-bosomed, puritanical prosecutors of female frailty, and persecutors of female charms—I am quite sober—I am dispassionate—to show that I am so, I shall mend my pen ere I proceed. It is written, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;" so I neither say "G— curse them!" nor "G— blast them!" nor "G— damn them!" but, may Woman curse them! may Woman blast them! may Woman damn them! . . . And when many years and much port, and great business, have delivered them over to vulture gouts and aspen palsies, then may they be tantalised with the impotent desires, which like ghosts haunt their bosoms, when all their powers to give or receive enjoyment are for ever asleep in the sepulchre of their fathers!!!

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* William Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck, a poem," was born in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh about the year 1730. See Nichol's Poets for his Life.

Now for business. Our book society owe you still £1 4*s.*: a friend of mine will, I suppose, have given you some money for me (it is about £3 10*s.* or so), from which pay yourself the Monkland Friendly Society's account, and likewise Mr. Neilson's account, and send me a copy of it. The gentleman that will have given you the money will be Mr. Allan Masterton, writing master in Carrubber's Close. I saw lately in a Review some extracts from a new poem called "The Village Curate," I think; send it me. I want likewise a cheap copy of "The World." Mr. Armstrong, the young poet, who does me the honour to mention me so kindly in his works, please give him my best thanks for the copy of his book. I shall write him my first leisure hour. I like his poetry much, but I think his style in prose quite astonishing.

What is become of that veteran in Genius, Wit, and B . . dry, Smellie, and his book? Give him my compliments. Does Mr. Graham of Gartmore ever enter your shop now? He is the noblest instance of great talents, great fortune, and great worth, that ever I saw in conjunction.

Remember me to Mrs. Hill; and believe me to be, my dear Sir, ever yours,

R. B.

No. CCXXXIX.

TO MR. WILLIAM NICOL, EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, 9*th February*, 1790.

My Dear Sir,

That d-mned mare of yours is dead. I would freely have given her price to have saved her; she has vexed me beyond description. Indebted as I was to your goodness beyond what I can ever repay, I eagerly grasped at your offer to have the mare with me. That I might at least show my readiness in wishing to be grateful, I took every care of her in my power. She was never crossed for riding above half a score of times by me, or in my keeping. I drew her in the plough, one of three, for one poor week. I refused 55 shillings for her, which was the highest bode I could squeeze for her. I fed her up and had her in fine order for Dumfries fair; when four or five days before the fair, she was seized with an unaccountable disorder in the sinews, or somewhere in the bones of the neck, with a weakness or total want of power in her fillets; and in short the whole vertebræ of her spine seemed to be diseased and unhinged, and in eight-and-forty hours, in spite of the two best farriers in the country, she died, and be d-mned to her! The farriers said that she had been quite strained in the fillets beyond cure before you had bought her; and that she, poor devil, though she might keep a little flesh, had been jaded and quite worn out with fatigue and oppression. While she was with me, she was under my own eye; and I assure you, my much valued friend, every thing was done for her that could be done; and the accident has vexed me to the heart. In fact, I could not pluck up spirits to write you, on account of the unfortunate business.

There is little new in this country. Our theatrical company, of which you must have heard, leave us in a week. Their merit and character are indeed very great, both on the stage and in private life; not a worthless creature among them; and their encouragement has been accordingly. Their usual run is from eighteen to twenty-five pounds a night; seldom less than the one, and the house will hold no more than the other. There have been repeated instances of sending away six, and eight, and ten pounds in a night, for want of room. A new theatre is to be built by subscription; the first stone is to be laid on Friday first to come: 300 guineas have been raised by thirty subscribers, and thirty more might have been got if wanted. The manager, Mr. Sutherland, was introduced to me by a friend from Ayr; and a worthier or cleverer fellow I have rarely met with. Some of our clergy have slipt in by stealth now and then; but they have got up a farce of their own. You must have heard how the Rev. Mr. Lawson of Kirkmahoe, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick of Dunscore, and the rest of that faction, have accused, in formal process, the unfortunate and Rev. Mr. Heron of Kirkgunyeon, that in ordaining Mr. Neilson to the cure of souls in Kirkbean, he, the said Heron, feloniously and treasonably bound the said Neilson to the Confession of Faith, "*so far as it is agreeable to reason and the word of God!*"

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* Miss Burns, a frail lady, in Edinburgh, of great beauty, whom Bailie Creech condemned to be drummed out of town—against which she protested. See Kay's Portraits.

Mrs. B. begs to be remembered most gratefully to you. Little Bobby and Frank are charmingly well and healthy. I am jaded to death with fatigue. For these two or three months, on an average, I have not ridden less than 200 miles per week. I have done little in the poetic way. I have given Mr. Sutherland two prologues, one of which was delivered last week. I have likewise strung four or five barbarous stanzas, to the tune of Chevy Chase, by way of elegy on your poor unfortunate mare, beginning (the name she got here was Peg Nicholson),

"Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
As ever trode on airn;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn." *

My best compliments to Mrs. Nicol, and little Neddy, and all the family. I hope Ned is a good scholar, and will come out to gather nuts and apples with me next harvest. I am ever, my dearest Friend, yours,

R. B.

No. CCXL.

TO MR. WILLIAM BURNS, SADDLER, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

My Dear William,

I would have written you sooner, but I have mislaid Mr. Murdoch's letter, and cannot for my life lay my hand on it; so I cannot write him for want of a direction. If I find it afterwards, I will write him and enclose it to you in London. Now that you are setting out for that place, put on manly resolve, and determine to persevere; and in that case you will less or more be sure of success. One or two things allow me to particularize to you. London swarms with worthless wretches, who prey on their fellow-creatures' thoughtlessness or inexperience. Be cautious in forming connections with comrades and companions. You can be pretty good company to yourself, and you cannot be too shy of letting any body know you further than to know you as a saddler. Another caution: I give you great credit for your sobriety with respect to that universal vice, bad women. It is an impulse the hardest to be restrained; but if once a man accustoms himself to gratification of that impulse, it is then nearly or altogether impossible to restrain it. W——g is a most ruinous, expensive species of dissipation. Is spending a poor fellow's money, with which he ought to clothe and support himself, nothing? W——g has ninety-nine chances in a hundred to bring on a man the most nauseous and excruciating diseases to which human nature is liable. Are disease and an impaired constitution trifling considerations? All this independent of the criminality of it.

I have gotten the Excise division, in the middle of which I live. Poor little Frank is this morning at the height in the small-pox. I got him inoculated, and I hope he is in a good way.

Write me before you leave Newcastle, and as soon as you reach London. In a word, if ever you be, as perhaps you may be, in a strait for a little ready cash, you know my direction. I shall not see you beat while you fight like a man. Farewell! God bless you!

Ellisland, 10*th February*, 1790. R. B.

No. CCXLI.

TO DR. MUNDELL, DUMFRIES.

Ellisland, *Tuesday Morning.*

Dear Doctor,

The bearer, Janet Nievison, is a neighbour, and occasionally a labourer of mine. She has got some complaint in her shoulder, and wants me to find out a Doctor that will cure her, so I have sent her to you. You will remember that she is just in the jaws of matrimony, so for heaven's sake, get her "hale and sound" as soon as possible. We are all pretty well; only the little boy's sore mouth has again inflamed Mrs. B.'s nipples. I am, yours,

February, 1790. R. B.

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* See vol. i. p. 173.

No. CCXLII.

TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ., WRITER, EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, 13*th February*, 1790.

I beg your pardon, my dear and much valued friend, for writing to you on this very unfashionable, unsightly sheet—

> "My poverty but not my will consents."

But to make amends—since modish post I have none except one poor widowed half-sheet of gilt, which lies in my drawer among my plebeian foolscap pages like the widow of a man of fashion, whom that unpolite scoundrel, Necessity, has driven from Burgundy and Pine-apple to a dish of Bohea with the scandal-bearing help-mate of a village priest; or a glass of whisky-toddy with a ruby-nosed yoke-fellow of a foot-padding exciseman—I make a vow to enclose this sheetful of epistolary fragments in that my only scrap of gilt paper.

I am indeed your unworthy debtor for three friendly letters. I ought to have written to you long ere now, but it is a literal fact, I have not almost a spare moment. It is not that I *will* not write to you; Miss Burnet is not more dear to her guardian angel, nor his grace of Queensberry to the powers of darkness, than my friend Cunningham to me. It is not that I *cannot* write you; should you doubt it, take the following fragment, which was intended for you some time ago, and be convinced that I can *antithesize* sentiment and *circumvolute* periods as well as any coiner of phrase in the regions of philology.

December, 1789.

My Dear Cunningham,

Where are you? And what are you doing? Can you be that son of levity, who takes up a friendship as he takes up a fashion; or are you, like some other of the worthiest fellows in the world, the victim of indolence, laden with fetters of ever-increasing weight?

What strange beings we are! Since we have a portion of conscious existence, equally capable of enjoying pleasure, happiness, and rapture, or of suffering pain, wretchedness, and misery, it is surely worthy of inquiry, whether there be not such a thing as a science of life; whether method, economy, and fertility of expedients be not applicable to enjoyment; and whether there be not a want of dexterity in pleasure, which renders our little scantling of happiness still less; and a profuseness, an intoxication in bliss, which leads to satiety, disgust, and self-abhorrence. There is not a doubt but that health, talents, character, decent competency, respectable friends, are real and substantial blessings; and yet do we not daily see those who enjoy many or all of these good things, and notwithstanding contrive to be as unhappy as others to whose lot few of them have fallen? I believe one great source of this mistake or misconduct is owing to a certain stimulus, with us called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life—not as we ascend other eminences, for the laudable curiosity of viewing an extended landscape, but rather for the dishonest pride of looking down on others of our fellow-creatures, seemingly diminutive, in humbler stations, &c.

Sunday, 14*th February*, 1790.

God help me! I am now obliged to

> "Join night to day, and Sunday to the week."

If there be any truth in the orthodox faith of these churches, I am d-mned past redemption, and what is worse, d-mned to all eternity. I am deeply read in Boston's "Fourfold State," Marshall "on Sanctification," Guthrie's "Trial of a Saving Interest," &c., &c.; but "there is no balm in Gilead, there is no physician there" for me; so I shall e'en turn Arminian, and trust to "sincere though imperfect obedience."

Tuesday, 16*th*.

Luckily for me I was prevented from the discussion of the knotty point at which I had just made a full stop. All my fears and cares are of this world; if there is another, an honest man has nothing to fear from it. I hate a man that wishes to be a Deist; but I fear, every fair, unprejudiced inquirer must in some degree be a Sceptic. It is not that there are any very staggering arguments against the immortality of man; but like electricity, phlogiston, &c., the subject is so involved in darkness, that we want data to go upon. One thing frightens me much; that we are to live for ever seems *too good news to be true.* That we are to enter into a new scene of existence, where, exempt from want and pain, we shall enjoy ourselves and our friends without satiety or separation—how much should I be indebted to any one who could fully assure me that this was certain!

> "Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
> To those you left behind, reveal the secret,
> What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be!"

My time is once more expired. I will write to Mr. Cleghorn soon. God bless him and all his concerns! And may all the powers that preside over conviviality and friendship, be present with all their kindest influence, when the bearer of this, Mr. Syme, and you meet! I wish I could also make one. I think we should be Trinity in Unity.

Finally, brethren, farewell! Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are gentle, whatsoever things are charitable, whatsoever things are kind, think on these things, and think on

R. B

No. CCXLIII.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER.

Ellisland, *2nd March*, 1790.

My Dear Sir,

At a late meeting of the Monkland Friendly Society, it was resolved to augment the Library by the following books which you are to send as soon as possible—*The Mirror*, *The Lounger*, "Man of Feeling," "Man of the World," (these, for my own sake, I wish to have by the first carrier); Knox's "History of the Reformation;" Rae's "History of the Rebellion in 1715;" any good History of the Rebellion, 1745; "A Display of the Secession Act and Testimony," by Mr. Gib; Hervey's "Meditations;" Beveridge's "Thoughts;" and another copy of Watson's "Body of Divinity." This last heavy performance is so much admired by many of our members, that they will not be content with one copy; so Captain Riddell, our president and patron, agreed with me to give you private instructions not to send *Watson*, but to say that you could not procure a copy of the book so cheap as the one you sent formerly, and therefore, you wait further orders.

I wrote to Mr. A. Masterton three or four months ago, to pay some money he owed me into your hands, and lately I wrote to you to the same purpose, but I have heard from neither one nor other of you.

In addition to the books I commissioned in my last, I want very much "An Index to the Excise Laws, or an Abridgment of all the Statutes now in force, relative to the Excise," by Zellinger Symons. I want three copies of this book; if it is now to be had, cheap or dear, get it for me. An honest country neighbour of mine wants too a Family Bible, the larger the better, but second-handed; for he does not choose to give above ten shillings for the book. I want likewise for myself, as you can pick them up, second-handed or anything cheap, copies of Otway's Dramatic Works, Ben Jonson's Do.; Dryden's, Congreve's, Wycherley's, Vanbrugh's, Cibber's; or any dramatic works of the more modern Macklin, Garrick, Foote, Colman, or Sheridan. A good copy, too, of Molière in French I much want. Any other good French dramatic authors in their native language, I want these: I mean comic authors chiefly, though I should wish Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire too. I am in no hurry for all or any of these, but if you accidentally meet with them very cheap, get them for me.

And now, to quit the dry walk of business, how do you do, my dear friend? and how is Mrs. Hill? I trust, if now and then not so *elegantly* handsome, at least as amiable, and sings as divinely as ever. My good wife too has a charming "wood-note wild;" now could we four get anyway snugly together in a corner in the New Jerusalem (remember I bespeak your company there), you and I—though Heaven knows we are no singers—yet, as we are all to have harps you know, we shall continue to support the ladies' pipes, as we have oft done before, with all the powers of our instruments.

I am out of all patience with this vile world for one thing. Mankind are by nature benevolent creatures, except in a few scoundrelly instances. I do not think that avarice of the good things we chance to have is born with us; but we are placed here amid so much nakedness and hunger, and poverty and want, that we are under a damning necessity of studying selfishness, in order that we may EXIST! Still there are in every age a few souls that all the wants and woes of life cannot debase to selfishness, or even give the necessary alloy of caution and prudence. If ever I am in danger of vanity, it is when I contemplate myself on this side of my disposition and character. God knows I am no saint; I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could (and I believe I do it as far as I can), I would "wipe away all tears from all eyes." Even the knaves who have injured me, I would oblige them; though, to tell the truth, it would be more out of vengeance, to shew them that I was independent of and above them, than out of the overflowings of my benevolence. Adieu!

R. B.

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No. CCXLIV.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Ellisland, *10th April*, 1790.

I have just now, my ever honoured friend, enjoyed a very high luxury, in reading a paper of the *Lounger*. You know my national prejudices. I had often read and admired the *Spectator*, *Adventurer*, *Rambler*, and *World;* but still with a certain regret that they were so thoroughly and entirely English. Alas! have I often said to myself, what are all the boasted advantages which my country reaps from the Union, that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence, and even her very name! I often repeat that couplet of my favourite poet, Goldsmith—

——"States of native liberty possest,
Tho' very poor, may yet be very blest."

Nothing can reconcile me to the common terms, "English ambassador," "English court," &c. And I am out of all patience to see that equivocal character, Hastings, impeached by "the Commons of *England*." Tell me, my friend, is this weak prejudice? I believe in my conscience such ideas as "my country; her independence; her honour; the illustrious names that mark the history of my native land, &c., I believe these, among your *men of the world*, men who, in fact, guide for the most part and govern our world, are looked on as so many modifications of wrong-headedness. They know the use of bawling out such terms to rouse or lead THE RABBLE; but for their own private use, with almost all the *able statesmen* that ever existed or now exist, when they talk of right and wrong they only mean proper and improper; and their measure of conduct is, not what they OUGHT, but *what they dare.* For the truth of this I shall not ransack the history of nations, but appeal to one of the ablest judges of men that ever lived—the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield.* In fact, a man who could thoroughly control his vices whenever they interfered with his interests, and who could completely put on the appearance of every virtue as often as it suited his purposes, is, on the Stanhopian plan, the *perfect man*—a man to lead nations. But are great abilities, complete without a flaw and polished without a blemish, the standard of human excellence? This is certainly the staunch opinion of *men of the world;* but I call on honour, virtue, and worth, to give the Stygian doctrine a loud negative! However, this must be allowed, that, if you abstract from man the idea of an existence beyond the grave, *then*, the true measure of human conduct is *proper* and *improper;* virtue and vice, as dispositions of the heart, are in that case of scarcely the same import and value to the world at large as harmony and discord in the modifications of sound; and a delicate sense of honour, like a nice ear for music, though it may sometimes give the possessor an ecstacy unknown to the coarser organs of the herd, yet, considering the harsh gratings and inharmonic jars in this ill-tuned state of being, it is odds but the individual would be as happy, and certainly would be as much respected by the true judges of society as it would then stand, without either a good ear or a good heart.

You must know I have just met with the *Mirror* and *Lounger* for the first time, and I am quite in raptures with them; I should be glad to have your opinion of some of the papers. The one I have just read (*Lounger*, No. 61) has cost me more honest tears than anything I have read for a long time. Mackenzie has been called "the Addison of the Scots," and, in my opinion, Addison would not be hurt at the comparison. If he has not Addison's exquisite humour, he as certainly out-does him in the tender and the pathetic. His "Man of Feeling" (but I am not counsel learned in the laws of criticism) I estimate as the first performance of the kind I ever saw. From what book, moral or even pious, will the susceptible young mind receive impressions more congenial to humanity and kindness, generosity and benevolence; in short, more of all that ennobles the soul to herself or endears her to others—than from the simple, affecting tale of poor Harley?

Still, with all my admiration of Mackenzie's writings, I do not know if they are the fittest reading for a young man who is about to set out, as the phrase is, to make his way into life. Do not you think, Madam, that among the few favoured of Heaven in the structure of their minds (for such there certainly are), there may be a purity, a tenderness, a dignity, an elegance of soul, which are of no use, nay, in some degree, absolutely disqualifying for the truly important business of making a man's way into life? If I am not much mistaken, my gallant young friend Anthony is very much under these disqualifications; and for the young females of a family I could mention, well may they excite parental solicitude, for I, a common acquaintance, or as my vanity will have it, an humble friend, have often trembled for a turn of mind which may render them eminently happy—or peculiarly miserable!

I have been manufacturing some verses lately; but as I have got the most hurried season of Excise business over, I hope to have more leisure to transcribe anything that may show how much I have the honour to be, Madam,

Yours, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCXLV.

TO MR. ALEX. FINDLATER, DUMFRIES.

DEAR SIR,

MRS. B., like a true good wife, looking on my taste as a standard, and knowing that she cannot give me anything eatable more agreeable than a new-laid egg, she begs your acceptance of a few. They are all of them *couch*, not thirty hours out.

I am, dear Sir, your obliged, humble servant,

R. B.

ELLISLAND, *Saturday Morning.*

No. CCXLVI.

TO DR. MOORE.

EXCISE OFFICE, DUMFRIES, 14*th July*, 1790.

SIR,

COMING into town this morning to attend my duty in this office, it being collection day, I met with a gentleman who tells me he is on his way to London; so I take the opportunity of writing to you, as franking is at present under a temporary death.* I still have some snatches of leisure through the day, amid our horrid business and bustle, and I shall improve them as well as I can; but let my letter be as stupid as . . . . as miscellaneous as a newspaper, as short as a hungry grace-before-meat, or as long as a law-paper in the Douglas cause; as ill-spelt as country John's billet-doux, or as unsightly a scrawl as Betty Byre-mucker's answer to it; I hope, considering circumstances you will forgive it; and as it will put you to no expense of postage, I shall have the less reflection about it.

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* Author of the well-known letters to his son.

I am sadly ungrateful in not returning you my thanks for your most valuable present, "Zeluco." In fact, you are in some degree blameable for my neglect. You were pleased to express a wish for my opinion of the work, which so flattered me that nothing less could serve my overweening fancy than a formal criticism on the book. In fact, I have gravely planned a comparative view of you, Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett, in your different qualities and merits as novel writers. This, I own, betrays my ridiculous vanity, and I may probably never bring the business to bear; but I am fond of the spirit young Elihu shows in the book of Job—"And I said, I will also declare my opinion." I have quite disfigured my copy of the book with my annotations. I never take it up without at the same time taking my pencil, and marking with asterisms, parentheses, &c., wherever I meet with an original thought, a nervous remark on life and manners, a remarkably well turned period, or a character sketched with uncommon precision.

Though I shall hardly think of fairly writing out my "Comparative View," I shall certainly trouble you with my remarks, such as they are.

I have just received from my gentleman that horrid summons in the book of Revelation—that "time shall be no more!"

The little collection of sonnets have some charming poetry in them.† If *indeed* I am indebted to the fair author for the book, and not, as I rather suspect, to a celebrated author of the other sex, I should certainly have written to the lady, with my grateful acknowledgments, and my own ideas of the comparative excellence of her pieces. I would do this last, not from any vanity of thinking that my remarks could be of much consequence to Mrs. Smith, but merely from my own feelings as an author, doing as I would be done by.

R. B.

No. CCXLVII.

TO MR. MURDOCH, TEACHER OF FRENCH, LONDON.‡

Ellisland, 16*th July*, 1790.

My Dear Sir,

I received a letter from you a long time ago, but unfortunately, as it was in the time of my peregrinations and journeyings through Scotland, I mislaid or lost it, and by consequence your direction along with it. Luckily, my good star brought me acquainted with Mr. Kennedy, who, I understand, is an acquaintance of yours; and by his means and mediation I hope to replace that link which my unfortunate negligence had so unluckily broke in the chain of our correspondence. I was the more vexed at the vile accident, as my brother William, a journeyman saddler, has been for some time in London, and wished above all things for your direction, that he might have paid his respects to his father's friend.

His last address he sent to me was "Wm. Burns, at Mr. Barber's, saddler, No. 181 Strand." I wrote him by

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* As an election for the Dumfries Burghs was then pending, there was not an M. P. to grant a frank.

† Charlotte Smith was a well-known novelist and poet. Her works are now nearly forgotten.

‡ "This letter," says Cromek, in his Reliques, "was communicated to the Editor by a gentleman, to whose liberal advice and information he is much indebted, Mr. John Murdoch, the tutor of the poet; accompanied by the following interesting note:"—

London, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, 28*th December*, 1807.

Dear Sir,

The following letter, which I lately found among my papers, I copy for your perusal, partly because it is Burns's; partly because it makes honourable mention of my rational Christian friend, his father; and likewise because it is rather flattering to myself. I glory in no one thing so much as an intimacy with good men—the friendship of others reflects no honour. When I recollect the pleasure (and I hope benefit), I received from the conversation of William Burns, especially when on the Lord's day we walked together for about two miles, to the house of prayer, there publicly to adore and praise the Giver of all good, I entertain an ardent hope, that together we shall "renew the glorious theme in distant worlds," with powers more adequate to the mighty subject, THE EXUBERANT BENEFICENCE OF THE GREAT CREATOR. But to the letter:—[*Here follows the letter relative to young Wm. Burns.*]

I promised myself a deal of happiness in the conversation of my dear young friend; but my promises of this nature generally prove fallacious. Two visits were the utmost that I received. At one of them, however, he repeated a lesson which I had given him about twenty years before, when he was a mere child, concerning the pity and tenderness due to animals. To that lesson (which it seems was brought to the level of his capacity) he declared himself indebted for almost all the philanthropy he possessed.

Let not parents and teachers imagine that it is needless to talk seriously to children. They are sooner fit to be reasoned with than is generally thought. Strong and indelible impressions are to be made before the mind be agitated and ruffled by the numerous train of distracting cares and unruly passions, whereby it is frequently rendered almost unsusceptible of the principles and precepts of rational religion and sound morality.

But I find myself digressing again. Poor William! then in the bloom and vigour of youth, caught a putrid fever, and, in a few days, as real chief mourner, I followed his remains to the land of forgetfulness.

JOHN MURDOCH.

Mr. Kennedy, but neglected to ask him for your address; so, if you find a spare half minute, please let my brother know by a card where and when he will find you, and the poor fellow will joyfully wait on you as one of the few surviving friends of the man whose name, and Christian name too, he has the honour to bear.

The next letter I write you shall be a long one. I have much to tell you of "hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach," with all the eventful history of a life, the early years of which owed so much to your kind tutorage; but this at an hour of leisure. My kindest compliments to Mrs. Murdoch and family. I am ever, my dear Sir, your obliged friend,

R. B.*

No. CCXLVIII.

TO WILLIAM TYTLER, Esq., OF WOODHOUSELEE.

Lawn-Market, 1790.†

Sir,

Enclosed I have sent you a sample of the old pieces that are still to be found among our peasantry in the West. I had once a great many of such fragments, and some of these more entire; but as I had no idea that any body cared for them, I have forgotten them. I invariably hold it sacrilege to add anything of my own to help out with the shattered wrecks of these venerable old compositions; but they have many various readings. If you have not seen these before, I know they will flatter your true old-style Caledonian feelings; at any rate, I am truly happy to have an opportunity of assuring you how sincerely I am, revered Sir, your gratefully indebted humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCXLIX.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq., DRUMLANRIG.

Ellisland, 2*nd August*, 1790.

Sir,

Now that you are over with the Sirens of Flattery, the Harpies of Corruption, and the Furies of Ambition—those infernal deities that on all sides, and in all parties, preside over the villanous business of Politics—permit a rustic Muse of your acquaintance to do her best to soothe you with a song.

You knew Henderson ‡—I have not flattered his memory. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCL.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 8*th August*, 1790.

Dear Madam,

After a long day's toil, plague, and care, I sit down to write to you. Ask me not why I have delayed it so long. It was owing to hurry, indolence, and fifty other things; in short, to anything but forgetfulness of *la plus aimable de son sexe.* By-the-bye, you are indebted your best curtsey to me for this last compliment, as I pay it from my sincere conviction of its truth—a quality rather rare in compliments of these grinning, bowing, scraping times.

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* To the above letter Mr. Murdoch returned the following answer:—

Hart Street, Broomsbury Square,
London, *September*, 14*th*. 1790.

My Dear Friend,

Yours of the 16th of July I received on the 26th, in the afternoon, per favour of my friend Mr. Kennedy, and at the same time was informed that your brother was ill. Being engaged in business till late that evening, I set out next morning to see him, and had thought of three or four medical gentlemen of my acquaintance, to one or other of whom I might apply for advice, provided it should be necessary. But when I went to Mr. Barber's, to my great astonishment and heartfelt grief, I found that my young friend had, on Saturday, bid an everlasting farewell to all sublunary things. It was about a fortnight before that he had found me out, by Mr. Stevenson's accidentally calling at my shop to buy something. We had only one interview, and that was highly entertaining to me in several respects. He mentioned some instruction I had given him when very young, to which he said he owed, in a great measure, the philanthropy he possessed. He also took notice of my exhorting you all, when I wrote, about eight years ago, to the man who, of all mankind that I ever knew, stood highest in my esteem, "not to let go your integrity." You may easily conceive that such conversation was both pleasing and encouraging to me: I anticipated a deal of rational happiness from future conversations. Vain are our expectations and hopes. They are so almost always—perhaps (nay, certainly) for our good. Were it not for disappointed hopes we could hardly spend a thought on another state of existence, or be in any degree reconciled to the quitting of this.

I know of no one source of consolation to those who have lost young relatives equal to that of their being of a good disposition, and of a promising character.

. . . .

Be assured, my dear friend, that I cordially sympathize with you all, and particularly with Mrs. Wm. Burness, who is undoubtedly one of the most tender and affectionate mothers that ever lived. Remember me to her in the most friendly manner, when you see her or write. Please present my best compliments to Mrs. R. Burns, and to your brother and sisters. There is no occasion for me to exhort you to filial duty; and to use your united endeavours in rendering the evening of life as comfortable as possible to a mother who has dedicated so great a part of it in promoting your temporal and spiritual welfare.

Your letter to Dr. Moore I delivered at his house, and shall most likely know your opinion of "Zeluco," the first time I meet with him. I wish and hope for a long letter. Be particular about your mother's health. I hope she is too much a Christian to be afflicted above measure, or to sorrow as those who have no hope.

One of the most pleasing hopes I have is to visit you all; but I am commonly disappointed in what I most ardently wish for. I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

JOHN MURDOCH.

† The date should be 1787.

‡ In this letter the Poet enclosed his Elegy on the Death of Captain Matthew Henderson. See vol. i. p. 178.

Well, I hope writing to *you* will ease a little my troubled soul. Sorely has it been bruised to-day! A *ci-devant* friend of mine, and an intimate acquaintance of yours, has given my feelings a wound that I perceive will gangrene dangerously ere it cure.* He has wounded my pride!

R. B.

No. CCLI.

TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, Esq., WRITER, EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, 8*th August*, 1790.

Forgive me, my once dear, and ever dear friend, my seeming negligence. You cannot sit down and fancy the busy life I lead.

I laid down my goose feather to beat my brains for an apt simile, and had some thoughts of a country grannum at a family christening; a bride on the market-day before her marriage; an orthodox clergyman at a Paisley sacrament; an Edinburgh bawd on a Sunday evening; or a tavern-keeper at an election dinner, &c., &c. But the resemblance that hits my fancy best is that blackguard miscreant, Satan, who, as Holy Writ tells us, roams about like a roaring lion, seeking, *searching* whom he may devour. However, tossed about as I am, if I chuse (and who would not chuse?) to bind down with the crampets of attention the brazen foundation of integrity, I may rear up the superstructure of Independence, and from its daring turrets bid defiance to the storms of fate. And is this not a "consummation devoutly to be wished?"

> "Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
> Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye!
> Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
> Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!"

Are not these noble verses? They are the introduction of Smollett's "Ode to Independence:" if you have not seen the poem I will send it to you. How wretched is the man that hangs on by the favours of the great! To shrink from every dignity of man at the approach of a lordly piece of self-consequence, who, amid all his tinsel glitter and stately hauteur, is but a creature formed as thou art—and perhaps not so well formed as thou art—came into the world a puling infant as thou didst, and must go out of it, as all men must, a naked corse,

. . . .

R. B.

No. CCLII.

TO DR. ANDERSON.†

1790.

Sir,

I am much indebted to my worthy friend Dr. Blacklock for introducing me to a gentleman of Dr. Anderson's celebrity; but when you do me the honour to ask my assistance in your proposed publication, alas, Sir! you might as well think to cheapen a little honesty at the sign of an advocate's wig, or humility under the Geneva band. I am a miserable hurried devil, worn to the marrow in the friction of holding the noses of the poor publicans to the grindstone of the Excise! and like Milton's Satan, for private reasons, am forced "To do what yet, tho' damn'd, I would abhor;" and except a couplet or two of honest execration,

. . . .

R. B.

No. CCLIII.

TO MISS H. CRAIK,‡ ARBIEGLAND.

Ellisland, *August*, 1790.

Madam,

Some rather unlooked-for accidents have prevented me from doing myself the honour of a second visit to Arbiegland, as I was so hospitably invited, and so positively meant to have done. However, I still hope to have that pleasure before the busy months of harvest begin.

I enclose you two of my late pieces, as some kind of return for the pleasure I have received in perusing a certain MS. volume of poems in the possession of Captain Riddel. To repay one with an *old song* is a proverb whose force you, Madam, I know, will not allow. What is said of illustrious descent is, I believe, equally true of a talent for poesy—none ever despised it who had any pretensions to it. It is often a train of mine when I am disposed to be melancholy—the fates and characters of the rhyming tribe. There is not, among all the martyrologies that ever were penned, so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets. In the comparative view of wretches, the criterion is not what they are doomed to suffer, but how they are formed to bear. Take a being of our kind, give him a stronger imagination and a more delicate sensibility, which between them will ever engender a more ungovernable set of passions than are the usual lot of man; implant in him an irresistible impulse to some idle vagary, such as arranging wild flowers in fantastical nosegays, tracing the grasshopper to his haunt by his chirping song, watching the frisks of the little minnows, in the sunny pool, or hunting after the intrigues of wanton butterflies—in short, send him adrift after some pursuit which shall eternally mislead him from the paths of lucre, and yet curse him with a keener relish than any man living for the pleasures that lucre can purchase; lastly, fill up the measure of his woes by bestowing on him a spurning sense of his own dignity, and you have created a wight nearly as miserable as a poet. To you, Madam, I need not recount the fairy pleasures the muse bestows to counterbalance this catalogue of evils. Bewitching poesy is like bewitching woman; she has in all ages been accused of misleading mankind from the counsels of wisdom and the paths of prudence, involving them in difficulties, baiting them with poverty, branding them with infamy, and plunging them in the whirling vortex of ruin; yet where is the man but must own that all our happiness on earth is not worth the name—that even the holy hermit's solitary prospect of paradisiacal bliss is but the glitter of a northern sun rising over a frozen region, compared with the many pleasures, the nameless raptures, that we owe to the lovely Queen of the heart of Man!

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* Who the "friend" was, and the circumstances of the case, are not known.

† Not Dr. Robert Anderson, Editor of the Poets; but Dr. James Anderson, Editor of *The Bee*, who had asked Burns' aid to it.—See Life.

‡ Miss Craik of Arbiegland, a good poet and novelist, an enthusiast, and ultimately a solitaire, died in Allonby.

R. B.

No. CCLIV.

TO MR. DAVID NEWALL, WRITER, DUMFRIES.

September, 1790.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is a state of the account between you and me and James Halliday respecting the drain. I have stated it at 20*d.* per rood, as, in fact even at that, they have not the wages they ought to have had, and I cannot for the soul of me see a poor devil a loser at my hand.

Humanity, I hope, as well as Charity, will cover a multitude of sins, a mantle, of which—between you and me—I have some little need. I am, Sir, yours,

R. B.

No. CCLV.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., OF FINTRY.

Dumfries, Globe Inn,
4th September, 1790.

Sir,

The very kind letter you did me the honour to write me reached me just as I was setting in to the whirpool of an Excise-fraud court, from the vortex of which I am just emerged—Heaven knows, in a very unfit situation to do justice to the workings of my bosom when I sit down to write to the

> "Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes."

As my division consists of ten large parishes, and I am sorry to say, hitherto very carelessly surveyed, I had a good deal of business for the Justices; and I believe my decreet will amount to between fifty and sixty pounds. I took, I fancy, rather a new way with my frauds; I recorded every defaulter, but at the court I myself begged off every poor body that was unable to pay, which seeming candour gave me so much implicit credit with the honourable Bench, that with high compliments they gave me such ample vengeance on the rest, that my *decreet* is double the amount of any division in the district.

I am going either to give up or subset my farm directly. I have not liberty to subset; but if my master will grant it me, I propose giving it, just as I have it myself, to an industrious fellow, a near relation of mine. Farming in this place in which I live would just be a livelihood to a man who would be the greatest drudge in his own family, so is no object; and living here hinders me from that knowledge in the Excise which it is absolutely necessary for me to attain.

I did not like to be an incessant beggar from you. A port-division I wish, if possible, to get; my kind, my funny friend, Captain Grose, offered to interest Mr. Brown, and perhaps Mr. Wharton, for me: a very handsome opportunity offered of getting Mr. Corbet, supervisor-general, to pledge every service in his power; and then I was just going to acquaint you with what I had done, or rather what was done for me, that as all have their own particular friends to serve, you might find less obstacle in what, I assure you, Sir, I constantly count on—your wishes and endeavours to be of service to me. As I had an eye to getting on the examiner's list, if attainable by me, I was going to ask you if it would be of any service to try the interest of some great, and some *very* great folks, to whom I have the honour to be known—I mean in the way of a Treasury warrant. But much as early impressions have given me of the horrors of spectres, &c., still I would face the arch-fiend, in Miltonic pomp, at the head of all his legions, and hear that infernal shout which blind John says "tore hell's concave," rather than crawl in, a dust-licking petitioner, before the lofty presence of a mighty man, and bear, amid all the mortifying pangs of self-annihilation, the swelling consequence of his d——d state, and the cold monosyllables of his hollow heart!

It was in the view of trying for a port, that I asked Collector Mitchell to get me appointed, which he has done, to a vacant foot-walk in Dumfries. If ever I am so fortunate as to be called out to do business as a supervisor, I would then choose the north of Scotland; but until that Utopian period, I own I have some wayward feelings of appearing as a simple gauger in a country where I am only known by fame. Port-Glasgow, Greenock, or Dumfries ports would, in the meantime, be my ultimatum.

I enclose you a tribute I have just been paying to the memory of my friend, Matthew Henderson, whom I daresay you must have known. I had acknowledged your goodness sooner, but for want of time to transcribe the poem. Poor Matthew! I can forgive Poverty for hiding virtue and piety. They are not only plants that flourish best in the shade, but they also produce their sacred fruits, more especially for another world; but when the haggard beldam throws her invidious veil over wit, spirit, &c. . . . but I trust another world will cast light on the subject.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your deeply obliged and very humble servant,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLVI.

TO ALEX. FERGUSSON, Esq., J.P.

Globe Inn, Noon, *Wednesday, September*, 1790.

> "Blessed be he that kindly doth
> The poor man's case consider."

I have sought you all over the town, good Sir, to learn what you have done, or what can be done, for poor Robie Gordon. The hour is at hand when I must assume the execrable office of whipper-in to the bloodhounds of Justice, and must let loose the carrion sons of . . . on poor Robie. I think you can do something to save the unfortunate man, and am sure, if you can, you will. I know that Benevolence is supreme in your bosom, and has the first voice in, and the last check on, all you do; but that insidious . . . Politics, may . . . the honest cully Attention, until the practicable moment of doing good is no more. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLVII.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL, DUMFRIES.

Ellisland, 1790.

Sir,

I shall not fail to wait on Captain Riddel to night. I wish and pray that the goddess of Justice herself would appear to-morrow among our hon. gentlemen, merely to give them a word in their ear that mercy to the thief is injustice to the honest man. For my part I have galloped over my ten parishes these four days, until this moment that I am just alighted, or rather, that my poor jackass-skeleton of a horse has let me down; for the miserable devil has been on his knees half a score of times within the last twenty miles, telling me in his own way, "Behold, am not I thy faithful jade of a horse, on which thou hast ridden these many years!"

In short, Sir, I have broke my horse's wind, and almost broke my own neck, besides some injuries in a part that shall be nameless, owing to a hard-hearted stone of a saddle. I find that every offender has so many great men to espouse his cause, that I shall not be surprised if I am committed to the strong hold of the law to-morrow, for insolence to the dear friends of the gentlemen of the country. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLVIII.

TO CRAUFORD TAIT, Esq., W.S., EDINBURGH,

SON OF MR. TAIT OF HARVIESTON.*

Ellisland, 15*th October*, 1790.

Dear Sir,

Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance the bearer, Mr. William Duncan, a friend of mine, whom I have long known and long loved. His father, whose only son he is, has a decent little property in Ayrshire, and has bred the young man to the law, in which department he comes up an adventurer to your good town. I shall give you my friend's character in two words: as to his head, he has talents enough, and more than enough, for common life; as to his heart, when Nature had kneaded the kindly clay that composes it, she said, "I can no more."

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* See Life.

You, my good Sir, were born under kinder stars; but your fraternal sympathy, I well know, can enter into the feelings of the young man, who goes into life with the laudable ambition to *do* something, and to *be* something among his fellow-creatures; but whom the consciousness of friendless obscurity presses to the earth, and wounds to the soul!

Even the fairest of his virtues are against him. That independent spirit, and that ingenuous modesty, qualities inseparable from a noble mind, are with the million circumstances not a little disqualifying. What pleasure is in the power of the fortunate and the happy, by their notice and patronage, to brighten the countenance and glad the heart of such depressed youth! I am not so angry with mankind for their deaf economy of the purse—the goods of this world cannot be divided without being lessened; but why be a niggard of that which bestows bliss on a fellow-creature, yet takes nothing from our own means of enjoyment? We wrap ourselves up in the cloak of our own better fortune, and turn away our eyes, lest the wants and woes of our brother-mortals should disturb the selfish apathy of our souls!

I am the worst hand in the world at asking a favour.* That indirect address, that insinuating implication, which, without any positive request, plainly expresses your wish, is a talent not to be acquired at a plough-tail. Tell me then, for you can, in what periphrasis of language, in what circumvolution of phrase, I shall envelop, yet not conceal, this plain story:—"My dear Mr. Tait, my friend Mr. Duncan, whom I have the pleasure of introducing to you, is a young lad of your own profession, and a gentleman of much modesty and great worth. Perhaps it may be in your power to assist him in the, to him, important consideration of getting a place; but at all events, your notice and acquaintance will be a very great acquisition to him, and I dare pledge myself that he will never disgrace your favour."

You may possibly be surprised, Sir, at such a letter from me; 'tis, I own, in the usual way of calculating these matters, more than our acquaintance entitles me to; but my answer is short. Of all the men at your time of life, whom I knew in Edinburgh, you are the most accessible on the side on which I have assailed you. You are very much altered indeed from what you were when I knew you, if generosity point the path you will not tread, or humanity call to you in vain.

As to myself—a being to whose interest I believe you are still a well-wisher—I am here breathing at all times, thinking sometimes, and rhyming now and then. Every situation has its share of the cares and pains of life, and my situation I am persuaded has a full ordinary allowance of its pleasures and enjoyments.

My best compliments to your father and Miss Tait. If you have an opportunity, please remember me in the solemn league and covenant of friendship to Mrs. Lewis Hay.† I am a wretch for not writing to her; but I am so hackneyed with self-accusation in that way, that my conscience lies in my bosom with scarce the sensibility of an oyster in its shell. Where is Lady M'Kenzie? wherever she is, God bless her! I likewise beg leave to trouble you with compliments to Mr. Wm. Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton and family, and Mrs. Chalmers, when you are in that country. Should you meet with Miss Nimmo, please remember me to her.

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLIX.

TO PROF. DUGALD STEWART, EDINBURGH.

PER FAVOUR OF CAPTAIN GROSE.

Ellisland, *October*, 1790.

Sir,

I will be extremely happy if this letter shall have the honour of introducing you to Captain Grose, a gentleman whose acquaintance you told me you so much coveted. I enclose this to him, and should his pursuits lead him again to Ayrshire, and should his time, and (what I am sorry to say is more precarious) his health permit, I have no doubt but you will have the mutual pleasure of being acquainted. I am, &c.,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLX.

TO FRANCIS GROSE, Esq., F.S.A.‡

1790.

Sir,

I believe among all our Scots literati you have not met with Professor Dugald Stewart, who fills the moral philosophy chair in the University of Edinburgh. To say that he is a man of the first parts, and, what is more, a man of the first worth, to a gentleman of your general acquaintance, and who so much enjoys the luxury of unencumbered freedom and undisturbed privacy, is not perhaps recommendation enough; but when I inform you that Mr. Stewart's principal characteristic is your favourite feature—*that* sterling independence of mind which, though every man's right, so few men have the courage to claim, and fewer still the magnanimity to support; when I tell you that, unseduced by splendour, and undisgusted by wretchedness, he appreciates the merits of the various actors in the great drama of life merely as they perform their parts—in short, he is a man after your own heart, and I comply with his earnest request in letting you know that he wishes above all things to meet with you. His house, Catrine, is within less than a mile of Sorn Castle, which you proposed visiting; or if you could transmit him the enclosed, he would, with the greatest pleasure, meet you anywhere in the neighbourhood. I write to Ayrshire to inform Mr. Stewart that I have acquitted myself of my promise. Should your time and spirits permit your meeting with Mr. Stewart, 'tis well; if not, I hope you will forgive this liberty, and I have at least an opportunity of assuring you with what truth and respect, I am, Sir, your great admirer and very humble servant,

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* This same letter suffices to show he could dexterously ask a favour.

† Formerly Miss Margaret Chalmers.

‡ See Life.

R. B.

No. CCLXI.

TO FRANCIS GROSE, Esq., F.S.A.*

1790.

Among the many witch-stories I have heard relating to Alloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three:—

Upon a stormy night, amid whistling squalls of wind and bitter blasts of hail—in short, on such a night as the devil would choose to take the air in—a farmer, or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing homeward with his plough-irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the Kirk of Alloway; and being rather on the anxious look-out in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil, and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering, through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his nearer approach plainly showed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine: but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay, into the very kirk. As luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished.

The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or cauldron, depending from the roof over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c., for the business of the night. It was in for a penny in for a pound, with the honest ploughman; so without ceremony he unhooked the cauldron from off the fire, and, pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story.

Another story,† which I can prove to be equally authentic, was as follows:—

On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour—between night and morning.

Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say; but that the ladies were all in their smocks; and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen, Maggie wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse at the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for nothwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprang to seize him. But it was too late; nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers not to stay too late in Ayr Markets.

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* This was first published in the "Censura Literaria," a work edited by the late Sir Egerton Brydges. It was found among Grose's papers.

† The foundation, it is hardly necessary to say, of "Tam o' Shanter."

The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Alloway, I shall relate it.

On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the cheerful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate neighbourhood of Alloway kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant Ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a Ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, "up, horsie!" on which the Ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his Ragwort, and cried, with the rest, "up, horsie!" and strange to tell, away he flew with the company. The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt was a merchant's wine cellar in Bordeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody, who understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Alloway, and by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale. I am, &c., &c.,

R. B.

* * *

No CCLXII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Ellisland, *November*, 1790.

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Fate has long owed me a letter of good news from you, in return for the many tidings of sorrow which I have received. In this instance I most cordially obey the apostle—"Rejoice with them that do rejoice." For me *to sing* for joy is no new thing, but *to preach* for joy, as I have done in the commencement of this epistle, is a pitch of extravagant rapture to which I never rose before.

I read your letter—I literally jumped for joy. How could such a mercurial creature as a poet lumpishly keep his seat on the receipt of the best news from his best friend? I seized my gilt-headed Wangee rod—an instrument indispensably necessary—in my left hand, in the moment of inspiration and rapture; and stride, stride—quick and quicker—out skipt I among the broomy banks of Nith to muse over my joy by retail. To keep within the bounds of prose was impossible. Mrs. Little's is a more elegant, but not a more sincere compliment to the sweet little fellow, than I, extempore almost, poured out to him in the following verses:—

"Sweet flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer," &c.*

I am much flattered by your approbation of my "Tam o' Shanter," which you express in your former letter; though, by-the-bye, you load me in that said letter with accusations heavy and many, to all of which I plead "not guilty!" Your book is, I hear, on the road to reach me.† As to the printing of poetry, when you prepare it for the press you have only to spell it right, and place the capital letters properly; as to the punctuation, the printers do that themselves.

I have a copy of "Tam o' Shanter" ready to send you by the first opportunity; it is too heavy to send by post.

I heard of Mr. Corbet lately. He, in consequence of your recommendation, is most zealous to serve me. Please favour me soon with an account of your young folk; if Mrs. H. is recovering, and the young gentleman doing well.

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXIII.

TO WILLIAM DUNBAR, Esq., W.S.

Ellisland, 17*th January*, 1791.

I am not gone to Elysium, most noble Colonel,‡ but am still here in this sublunary world, serving my God by propagating his image, and honouring my king by begetting him loyal subjects.

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* See vol. i. p. 184.

† Alluding to some sketches of her own, which Mrs. Dunlop was then printing for private circulation.

‡ Mr. Dunbar was styled Colonel of the Crochallan corps. See Life.

Many happy returns of the season await my friend. May the thorns of Care never beset his path! May Peace be an inmate of his bosom, and Rapture a frequent visitor of his soul! May the bloodhounds of Misfortune never track his steps, nor the screech-owl of Sorrow alarm his dwelling! May Enjoyment tell thy hours, and Pleasure number thy days, thou friend of the bard! Blessed be he that blesseth thee, and cursed be he that curseth thee!

As a further proof that I am still in the land of existence, I send you a poem, the latest I have composed. I have a particular reason for wishing you only to show it to select friends, should you think it worthy a friend's perusal; but if, at your first leisure hour, you will favour me with your opinion of, and strictures on, the performance, it will be an additional obligation on, dear Sir, your deeply indebted humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCLXIV.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, 17*th January*, 1791.

Take these three guineas, and place them over against that damned account of yours, which has gagged my mouth these five or six months! I can as little write good things as write apologies to the man I owe money to. O the supreme curse of making three guineas do the business of five! Not all the labours of Hercules; not all the Hebrews' three centuries of Egyptian bondage, were such an insuperable business, such an infernal task!

Poverty! thou half-sister of Death, thou cousin-german of Hell! where shall I find force of execration equal to thy demerits? By thee, the venerable Ancient, though in this insidious obscurity grown hoary in the practice of every virtue under heaven, now laden with years and wretchedness, implores from a stony-hearted son of Mammon, whose sun of prosperity never knew a cloud, a little, little aid to support his very existence, and is by him denied and insulted. By thee the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with independence and melts with sensibility, inly pines under the neglect, or writhes in bitterness of soul under the contumely of arrogant, unfeeling wealth. By thee the man of Genius, whose ill-starred ambition plants him at the tables of the fashionable and polite, must see, in suffering silence, his remark neglected and his person despised, while shallow Greatness, in his idiot attempts at wit, shall meet with countenance and applause. Nor is it only the family of Worth that have reason to complain of thee; the children of Folly and Vice, though in common with thee the offspring of Evil, smart equally under thy rod. Owing to thee, the man of unfortunate disposition and neglected education is condemned as a fool for his dissipation; despised and shunned as a needy wretch when his follies, as usual, have brought him to want; and when his unprincipled necessities drive him to dishonest practices, he is abhorred as a miscreant, and perishes by the justice of his country.

But far otherwise is the lot of the man of family and fortune. *His* early extravagances and follies are fire and spirit; *his* consequent wants are the embarrassments of an honest fellow; and when, to remedy the matter, he sets out with a legal commission to plunder distant provinces and massacre peaceful nations, he returns laden with the spoils of rapine and murder, lives wicked and respected, and dies a Villain and a Lord. Nay, worst of all—alas for helpless woman! the needy wretch who was shivering at the corner of the street, waiting to earn the wages of casual prostitution, is ridden down by the chariot wheels of the Coroneted Rip, hurrying on to the adulterous assignation; she who, without the same necessities to plead, riots nightly in the same guilty trade!

Well, divines may say of it what they please; but I maintain that a hearty blast of execration is to the mind what breaking a vein is to the body; the overloaded sluices of both are wonderfully relieved by their respective evacuations. I feel myself vastly easier than when I began my letter, and can now go on to business. You will be so good then as send, by the first Dumfries carrier, all, or as many as you have by you, of the following books. I am, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCLXV.

TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, 23*rd January*, 1791.

Many happy returns of the season to you, my dear friend! As many of the good things of this life as is consistent with the usual mixture of good and evil in the cup of Being!

I have just finished a poem—Tam o' Shanter—which you will receive enclosed. It is my first essay in the way of tales.

I have these several months been hammering away at an elegy on the amiable and accomplished Miss Burnet. I have got, and can get, no farther than the following fragment, on which please give me your strictures. In all kinds of poetic composition, I set great store by your opinion; but in sentimental verses, in the poetry of the heart, no Roman Catholic ever set more value on the infallibility of the Holy Father than I do on yours.

I mean the introductory couplets as text verses.

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.*

"Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies," &c. †

Let me hear from you soon. Adieu!

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXVI.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

ELLISLAND, *7th February*, 1791.

WHEN I tell you, Madam, that by a fall, not from my horse, but with my horse, I have been a cripple for some time, and that this is the first day my arm and hand have been able to serve me in writing; you will allow that it is too good an apology for my seemingly ungrateful silence. I am now getting better, and am able to rhyme a little, which implies some tolerable ease; as I cannot think that the most poetic genius is able to compose on the rack.

I do not remember if ever I mentioned to you my having an idea of composing an elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo. I had the honour of being pretty well acquainted with her, and have seldom felt so much at the loss of an acquaintance, as when I heard that so amiable and accomplished a piece of God's works was no more. I have as yet gone no farther than the following fragment, of which please let me have your opinion. You know that elegy is a subject so much exhausted, that any new idea on the business is not to be expected; 'tis well if we can place an old idea in a new light. How far I have succeeded as to this last, you will judge from what follows.

"The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care," &c.‡

I have proceeded no further.

Your kind letter, with your kind *remembrance* of your godson, came safe. This last, Madam, is scarcely what my pride can bear. As to the little fellow, he is, partiality apart, the finest boy I have of a long time seen. He is now seventeen months old, has the smallpox and measles over, has cut several teeth, and never yet had a grain of doctor's drugs in his bowels.

I am truly happy to hear the "little floweret" is blooming so fresh and fair, and that the "mother plant" is rather recovering her drooping head. Soon and well may her "cruel wounds" be healed! I have written thus far with a good deal of difficulty. When I get a little abler you shall hear farther from, Madam, yours,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXVII.

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

ELLISLAND, NEAR DUMFRIES,
14th February, 1791.

SIR,

YOU must by this time have set me down as one of the most ungrateful of men. You did me the honour to present me with a book, which does honour to science and the intellectual powers of man, and I have not even so much as acknowledged the receipt of it. The fact is, you yourself are to blame for it. Flattered as I was by your telling me that you wished to have my opinion of the work, the old spiritual enemy of mankind, who knows well that vanity is one of the sins that most easily beset me, put it into my head to ponder over the performance with the look-out of a critic, and to draw up, forsooth, a deep-learned digest of strictures on a composition of which, in fact, until I read the book, I did not even know the first principles. I own, Sir, that, at first glance, several of your propositions startled me as paradoxical. That the martial clangor of a trumpet had something in it vastly more grand, heroic, and sublime, than the twingle-twangle of a Jew's harp; that the delicate flexure of a rose-twig, when the half-blown flower is heavy with the tears of the dawn, was infinitely more beautiful and elegant than the upright stub of a burdock, and that from something innate and independent of all associations of ideas—these I had set down as irrefragable, orthodox truths, until perusing your book shook my faith. In short, Sir, except Euclid's Elements of Geometry, which I made a shift to unravel by my father's fireside in the winter evenings of the first season I held the plough, I never read a book which gave me such a quantum of information, and added so much to my stock of ideas as your "Essay on the Principles of Taste." One thing, Sir, you must forgive my mentioning as an uncommon merit in the work—I mean the language. To clothe abstract philosophy in elegance of style, sounds something like a contradiction in terms; but you have convinced me that they are quite compatible.

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* Miss Burnet died of consumption, 17th June, 1790.

† See vol. i. p. 184.

‡ Additional stanza of Elegy on Miss Burnet of Monboddo. See vol. i. p. 184.

I enclose you some poetic bagatelles of my late composition. The one in print is my first essay in the way of telling a tale. I am, Sir, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCLXVIII.

TO THE REV. G. H. BAIRD, LONDON.*

Ellisland, 1791.

Why did you, my dear Sir, write to me in such a hesitating style on the business of poor Bruce? Don't I know, and have I not felt the many ills, the peculiar ills that poetic flesh is heir to? You shall have your choice of all the unpublished poems I have; and had your letter been so directed as to have reached me sooner (it only came to my hand this moment), I should have directly put you out of suspense on the subject. I only ask that some prefatory advertisement in the book, as well as the subscription bills, may bear that the publication is solely for the benefit of Bruce's mother. I would not put it in the power of ignorance to surmise, or malice to insinuate, that I clubbed a share in the work from mercenary motives. Nor need you give me credit for any remarkable generosity in my part of the business. I have such a host of peccadilloes, failings, follies, and backslidings (anybody but myself might perhaps give some of them a worse appellation), that by way of some balance, however trifling, in the account, I am fain to do any good that occurs in my very limited power to a fellow creature, just for the selfish purpose of clearing a little the vista of retrospection.

R. B.

No. CCLXIX.

TO MRS. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

Ellisland, *February*, 1791.

Madam,

Whether it is that the story of our Mary, Queen of Scots, has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have in the enclosed ballad † succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not; but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my muse for a good while past; on that account I enclose it particularly to you. It is true, the purity of my motives may be suspected. I am already deeply indebted to Mr. Graham's goodness; and, what *in the usual ways of men* is of infinitely greater importance, Mr. G. can do me service of the utmost importance in time to come. I was born a poor dog; and however I may occasionally pick a better bone than I used to do, I know I must live and die poor: but I will indulge the flattering faith that my poetry will considerably outlive my poverty; and without any fustian affectation of spirit, I can promise and affirm, that it must be no ordinary craving of the latter shall ever make me do any thing injurious to the honest fame of the former. Whatever may be my failings, for failings are a part of human nature, may they ever be those of a generous heart and an independent mind. It is no fault of mine that I was born to dependence, nor is it Mr. Graham's chiefest praise that he can command influence: but it is his merit to bestow, not only with the kindness of a brother, but with the politeness of a gentleman; and I trust it shall be mine, to receive with thankfulness, and remember with undiminished gratitude.

R. B.

No. CCLXX.

TO DR. JOHN MOORE, LONDON.

Ellisland, 27*th February*, 1791.

I do not know, Sir, whether you are a subscriber to Grose's "Antiquities of Scotland." If you are, the enclosed poem will not be altogether new to you. ‡

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* Afterwards Principal Baird, who had written Burns anent a new edition of Bruce's poems.

† See vol. i. p. 185.

‡ Dr. Moore thus replied:—

London, 29*th March*, 1791.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 28th February I received only two days ago, and this day I had the pleasure of waiting on the Rev. Mr. Baird, at the Duke of Athole's, who had been so obliging as to transmit it to me, with the printed verses on Alloa Church, the Elegy on Captain Henderson, and the Epitaph. There are many poetical beauties in the former; what I particularly admire are the three striking similes from

"Or like the snow falls on the river,"

and the eight lines which begin with

"By this time he was cross the ford,"

so exquisitely expressive of the superstitious impressions of the country. And the twenty-two lines from

"Coffins stood round like open presses,"

which, in my opinion, are equal to the ingredients of Shakspeare's cauldron in "Macbeth."

Captain Grose did me the favour to send me a dozen copies of the proof-sheet, of which this is one. Should you have read the piece before, still this will answer the principal end I have in view; it will give me another opportunity of thanking you for all your goodness to the rustic bard; and also of shewing you, that the abilities you have been pleased to commend and patronize are still employed in the way you wish.

The "Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson,"* is a tribute to the memory of a man I loved much. Poets have in this the same advantage as Roman Catholics; they can be of service to their friends after they have passed that bourne where all other kindness ceases to be of any avail. Whether, after all, either the one or the other be of any real service to the dead, is, I fear, very problematical: but I am sure they are highly gratifying to the living: and as a very orthodox text, I forget where in Scripture. says, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" so say I, whatsoever is not detrimental to society, and is of positive enjoyment, is of God, the giver of all good things, and ought to be received and enjoyed by his creatures with thankful delight. As almost all my religious tenets originate from my heart, I am wonderfully pleased with the idea that I can still keep up a tender intercourse with the dearly beloved friend, or still more dearly beloved mistress, who is gone to the world of spirits.

The ballad on Queen Mary † was begun while I was busy with "Percy's Reliques of English poetry." By the way, how much is every honest heart, which has a tincture of Caledonian prejudice, obliged to you for your glorious story of "Buchanan and Targe." 'Twas an unequivocal proof of your loyal gallantry of soul, giving "Targe" the victory. I should have been mortified to the ground if you had not.

. . . .

I have just read over, once more of many times, your "Zeluco." I marked with my pencil, as I went along, every passage that pleased me particularly above the rest; and one or two, I think, which with humble deference I am disposed to think unequal to the merits of the book. I have sometimes thought to transcribe these marked passages, or at least so much of them as to point where they are, and send them to you. Original strokes that strongly depict the human heart, is your and Fielding's province beyond any other novelist I have ever perused. Richardson, indeed, might perhaps be excepted; but unhappily his *dramatis personæ* are beings of some other world; and, however they may captivate the inexperienced, romantic fancy of a boy or girl, they will ever, in proportion as we have made human nature our study, dissatisfy our riper years.

As to my private concerns, I am going on, a mighty tax-gatherer before the Lord, and have lately had the interest to get myself ranked on the list of excise as a supervisor. I am not yet employed as such, but in a few years I shall fall into the file of supervisorship by seniority. I have had an immense loss in the death of the Earl of Glencairn; the patron from whom all my fame and good fortune took its rise. Independent of my grateful attachment to him, which was indeed so strong that it pervaded my very soul, and was entwined with the thread of my existence: so soon as the prince's friends had got in (and every dog you know has his day), my getting forward in the excise would have been an easier business than otherwise it will be. Though this was a consummation devoutly to be wished, yet, thank Heaven, I can live and rhyme as I am; and as to my boys, poor little fellows! if I cannot place them on as high an elevation in life as I could wish, I shall, if I am favoured so much by the

As for the "Elegy," the chief merit of it consists in the graphical description of the objects belonging to the country in which the poet writes, and which none but a Scottish poet could have described, and none but a real poet and close observer of Nature could have so described.

There is something original and wonderfully pleasing in the "Epitaph."

I remember you once hinted before, what you repeat in your last, that you had made some remarks on "Zeluco," on the margin. I should be very glad to see them, and regret you did not send them before the last edition, which is just published. Pray transcribe them for me; I sincerely value your opinion very highly, and pray do not suppress one of those in which you *censure* the sentiment or expression. Trust me it will break no squares between us—I am not akin to the Bishop of Grenada.

I must now mention what has been on my mind for some time; I cannot help thinking you imprudent in scattering abroad so many copies of your verses. It is most natural to give a few to confidential friends, particularly to those who are connected with the subject, or who are perhaps themselves the subject, but this ought to be done under promise not to give other copies. Of the poem you sent me on Queen Mary, I refused every solicitation for copies, but I lately saw it in a newspaper. My motive for cautioning you on this subject is that I wish to engage you to collect all your fugitive pieces, not already printed, and after they have been reconsidered, and polished to the utmost of your power, I would have you publish them by another subscription; in promoting of which I will exert myself with pleasure.

In your future compositions I wish you would use the modern English. You have shown your powers in Scottish sufficiently. Although in certain subjects it gives additional zest to the humour, yet it is lost to the English; and why should you write only for a part of the island, when you can command the admiration of the whole?

If you chance to write to my friend, Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, I beg to be affectionately remembered to her. She must not judge of the warmth of my sentiments respecting her by the number of my letters. I hardly ever write a line but on business; and I do not know that I should have scribbled all this to you, but for the business part of it; that is, to instigate you to a new publication, and to tell you that, when you think you have a sufficient number to make a volume, you should set your friends on getting subscriptions. I wish I could have a few hours' conversation with you; I have many things to say, which I cannot write. If I ever go to Scotland I will let you know, that you may meet me at your own house, or my friend Mrs. Hamilton's, or both.

Adieu! my dear Sir, &c.

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* See vol. i. p. 178.

† See vol. i. p. 185.

Disposer of events as to see that period, fix them on as broad and independent a basis as possible. Among the many wise adages which have been treasured up by our Scottish ancestors this is one of the best, *Better be the head o' the commonality, than the tail o' the gentry.*

But I am got on a subject which, however interesting to me, is of no manner of consequence to you; so I shall give you a short poem on the other page and close this with assuring you how sincerely I have the honour to be, Yours &c.

R. B.

Written on the blank leaf of a book, which I presented to a very young lady, whom I had formerly characterized under the denomination of "The Rose Bud."*

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXXI.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER,

WITH A EWE-MILK CHEESE.

ELLISLAND, 1791.

MY DEAR HILL,

I SHALL say nothing at all to your mad present.† You have long and often been of important service to me, and I suppose you mean to go on conferring obligations until I shall not be able to lift up my face before you. In the meantime, as Sir Roger de Coverley, because it happened to be a cold day in which he made his will, ordered his servants great-coats for mourning, so, because I have been this week plagued with an indigestion, I have sent you by the carrier a fine old ewe-milk cheese.

Indigestion is the devil: nay, 'tis the devil and hell. It besets a man in every one of his senses. I lose my appetite at the sight of successful knavery, and sicken to loathing at the noise and nonsense of self-important folly. When the hollow-hearted wretch takes me by the hand, the feeling spoils my dinner; the proud man's wine so offends my palate that it chokes me in the gullet; and the *pulvilised*, feathered, pert coxcomb is so horrible in my nostril that my stomach turns.

If ever you have any of these disagreeable sensations, let me prescribe for you patience and a bit of my Cheese. I know that you are no niggard of your good things among your friends, and some of them are in much need of a slice. There, in my eye, is our friend Smellie; a man positively of the first abilities and greatest strength of mind, as well as one of the best hearts and keenest wits that I have ever met with; when you see him, as, alas! he too often is smarting at the pinch of distressful circumstances, aggravated by the sneer of contumelious greatness—a bit of my cheese alone will not cure him; but if you add a tankard of brown stout, and superadd a magnum of right Oporto, you will see his sorrows vanish like the morning mist before the summer sun.

Candlish, the earliest friend, except my only brother, that I have on earth, and one of the worthiest fellows that ever any man called by the name of friend, if a luncheon of my cheese would help to rid him of some of his superabundant modesty, you would do well to give it him.

David,‡ with his *Courant*, comes, too, across my recollection, and I beg you will help him largely from the said ewe-milk cheese, to enable him to digest those damn'd bedaubing paragraphs with which he is eternally larding the lean characters of certain great men in a certain great town. I grant you the periods are very well turned; so, a fresh egg is a very good thing, but when thrown at a man in a pillory, it does not at all improve his figure, not to mention the irreparable loss of the egg.

My facetious little friend Colonel Dunbar I would wish also to be a partaker: not to digest his spleen, for that he laughs off, but to digest his last night's wine at the last field-day of the Crochallan corps.§

Among our common friends I must not forget one of the dearest of them—Cunningham. The brutality, insolence, and selfishness of a world unworthy of having such a fellow as he in it, I know sticks in his stomach, and if you can help him to any thing that will make him a little easier on that score, it will be very obliging.

As to honest John Somerville, he is such a contented, happy man, that I know not what can annoy him, except, perhaps, he may not have got the better of a parcel of modest anecdotes which a certain poet gave him one night at supper, the last time the said poet was in town.

Though I have mentioned so many men of law, I shall have nothing to do with them professionally—the faculty are beyond my prescription. As to their clients, that is another thing; God knows they have much to digest!

The clergy I pass by: their profundity of erudition and their liberality of sentiment, their total want of pride and their detestation of hypocrisy, are so proverbially notorious as to place them far, far above either my praise or censure.

I was going to mention a man of worth, whom I have the honour to call friend, the Laird of Craigdarroch; but I have spoken to the landlord of the King's-Arms inn here, to have at the next county meeting a large ewe-milk cheese on the table for the benefit of the Dumfries-shire

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* See the "Lines to Miss Cruikshank, a very young Lady," vol. i. p. 128.

† A present of books.

‡ Mr. David Ramsay, printer of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant.*

§ A club of choice spirits.

Whigs, to enable them to digest the Duke of Queensberry's late political conduct.

I have just this moment an opportunity of a private hand to Edinburgh, as perhaps you would not digest double postage. So God bless you!

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXXII.

TO MR. ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, WRITER,
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

ELLISLAND, 11*th March*, 1791.

MY DEAR CUNNINGHAM,

I RECEIVED your *first* letter two days ago; the last came to hand this moment. I was highly delighted with the well carried on allegory in your friend's letter. I read it to two or three acquaintances who have souls to enjoy a good thing, and we had a very hearty laugh at it. I have felt along the line of my Muse's inclination, and I fear your Archery subject would be up-hill work with her. I have two or three times in my life composed from the wish, rather than from the impulse, but I never succeeded to any purpose. One of these times I shall ever remember with gnashing of teeth. 'Twas on the death of the late Lord President Dundas. My very worthy and most respected friend, Mr. Alexander Wood, Surgeon, urged me to pay a compliment in the way of my trade to his Lordship's memory. Well, to work I went, and produced a copy of Elegiac verses, some of them I own rather common-place, and others rather hide-bound; but on the whole, though they were far from being in my best manner, they were tolerable, and might have been thought very clever. I wrote a letter, which, however, *was* in my very best manner; and enclosing my poem, Mr. Wood carried all together to Mr. Solicitor Dundas that then was, and not finding him at home, left the parcel for him. His Solicitorship never took the smallest notice of the letter, the Poem, or the Poet. From that time, highly as I respect the talents of their family, I never see the name Dundas in the column of a newspaper, but my heart seems straitened for room in my bosom; and if I am obliged to read aloud a paragraph relating to one of them, I feel my forehead flush, and my nether lip quiver. Had I been an obscure scribbler, as I was then in the hey-day of my fame; or had I been a dependent hanger-on for favour or pay; or had the bearer of the letter been any other than a gentleman who has done honour to the city in which he lives, to the country that produced him, and to the God that created him, Mr. Solicitor might have had some apology—but enough of this ungracious subject.

A friend of mine who transcribed the last parcel I sent you is to be with me in a day or two, and I shall get him to copy out the two poems you mention. I have this evening sketched out a song which I had a great mind to send you, though I foresee that it will cost you another groat of postage—by the way, you once mentioned to me a method of franking letters to you, but I have forgot the direction. My song is intended to sing to a strathspey or reel, of which I am very fond, called in Cumming's collection of strathspeys, "Ballendalloch's Reel," and in other collections that I have met with it is known by the name of "Camdelmore." It takes three stanzas of four lines each to go through the whole tune. I shall give the song to Johnson for the fourth volume of his publication of Scots songs, which he has just now in hand.

"Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair, &c." *

If the foregoing piece be worth your strictures, let me have them. For my own part, a thing that I have just composed always appears through a double portion of that partial medium in which an author will ever view his own works. I believe, in general, novelty has something in it that inebriates the fancy, and not unfrequently dissipates and fumes away like other intoxication, and leaves the poor patient, as usual, with an aching heart. A striking instance of this might be adduced, in the revolution of many a hymeneal honeymoon. But lest I sink into stupid prose, and so sacrilegiously intrude on the office of my parish priest, who is in himself one vast Constellation of dulness, and from his weekly Zenith rays out his contradictory stupidity to the no small edification and enlightening of the heavy and opaque pericraniums of his gaping admirers, I shall fill up the page in my own way, and give you another song of my late composition, which will appear in Johnson's work, as well as the former.

You must know a beautiful Jacobite air, "There 'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame." When political combustion ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets.

"By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey, &c." †

If you like the air, and if the stanzas hit your fancy, you cannot imagine, my dear friend, how much you would oblige me, if, by the charms of your delightful voice, you would give my honest effusion to "the memory of joys that are past," to the few friends whom you indulge in that pleasure. But I have scribbled on till I hear the clock has intimated the near approach of

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* See vol. i. p. 112.

† See vol. i. p. 186.

"That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane."

So good night to you! And sound be your sleep and delectable your dreams! Apropos, how do you like this thought in a ballad I have just now on the tapis?

"I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be," &c.[†]

Good night once more, and God bless you!

R. B.

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No. CCLXXIII.

TO JOHN BALLANTINE, Esq., AYR.

March, 1791.

While here I sit, sad and solitary, by the side of a fire in a little country inn, and drying my wet clothes, in pops a poor fellow of a sodger, and tells me he is going to Ayr. By heavens! say I to myself, with a tide of good spirits which the magic of that sound, "Auld Toon o' Ayr," conjured up, I will send my last song to Mr. Ballantine. Here it is—

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair," &c.[†]

R. B.

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No. CCLXXIV.

TO MR. ALEXANDER DALZIEL,[‡] FACTOR, FINDLAYSTON HOUSE.

Ellisland, 19*th March*, 1791.

My Dear Sir,

I have taken the liberty to frank this letter to you, as it encloses an idle poem of mine, which I send you; and, God knows, you may perhaps pay dear enough for it if you read it through. Not that this is my own opinion; but an author, by the time he has composed and corrected his works, has quite pored away all his powers of critical discrimination.

I can easily guess from my own heart, what you have felt on a late most melancholy event. God knows what I have suffered at the loss of my best friend, my first, my dearest patron and benefactor; the man to whom I owe all that I am and have! I am gone into mourning for him, and with more sincerity of grief than I fear some will, who by nature's ties ought to feel on the occasion.

I will be exceedingly obliged to you indeed, to let me know the news of the noble family, how the poor mother and the two sisters support their loss. I had a packet of poetic bagatelles ready to send to Lady Betty, when I saw the fatal tidings in the newspaper. I see by the same channel that the honoured remains of my noble patron are designed to be brought to the family burial place. Dare I trouble you to let me know privately before the day of interment, that I may cross the country, and steal among the crowd, to pay a tear to the last sight of my ever revered benefactor? It will oblige me beyond expression.

R. B.

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No. CCLXXV.

TO LADY ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM.[§]

Ellisland, *March*, 1791.

My Lady,

I would, as usual, have availed myself of the privilege your goodness has allowed me, of sending you any thing I compose in my poetical way; but as I had resolved, so soon as the shock of my irreparable loss would allow me, to pay a tribute to my late benefactor, I determined to make that the first piece I should do myself the honour of sending you. Had the wing of my fancy been equal to the ardour of my heart, the enclosed had been much more worthy your perusal: as it is, I beg leave to lay it at your Ladyship's feet.[‖] As all the world knows my obligations to the late Earl of Glencairn, I would wish to show as openly that my heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his Lordship's goodness. The sables I did myself the honour to wear to his Lordship's memory were not the "mockery of woe." Nor shall my gratitude perish with me! If, among my children I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honour and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn!

I was about to say, my Lady, that if you think the poem may venture to see the light, I would, in some way or other, give it to the world.

R. B.

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[*] See vol. i. p. 214.

[†] See vol. i. pp. 112, 113, and 202 for different versions of this song.

[‡] Mr. Dalziel was factor to Lord Glencairn. See Life.

[§] Sister of the Earl of Glencairn: she died unmarried in August, 1804.

[‖] "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn." See vol. i. p. 186.

No. CCLXXVI.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Ellisland, 11*th April*, 1791.

I am once more able, my honoured friend, to return you, with my own hand, thanks for the many instances of your friendship, and particularly for your kind anxiety in this last disaster that my evil genius had in store for me. However, life is chequered — joy and sorrow; for on Saturday morning last Mrs. Burns made me a present of a fine boy, rather stouter, but not so handsome as your godson was at his time of life. Indeed I look on your little namesake to be my *chef d'œuvre* in that species of manufacture, as I look on Tam o' Shanter to be my standard performance in the poetical line. 'Tis true, both the one and the other discover a spice of roguish waggery, that might perhaps be as well spared; but then they also show in my opinion a force of genius, and a finishing polish, that I despair of ever excelling. Mrs. Burns is getting stout again, and laid as lustily about her to-day at breakfast, as a reaper from the corn-ridge.* That is the peculiar privilege and blessing of our hale, sprightly damsels, that are bred among the *hay and heather.* We cannot hope for that highly polished mind, that charming delicacy of soul, which is found among the female world in the more elevated stations of life, and which is certainly by far the most bewitching charm in the famous cestus of Venus. It is indeed such an inestimable treasure, that where it can be had in its native heavenly purity, unstained by some one or other of the many shades of affectation, and unalloyed by some one or other of the many species of caprice, I declare to Heaven, I should think it cheaply purchased at the expense of every other earthly good! But as this angelic creature is, I am afraid, extremely rare in any station and rank of life, and totally denied to such an humble one as mine, we meaner mortals must put up with the next rank of female excellence. As fine a figure and face we can produce as any rank of life whatever; rustic, native grace; unaffected modesty, and unsullied purity; nature's mother wit, and the rudiments of taste; a simplicity of soul, unsuspicious of, because unacquainted with, the crooked ways of a selfish, interested, disingenuous world; and the dearest charm of all the rest, a yielding sweetness of disposition, and a generous warmth of heart, grateful for love on our part, and ardently glowing with a more than equal return. These, with a healthy frame, a sound, vigorous constitution, which your higher ranks can scarcely ever hope to enjoy, are the charms of lovely woman in my humble walk of life.

This is the greatest effort my broken arm has yet made. Do let me hear, by first post, how *cher petit Monsieur* comes on with his small-pox. May Almighty goodness preserve and restore him!

R. B.

No. CCLXXVII.

TO ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER, Esq.

Ellisland, *April*, 1791.

Sir,

Nothing less than the unfortunate accident I have met with, could have prevented my grateful acknowledgments for your letters.† His own favourite poem, and

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* The birth took place only two days before. The child was named William Nicol, after his friend in Edinburgh.

† The following is the letter to which the above is a reply:—

Dear Sir,

Mr. Hill yesterday put into my hands a sheet of "Grose's Antiquities," containing a poem of yours, entitled, "Tam o' Shanter," a tale. The very high pleasure I have received from the perusal of this admirable piece, I feel, demands the warmest acknowledgments. Hill tells me he is to send off a packet for you this day; I cannot resist, therefore, putting on paper what I must have told you in person had I met with you after the recent perusal of your tale, which is, that I feel I owe you a debt, which if undischarged, would reproach me with ingratitude. I have seldom in my life tasted of higher enjoyment from any work of genius, than I have received from this composition; and I am much mistaken, if this poem alone, had you never written another syllable, would not have been sufficient to have transmitted your name down to posterity with high reputation. In the introductory part, where you paint the character of your hero, and exhibit him at the alehouse *ingle*, with his tippling cronies, you have delineated nature with a humour and *naïveté*, that would do honour to Matthew Prior; but when you describe the infernal orgies of the witches' sabbath, and the hellish scenery in which they are exhibited, you display a power of imagination that Shakspeare himself could not have exceeded. I know not that I have ever met with a picture of more horrible fancy than the following:—

> "Coffins stood round like open presses,
> That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
> And, by some devilish cantrip slight,
> Each in its cauld hand held a light."

But when I came to the succeeding lines my blood ran cold within me—

> "A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
> Whom his ain son of life bereft,
> *The grey hairs yet stack to the heft.*"

And here, after the two following lines "Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu," &c., the descriptive part might perhaps have been better closed than the four lines which succeed, which, though good in themselves, yet, as they derive all their merit from the satire they contain, are here rather misplaced among the circumstances of pure horror. The initiation of the young witch is most happily described—the effect of her charms exhibited in the dance of Satan himself—the apostrophe, "Ah little thought thy reverend grannie!"—the transport of Tam, who forgets his situation, and enters completely into the spirit of the scene—are all features of high merit in this excellent composition. The only fault it possesses is, that the winding-up or conclusion of the story is not commensurate to the interest which is excited by the that an essay in a walk of the muses entirely new to him, where consequently his hopes and fears were on the most anxious alarm for his success in the attempt—to have that poem so much applauded by one of the first judges, was the most delicious vibration that ever thrilled along the heart-strings of a poor poet. However, Providence, to keep up the proper proportion of evil with the good, which it seems is necessary in this sublunary state, thought proper to check my exultation by a very serious misfortune. A day or two after I received your letter, my horse came down with me and broke my right arm. As this is the first service my arm has done me since its disaster, I find myself unable to do more than just in general terms to thank you for this additional instance of your patronage and friendship. As to the faults you detected in the piece, they are truly there; one of them, the hit at the lawyer and priest, I shall cut out; as to the falling off in the catastrophe, for the reason you justly adduce, it cannot easily be remedied. Your approbation, Sir, has given me such additional spirits to persevere in this species of poetic composition, that I am already revolving two or three stories in my fancy. If I can bring these floating ideas to bear any kind of embodied form, it will give me an additional opportunity of assuring you how much I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCLXXVIII.

TO CHARLES SHARPE, Esq., OF HODDAM,*

UNDER A FICTITIOUS SIGNATURE, ENCLOSING A BALLAD.

Ellisland, 22*nd April*, 1791.

It is true, Sir, you are a gentleman of rank and fortune, and I am a poor devil; you are a feather in the cap of society, and I am a very hobnail in his shoes; yet I have the honour to belong to the same family with you, and on that score I now address you. You will perhaps suspect that I am going to claim affinity with the ancient and honourable house of Kirkpatrick. No, no, Sir; I cannot indeed be properly said to belong to any house, or even any province or kingdom; as my mother, who for many years was spouse to a marching regiment, gave me into this bad world, aboard the packet-boat, somewhere between Donaghadee and Portpatrick. By our common family I mean, Sir, the family of the Muses. I am a fiddler and a poet; and you, I am told, play an exquisite violin, and have a standard taste in the *Belles Lettres.* The other day, a brother-catgut gave me a charming Scots air of your composition.† If I was pleased with the tune, I was in raptures with the title you have given it; and taking up the idea I have spun it into the three stanzas enclosed. Will you allow me, Sir, to present you them, as the dearest offering that a misbegotten son of Poverty and Rhyme has to give! I have a longing to take you by the hand, and unburden my heart by saying: "Sir, I honour you as a man who supports the dignity of human nature amid an age when frivolity and avarice have, between them, debased us below the brutes that perish!" But, alas! Sir, to me you are unapproachable. It is true the Muses baptized me in Castalian streams; but the thoughtless gipsies forgot to give me a name. As the sex have served many a good fellow, the Nine have given me a great deal of pleasure; but, bewitching jades! they have beggared me. Would they but spare me a little of their cast linen, were it only to put it in my power to say that I have a shirt on my back! But the idle wenches, like Solomon's lilies, "they toil not, neither do they spin;" so I must e'en continue to tie my remnant of a cravat, like the hangman's rope, round my naked throat, and coax my galligaskins to keep together their many-coloured fragments. As to the affair of shoes, I have given that up. My pilgrimages in my ballad-trade from town to town, and on your stony-hearted turnpikes too, are what not even the hide of Job's Behemoth could bear. The coat on my back is no more; I shall not speak evil of the dead. It would be equally unhandsome and ungrateful to find fault with my old surtout, which so kindly supplies and conceals the want of that coat. My hat indeed is a great favourite; and though I got it literally for an old song, I would not exchange it for the best beaver in Britain. I was, during several years, a kind of fac-totum servant to a country clergyman, where I pickt up a good many scraps of learning, particularly in some branches of the mathematics. Whenever I feel inclined to rest myself on my way, I take my seat under a hedge, laying my poetic wallet on the one side, and my fiddle-case on the other, and placing my hat between my legs, I can, by means of its brim, or rather brims, go through the whole doctrine of the conic sections.

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descriptive and characteristic painting of the preceding parts. The preparation is fine, but the result is not adequate. But for this perhaps you have a good apology—you stick to the popular tale.

And now that I have got out my mind, and feel a little relieved of the weight of that debt I owed you, let me end this desultory scroll by an advice:—You have proved your talent for a species of composition in which but a very few of our own poets have succeeded. Go on—write more tales in the same style—you will eclipse Prior and La Fontaine; for with equal wit, equal power of numbers, and equal *naïveté* of expression, you have a bolder and more vigorous imagination.

* In Dumfries-shire. Father of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., distinguished for his antiquarian lore.

† Mr. Sharpe wrote verses, as well as composed music.

However, Sir, don't let me mislead you, as if I would interest your pity. Fortune has so much forsaken me, that she has taught me to live without her; and amid all my rags and poverty I am as independent, and much more happy, than a monarch of the world. According to the hackneyed metaphor, I value the several actors in the great drama of life, simply as they act their parts. I can look on a worthless fellow of a duke with unqualified contempt, and can regard an honest scavenger with sincere respect. As you, Sir, go through your rôle with such distinguished merit, permit me to make one in the chorus of universal applause, and assure you that with the highest respect, I have the honour to be, &c.,

JOHNNY FAA.

* * *

No. CCLXXIX.

TO LADY WINIFRED MAXWELL CONSTABLE.

ELLISLAND, NEAR DUMFRIES,
25*th April*, 1791.

MY LADY,

NOTHING less than the unlucky accident of having lately broken my right arm, could have prevented me, the moment I received your Ladyship's elegant present by Mrs. Miller,* from returning you my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments. I assure your Ladyship, I shall set it apart—the symbols of religion shall only be more sacred. In the moment of poetic composition, the box shall be my inspiring genius. When I would breathe the comprehensive wish of benevolence for the happiness of others, I shall recollect your Ladyship; when I would interest my fancy in the distresses incident to humanity, I shall remember the unfortunate Mary. I enclose your Ladyship a poetic compliment I lately paid to the memory of our greatly injured, lovely Scottish Queen. I have the honour to be, my Lady, your Ladyship's highly obliged and ever devoted, humble servant,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXXX.

TO SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, OF ULBSTER, BART.

ELLISLAND, 1791.

SIR,

THE following circumstance has, I believe, been omitted in the statistical account transmitted to you of the parish of Dunscore, in Nithsdale.† I beg leave to send it to you, because it is new and may be useful. How far it is deserving of a place in your patriotic publication, you are the best judge.

To store the minds of the lower classes with useful knowledge is certainly of very great importance, both to them as individuals, and to society at large. Giving them a turn for reading and reflection is giving them a source of innocent and laudable amusement; and besides, raises them to a more dignified degree in the scale of rationality. Impressed with this idea, a gentleman in this parish, Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, set on foot a species of circulating library, on a plan so simple as to be practicable in any corner of the country; and so useful, as to deserve the notice of every country gentleman, who thinks the improvement of that part of his own species, whom chance has thrown into the humble walks of the peasant and the artizan, a matter worthy of his attention.

Mr. Riddel got a number of his own tenants and farming neighbours, to form themselves into a society for the purpose of having a library among themselves. They entered into a legal engagement to abide by it for three years; with a saving clause or two, in case of removal to a distance or of death. Each member, at his entry, paid five shillings; and at each of their meetings, which were held every fourth Saturday, sixpence more. With their entry-money, and the credit which they took on the faith of their future funds, they laid in a tolerable stock of books at the commencement. What authors they were to purchase was always decided by the majority. At every meeting all the books, under certain fines and forfeitures by way of penalty, were to be produced; and the members had their choice of the volumes in rotation. He whose name stood for that night first on the list, had his choice of what volume he pleased in the whole collection; the second had his choice after the first; the third after the second, and so on to the last. At next meeting, he who had been first on the list at the preceding meeting was last at this; he who had been second was first, and so on through the whole three years. At the expiration of the engagement the books were sold by auction, but only among the members themselves; and each man had his share of the common stock, in money or in books, as he chose to be a purchaser or not.

At the breaking up of this little society, which was formed under Mr. Riddel's patronage, what with benefactions of books from him, and what with their own purchases, they had collected together upwards of one hundred and fifty volumes. It will easily be guessed, that a good deal of trash would be bought. Among the books, however, of this little library, were Blair's "Sermons," Robertson's "History of Scotland," Hume's "History of the Stuarts," *The Spectator*, *Idler*, *Adventurer*, *Mirror*, *Lounger*, *Observer*, "Man of Feeling," "Man of the World," "Chrysal," "Don Quixote," "Joseph Andrews," &c. A peasant who can read and enjoy such books, is certainly a much superior being to his neighbour, who perhaps stalks beside his team, very little removed, except in shape, from the brutes he drives.

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* A valuable snuff-box, with a beautiful miniature of Mary Queen of Scots on the lid.

† In few quarters, it must be confessed, have the clergy shown much sympathy with schemes of this sort.

Wishing your patriotic exertions their so much merited success, I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A Peasant.

No. CCLXXXI.

TO . . . .

Ellisland, 1791.

Dear Sir,

I am exceedingly to blame in not writing you long ago; but the truth is, that I am the most indolent of all human beings, and when I matriculate in the Herald's Office, I intend that my supporters shall be two sloths, my crest a slow-worm, and the motto, "De'il tak' the foremost." So much by way of apology for not thanking you sooner for your kind execution of my commission.

I would have sent you the poem;* but somehow or other it found its way into the public papers, where you must have seen it.

. . . .

I am ever, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

R. B.

No. CCLXXXII.

TO . . . .†

Ellisland, 1791.

Thou eunuch of language: thou Englishman, who never was south of the Tweed: thou servile echo of fashionable barbarisms: thou quack, vending the nostrums of empirical elocution: thou marriage-maker between vowels and consonants, on the Gretna-green of caprice: thou cobbler, botching the flimsy socks of bombast oratory: thou blacksmith, hammering the rivets of absurdity: thou butcher, embruing thy hands in the bowels of orthography: thou arch-heretic in pronunciation: thou pitch-pipe of affected emphasis: thou carpenter, mortising the awkward joints of jarring sentences: thou squeaking dissonance of cadence: thou pimp of gender: thou Lyon Herald to silly etymology: thou antipode of grammar: thou executioner of construction: thou brood of the speech-distracting builders of the Tower of Babel: thou lingual confusion worse confounded: thou scape-gallows from the land of syntax: thou scavenger of mood and tense: thou murderous accoucheur of infant learning: thou *ignis fatuus*, misleading the steps of benighted ignorance: thou pickle-herring in the puppet-show of nonsense: thou faithful recorder of barbarous idiom: thou persecutor of syllabication: thou baleful meteor, foretelling and facilitating the rapid approach of Nox and Erebus.

R. B.

No. CCLXXXIII.

TO MR. ALEX. FINDLATER, SUPERVISOR OF EXCISE.‡

Ellisland, *June*, 1791.

Dear Sir,

I am both much surprised and vexed at that accident of Lorimer's stock. The last survey I made prior to Mr. Lorimer's going to Edinburgh, I was very particular in my inspection, and the quantity was certainly in his possession, as I stated it. The surveys I made during his absence might as well have been marked "Key absent," as I never found any body but the lady, who I know is not mistress of keys, &c., to know anything of it, and one of the times it would have rejoiced all Hell to have seen her so drunk. I have not surveyed there since his return. I know the gentleman's ways are, like the grace of G—, past all comprehension; but I shall give the house a severe scrutiny to-morrow morning, and send you in the naked facts.

I know, Sir, and regret deeply that this business glances with a malign aspect on my character as an officer; but as I am really innocent in the affair, and as the gentleman is known to be an illicit dealer, and particularly as this is the *single* instance of the least shadow of carelessness or impropriety in my conduct as an officer, I shall be peculiarly unfortunate if my character shall fall a sacrifice to the dark manœuvres of a smuggler. I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

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* Viz., "The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots."

† We think this letter bears internal evidence of being addressed to William Nicol. The original MS. belonged to Mr. A. Henderson, surgeon, Berwick, son of the "Rosebud." It appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

‡ See Appendix, p. 125.

R. B.

Sunday even.

I send you some rhymes I have just finished, which tickle my fancy a little.

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXXXIV.

TO ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, Esq., EDINBURGH,

INTRODUCING CLARKE THE SCHOOLMASTER.

11*th June*, 1791.

Let me interest you, my dear Cunningham, in behalf of the gentleman who gives you this. He is a Mr. Clarke, of Moffat, principal schoolmaster there, and is at present suffering severely under the persecution of one or two powerful individuals of his employers. He is accused of harshness to some perverse dunces that were placed under his care. God help the teacher, if a man of genius and sensibility, for such is my friend Clarke, when a blockhead father presents him his booby son, and insists on having the rays of science lighted up in a fellow's head whose skull is impervious and inaccessible by any other way than a positive fracture with a cudgel—a fellow whom, in fact, it savours of impiety to attempt making a scholar of, as he has been marked a blockhead in the book of fate, at the almighty fiat of his Creator.

The patrons of Moffat School are the ministers, magistrates, and town-council of Edinburgh; and as the business comes now before them, let me beg my dearest friend to do everything in his power to serve the interests of a man of genius, a man of worth, and a man whom I particularly respect and esteem. You know some good fellows among the magistrates and council, though, God knows, 'tis generally a very unfit soil for good fellowship to flourish in; but particularly you have much to say with a reverend gentleman to whom you have the honour of being very nearly related, and whom this country and age have had the honour to produce.* I need not name the historian of Charles V. I tell him through the medium of his nephew's influence, that Mr. Clarke is a gentleman who will not disgrace even his patronization. I know the merits of the cause thoroughly, and I say it, that my friend is falling a sacrifice to prejudiced ignorance, and envious, causeless malice.

God help the children of dependence! Hated and persecuted by their enemies, and too often (alas! almost unexceptionally always) received by their friends with insulting disrespect and heart-stinging reproach, under the thin disguise of cold civility and humiliating advice. O! to be a sturdy savage, stalking in the pride of his independence, amid the solitary wilds of his deserts, rather than in civilized life, helplessly to tremble for a subsistence precarious as the caprice of a fellow-creature! Every man has his virtues, and no man is without his failings; and curse on that privileged plain-dealing of friendship, which in the hour of my calamity cannot reach forth the helping hand, without at the same time, pointing out those failings, and assigning them their share in my present distress. My friends, for such the world calls you, and such ye think yourselves to be, pass by my virtues if you please, but do, also, spare my follies: the first will witness in my breast for themselves, and the last will give pain enough to the ingenuous mind without you. And since deviating more or less from the paths of propriety and rectitude must be incident to human nature, do thou, Fortune, put it in my power, always from my own pocket to pay the penalty of those errors! I do not want to be independent that I may sin; but I want to be independent in my sinning.

To return in this rambling letter to the subject I set out with, let me recommend my friend, Mr. Clarke, to your acquaintance and good offices; his worth entitles him to the one, and his gratitude will merit the other.

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXXXV.

TO THE REV. WM. MOODIE, EDINBURGH.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

This will be presented to you by a particular friend of mine, a Mr. Clarke, schoolmaster in Moffat, who has lately become the unfortunate and undeserved subject of persecution from some of his employers. The ostensible and assigned reason on their part is some instances of severity to the boys under his care; but I have had the best means of knowing the merits of the cause, and I assure you, Sir, that he is falling a sacrifice to the weakness of the many, following in the cry of the villainy of the few.

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* Cunningham was nephew to Dr. Robertson.

The business will now come before the patrons of the school, who are the ministers, magistrates, and town council of Edinburgh; and in that view I would interest your goodness in his behalf. 'Tis true, Sir, and I feel the full force of the observation, that a man in my powerless, humble situation very much mistakes himself, and very much mistakes the way of the world, when he dares presume to offer influence among so highly respectable a body as the patronage I have mentioned. On that—what could I do? A man of abilities, a man of genius, a man of worth, and my friend—before I would stand quietly and silent by, and see him perish thus, I would go down on my knees to the rocks and mountains, and implore them to fall on his persecutors and crush their malice and them in deserved destruction. Believe me, Sir, he is a greatly injured man.

The humblest individual, though, alas! he cannot so redress the wrong, may yet as ably attest the fact as a lord might do. Mr. Moodie's goodness I well know, and that acquaintance with him that I have the honour to boast of will forgive my addressing him thus in favour of a gentleman whom, if he knew as well, he would esteem as I do.

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXXXVI.

LETTER DICTATED FOR CLARKE, ADDRESSED TO THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH.

Moffat, *June*, 1791.

My Lord,

It may be deemed presumption in a man obscure and unknown as I am, and entire stranger to your Lordship, to trouble you in this manner; but when I inform you that the subject on which I address you is of the last importance to me, and is so far connected with you, that on your determination, in a great measure, my fate must depend, I rely on your Lordship's goodness that you will think any further apology unnecessary.

I have been for nearly five years schoolmaster in Moffat, an appointment of which your Lordship will know, you, with the rest of the Magistracy and Town Council, together with the Clergy of Edinburgh, have the patronage. The trust with which these, my highly respectable patrons had honoured me, I have endeavoured to discharge with the utmost fidelity, and I hope with a good degree of success; but of late, one or two powerful individuals of my employers have been pleased to attack my reputation as a teacher, have threatened no less than to expel me from the school, and are taking every method, some of them, I will say it, insidious and unfair to the last degree, to put their threats in execution. The fault of which I am accused is some instances of severity to the children under my care. Were I to tell your Lordship that I am innocent of the charge—that any shade of cruelty, particularly that very black one of cruelty to tender infancy, will be allowed by every unbiassed person who knows anything of me to be tints unknown in my disposition—you would certainly look on all this *from me* as words of course; so I shall trouble you with nothing on the merits of my cause, until I have a fair hearing before my Right Hon. Patrons. A fair hearing, my Lord, is what above all things I want; and what I greatly fear will be attempted to be denied me. It is to be insinuated that I have vacated my place, that I never was legally appointed, with I know not how many pretences more, to hinder the business from coming properly before your Lordship and the other Patrons of the School—all which I deny, and will insist on holding my appointment until the dignified characters who gave it me shall find me unworthy of it.

In your Lordship's great acquaintance with human life, you must have known and seen many instances of Innocence, nay, of Merit, disguised and obscured, and sometimes for ever buried, by the dark machinations of unprincipled Malevolence and envious Craft; and until the contrary be made to appear, 'tis at least equally probable that my case is in that unfortunate and undeserved predicament. I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) James Clarke.

* * *

No. CCLXXXVII.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER.

June, 1791.*

My Dear Friend,

I take Glenriddel's kind offer of a corner for a postscript to you, though I have got nothing particular to tell you. It is with the greatest pleasure I learn from all hands, and particularly from your warm friend and patron, the Laird here, that you are going on, spreading and thriving like the palm-tree that shades the fragrant vale in the Holy Land of the Prophet. May the richest juices from beneath, and the dews of heaven from above, foster your root and refresh your branches, until you be as conspicuous among your fellows as the stately Goliah towering over the little pigmy Philistines around him! Amen, so be it!

---

* This letter has no date in the poet's hand, but is backed in Glenriddel's, and has the Dumfries post mark "June."

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXXXVIII.

TO MISS DAVIES,

ENCLOSING A BALLAD MADE UPON HER.

August, 1791.

Madam,

I understand my very worthy neighbour, Mr. Riddel, has informed you that I have made you the subject of some verses. There is something in the idea of being the burden of a ballad, that I do not think Job or Moses, though such patterns of patience and meekness, could have resisted the curiosity to know what that ballad was; so my worthy friend (what I daresay he never intended) has done me a mischief, and reduced me to the unfortunate alternative of leaving your curiosity ungratified, or else disgusting you with foolish verses, the unfinished production of a random moment, and never meant to have met your ear. I have heard or read somewhere of a gentleman who had some genius, much eccentricity, and very considerable dexterity with his pencil. In the accidental groups of social life into which one is thrown, whenever this gentleman met with a character in a more than ordinary degree congenial to his soul, he used to steal a sketch of the face; merely, he said, as a *nota bene*, to point out the agreeable recollection to his memory. What this gentleman's pencil was to him, is my muse to me; and the enclosed verses I do myself the honour to send you are a *memento* exactly of the same kind. It may be more owing to the fastidiousness of my caprice than the delicacy of my taste; but I am so often tired, disgusted, and hurt with the insipidity, affectation, and pride of mankind, that when I meet with a person "after my own heart," I positively feel what an orthodox Protestant would call a species of idolatry, which acts on my fancy like inspiration; and I can no more desist rhyming on the impulse, than an Æolian harp can refuse its tones to the streaming air. A distich or two would be the consequence, though the object which hit my fancy were gray-bearded age; but where my theme is youth and beauty, a young lady whose personal charms, wit, and sentiment are equally striking and unaffected—by Heavens! though I had lived threescore years a married man, and threescore years before I was a married man, my imagination would hallow the very idea: and I am truly sorry that the enclosed stanzas have done such poor justice to such a subject. I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCLXXXIX.

TO MISS DAVIES,*

ENCLOSING A SONG INSPIRED BY HER CHARMS.

August, 1791.

It is impossible, Madam, that the generous warmth and angelic purity of your youthful mind can have any idea of that moral disease under which I unhappily must rank as the chief of sinners; I mean a torpitude of the moral powers, that may be called a lethargy of conscience. In vain Remorse rears her horrent crest, and rouses all her snakes: beneath the deadly fixed eye and leaden hand of Indolence their wildest ire is charmed into the torpor of the bat, slumbering out the rigours of winter in the chink of a ruined wall. Nothing less, Madam, could have made me so long neglect your obliging commands. Indeed I had one apology—the bagatelle was not worth presenting. Besides, so strongly am I interested in Miss Davies's fate and welfare in the serious business of life, amid its chances and changes, that to make her the subject of a silly ballad is downright mockery of these ardent feelings; 'tis like an impertinent jest to a dying friend.

Gracious Heaven! why this disparity between our wishes and our powers? Why is the most generous wish to make others blest impotent and ineffectual as the idle breeze that crosses the pathless desert? In my walks of life I have met with a few people to whom how gladly would I have said—"Go, be happy! I know that your hearts have been wounded by the scorn of the proud, whom accident has placed above you—or worse still, in whose hands are, perhaps, placed many of the comforts of your life. But there! ascend that rock, Independence, and look justly down on their littleness of soul. Make the worthless tremble under your indignation, and the foolish sink before your contempt; and largely impart that happiness to others which, I am certain, will give yourselves so much pleasure to bestow!"

Why, dear Madam, must I wake from this delightful reverie, and find it all a dream? Why, amid my generous enthusiasm, must I find myself poor and powerless, incapable of wiping one tear from the eye of pity, or of adding one comfort to the friend I love! Out upon the world! say I, that its affairs are administered so ill. They talk of reform: good Heaven! what a reform would I make among the sons, and even the daughters of men! Down immediately should go fools from the high places where misbegotten chance has perked them up, and through life should they skulk, ever haunted by their native insignificance, as the body marches accompanied by its shadow. As for a much more formidable class, the *knaves*, I am at a loss what to do with them: had I a world, there should not be a knave in it, ... But the hand that could give, I would liberally fill: and I would pour delight on the heart that could kindly forgive, and generously love.

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* See Life.

Still the inequalities of life are, among men, comparatively tolerable; but there is a delicacy, a tenderness, accompanying every view in which we can place lovely Woman, that are grated and shocked at the rude, capricious distinctions of Fortune. Woman is the blood-royal of life: let there be slight degrees of precedency among them—but let them be ALL sacred. Whether this last sentiment be right or wrong, I am not accountable: it is an original component feature of my mind. . . . .

R. B.

No. CCXC.

TO MR. THOMAS SLOAN,

CARE OF WM. KENNEDY, ESQ., MANCHESTER.

ELLISLAND, 1*st September*, 1791.

MY DEAR SLOAN,

SUSPENSE is worse than disappointment; for that reason I hurry to tell you that I just now learn that Mr. Ballantine does not choose to interfere more in the business. I am truly sorry for it, but cannot help it.

You blame me for not writing you sooner; but you will please to recollect that you omitted one little necessary piece of information—your address.

However, you know equally well my hurried life, indolent temper, and strength of attachment. It must be a longer period than the longest life "in the world's hale and undegenerate days," that will make me forget so dear a friend as Mr. Sloan. I am prodigal enough at times, but I will not part with such a treasure as that.

I can easily enter into the *embarras* of your present situation. You know my favourite quotation from Young—

"—— On Reason build Resolve—
That column of true majesty in man!"

And that other favourite one from Thomson's "Alfred"—

"What proves the hero truly great,
Is never, never to despair."

Or, shall I quote you an author of your acquaintance?

"For whether DOING, SUFFERING, or FORBEARING,
You may do miracles by—PERSEVERING."

I have nothing new to tell you. The few friends we have are going on in the old way. I sold my crop on this day se'en-night past, and sold it very well. A guinea an acre, on an average, above value. But such a scene of drunkenness was hardly ever seen in this country. After the roup was over, about thirty people engaged in a battle, every man for his own hand, and fought it out for three hours. Nor was the scene much better in the house. No fighting, indeed, but folks lying drunk on the floor, and decanting, until both my dogs got so drunk by attending them that they could not stand. You will easily guess how I enjoyed the scene, as I was no farther over than you used to see me.

Mrs. B. and family have been in Ayrshire these many weeks.

Farewell! and God bless you, my dear friend!

R. B.

No. CCXCI.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

September, 1791.

MY LORD,

LANGUAGE sinks under the ardour of my feelings when I would thank your Lordship for the honour you have done me in inviting me to make one at the coronation of the bust of Thomson.* In my first enthusiasm in reading the card you did me the honour to write me, I overlooked every obstacle, and determined to go; but I fear it will not be in my power. A week or two's absence, in the very middle of my harvest, is what I much doubt I dare not venture on.

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* The invitation was couched in the following terms:—

DRYBURGH ABBEY, *June* 17*th*, 1791.

LORD BUCHAN has the pleasure to invite Mr. Burns to make one at the coronation of the bust of Thomson, on Ednam Hill, on the 22nd of September; for which day perhaps his muse may inspire an ode suited to the occasion. Suppose Mr. Burns should, leaving the Nith, go across the country, and meet the Tweed at the nearest point from his farm—and, wandering along the pastoral banks of Thomson's pure parent stream, catch inspiration on the devious walk, till he finds Lord Buchan sitting on the ruins of Dryburgh. There the Commendator will give him a hearty welcome, and try to light his lamp at the pure flame of native genius, upon the altar of Caledonian virtue. This poetical perambulation of the Tweed is a thought of the late Sir Gilbert Elliot, and of Lord Minto, followed out by his accomplished grandson, the present Sir Gilbert, who having been with Lord Buchan lately, the project was renewed, and will, they hope, be executed in the manner proposed.

Your Lordship hints at an ode for the occasion; but who would write after Collins? I read over his verses to the memory of Thomson, and despaired. I got indeed to the length of three or four stanzas, in the way of address to the shade of the bard, on crowning his bust. I shall trouble your Lordship with the subjoined copy of them,* which, I am afraid, will be but too convincing a proof how unequal I am to the task. However, it affords me an opportunity of approaching your Lordship, and declaring how sincerely and gratefully I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCXCII.

TO JAMES GRACIE, Esq., BANKER.

Globe Inn, 8 o'clock p.m., 1791.

Sir,

I have yours anent Crombie's† bill. Your forbearance has been very great. I did it to accommodate the thoughtless fellow. He asks till Wednesday week. If he fail, I pay it myself. In the meantime, if horning and caption be absolutely necessary, grip him by the neck, and welcome, Yours,

R. B.

No. CCXCIII.

TO MR. CORBET, SUPERVISOR-GENERAL OF EXCISE.

October, 1791.

Sir,

I have in my time taken up the pen on several ticklish subjects, but none that ever cost me half so much as the language of supplication. To lay open one's wants and woes to the mercy of another's benevolence, is a business so prostituted by the worthless and unfeeling, that a man of principle and delicacy shrinks from it as from contamination.

Mr. Findlater tells me that you wish to know from myself what are my views in desiring to exchange my excise division. With the wish natural to man of bettering his present situation, I have turned my thoughts towards the practicability of getting into a port division. As I know that the general superiors are omnipotent in these matters, my honoured friend, Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, offered me to interest you in my behalf.

She told me that she was well acquainted with Mrs. Corbet's goodness, and that, on the score of former intimacy, she thought she could promise some influence with her, and added, with her usual sagacity and knowledge of human nature, that the surest road to the good offices of a man was through the mediation of the woman he loved. On this footing, Sir, I venture my application, else not even the known generosity of your character would have emboldened me to address you thus. I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCXCIV.

TO COLONEL FULLERTON OF FULLERTON.‡

Ellisland, *3rd October*, 1791.

Sir,

I have just this minute got the frank, and next minute must send it to post, else I purposed to have sent you two or three other bagatelles that might have amused a vacant hour about as well as "Six excellent new songs," or the "Aberdeen prognostications for the year to come." I shall probably trouble you soon with another packet. About the "gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves," any thing generally is better than one's own thoughts.

Fond as I may be of my own productions, it is not for their sake that I am so anxious to send you them. I am ambitious, covetously ambitious, of being known to a gentleman whom I am proud to call my countryman; a gentleman who was a Foreign Ambassador as soon as he was a man, and a Leader of Armies as soon as he was a soldier, and that with an *éclat* unknown to the usual minions of a Court—men who, with all the adventitious advantages of princely connections and princely fortune, must yet, like the caterpillar, labour a whole life-time before they reach the wished-for height, there to roost a stupid chrysalis, and doze out the remaining glimmering existence of old age.

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* See "Address to the Shade of Thomson," vol. i. p. 190.

† A mason who had been employed in building the poet's house at Ellisland, and got payment for his work.

‡ Colonel Fullerton figures in "The Vision."

If the gentleman who accompanied you when you did me the honour of calling on me is with you, I beg to be respectfully remembered to him. I have the honour to be, Sir, your highly obliged and most devoted humble servant,

R. B.

No CCXCV.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY,

ENCLOSING THE SECOND POETICAL EPISTLE.*

Ellisland, *October*, 5, 1791.

I ought to have written you long ago; but a mere letter of thanks must to you be an insipid business. I wish to send you something that will give you at least as much amusement as "The Aberdeen New Prognosticator," or "Six Excellent New Songs." Along with two other pieces, I enclose you a sheetful of groans wrung from me in my elbow chair, with one unlucky leg on a stool before me. I will make no apology for addressing it to you; I have no longer a choice of patrons; the truly noble Glencairn is no more! I intend soon to do myself the honour of writing Mrs. Graham, and sending her some other lesser pieces of late date. My muse will sooner be in mischief than be idle; so I keep her at work.

I ought to have mentioned some Excise ideas that your late goodness has put in my head; but it is so like the sorning impudence of a sturdy beggar, that I cannot do it. It was something in the way of an officiating job. With the most ardent wish that you may be rewarded by *Him* who can do it, for your generous patronage to a man who, though feelingly sensible of it, is quite unable to repay it, I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCXCVI.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER.

Ellisland, *October*, 1791.

My Dear Friend,

I was never more unfit for writing. A poor devil nailed to an elbow-chair, writing in anguish with a bruised leg laid on a stool before him, is in a fine situation truly for saying bright things.

I may perhaps see you about Martinmas. I have sold to my landlord the lease of my farm, and as I roup off everything then, I have a mind to take a week's excursion to see old acquaintance. At all events, you may reckon on [payment of] your account about that time. So much for business. I do not know if I ever informed you that I am now ranked on the list as a supervisor, and I have pretty good reason to believe that I shall soon be called out to employment. The appointment is worth from one to two hundred a year, according to the place of the country in which one is settled. I have not been so lucky in my farming. Mr. Miller's kindness has been just such another as Creech's was—but this for your private ear:—

> "His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
> Still making work his selfish craft must mend."

By the way I have taken a d——d vengeance of Creech. He wrote me a fine, fair letter, telling me that he was going to print a third edition; and as he had a brother's care of my fame, he wished to add every new thing I have written since, and I should be amply rewarded with —a copy or two to present to my friends! He has sent me a copy of the last edition to correct, &c.; but I have as yet taken no notice of it, and I hear he has published without me. You know, and all my friends know, that I do not value money; but I owed the gentleman a debt, which I am happy to have it in my power to repay.

Farewell, and prosperity attend all your undertakings! I shall try, if my unlucky limb would give me a little ease, to write you a letter a little better worth reading. Put the enclosed to post.

R. B.

No. CCXCVII.

TO MR. ROBERT AINSLIE.

Dumfries, 1791.

My Dear Ainslie,

Can you minister to a mind diseased? can you, amid the horrors of penitence, regret, remorse, head-ache, nausea, and all the rest of the d——d hounds of hell, that beset a poor wretch who has been guilty of the sin of drunkenness—can you speak peace to a troubled soul?

Misérable perdu that I am, I have tried every thing that used to amuse me, but in vain: here must I sit, a monument of the vengeance laid up in store for the wicked, slowly counting every chick of the clock as it slowly, slowly numbers over these lazy scoundrels of hours, who, d——n them, are ranked up before me, every one following his neighbour, and every one with a burden of anguish on his back, to pour on my devoted head—and there is none to pity me. My wife scolds me, my business torments me, and my sins come staring me in the face, every one telling a more bitter tale than his fellow. When I tell you even . . . has lost its power to please, you will guess something of my hell within, and all around me. I began *Elibanks and Elibraes*, but the stanzas fell unenjoyed and unfinished from my listless tongue: at last I luckily thought of reading over an old letter of yours that lay by me in my book-case, and I felt something, for the first time since I opened my eyes, of pleasurable existence——Well—I begin to breathe a little since I began to write to you. How are you, and what are you doing? How goes law? Apropos, for connexion's sake, do not address to me supervisor, for that is an honour I cannot pretend to. I am on the list, as we call it, for a supervisor, and will be called out by and by to act as one; but at present I am a simple gauger, though t'other day I got an appointment to an excise division of £25 per annum better than the rest. My present income, down money, is £70 per annum.

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* See vol. i. p. 188.

I have one or two good fellows here whom you would be glad to know.

R. B.

No. CCXCVIII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

ELLISLAND, 17*th December*, 1791.

MANY thanks to you, Madam, for your good news respecting the little floweret and the mother-plant. I hope my poetic prayers have been heard, and will be answered up to the warmest sincerity of their fullest extent; and then Mrs. Henri will find her little darling the representative of his late parent, in every thing but his abridged existence.

I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his truly illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers—needs neither preface nor apology.

"SCENE—*A field of battle—time of the day, evening; the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following*

SONG OF DEATH.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
  Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties—
  Our race of existence is run," &c.[*]

The circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing verses, was, looking over with a musical friend M'Donald's collection of Highland airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled "Oran an Aoig, or the Song of Death," to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas. I have of late composed two or three other little pieces, which, ere yon full-orbed moon, whose broad impudent face now stares at old Mother Earth all night, shall have shrunk into a modest crescent, just peeping forth at dewy dawn, I shall find an hour to transcribe for you. *A Dieu je vous commende.*

R. B.

No. CCXCIX.

TO MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE, PRINTER.[†]

DUMFRIES, 22*nd January*, 1792.

I SIT down, my dear Sir, to introduce a young lady to you, and a lady in the first ranks of fashion, too. What a task! to you—who care no more for the herd of animals called young ladies, than you do for the herd of animals called young gentlemen. To you—who despise and detest the groupings and combinations of fashion, as an idiot painter that seems industrious to place staring fools and unprincipled knaves in the foreground of his picture, while men of sense and honesty are too often thrown in the dimmest shades. Mrs. Riddell,[‡] who will take this letter to town with her, and send it to you, is a character that, even in your own way, as a naturalist and a philosopher, would be an acquisition to your acquaintance. The lady, too, is a votary to the Muses; and as I think myself somewhat of a judge in my own trade, I assure you that her verses, always correct, and often elegant, are much beyond the common run of the *lady-poetesses* of the day. She is a great admirer of your book;[§] and, hearing me say that I was acquainted with you, she begged to be known to you, as she is just going to pay her first visit to our Caledonian capital. I told her that her best way was, to desire her near relation and your intimate friend, Craigdarroch, to have you at his house while she was there; and lest you might think of a lively West Indian girl of eighteen,* as girls of eighteen too often deserve to be thought of, I should take care to remove that prejudice. To be impartial, however, in appreciating the lady's merits, she has one unlucky failing—a failing which you will easily discover, as she seems rather pleased with indulging in it; and a failing that you will easily pardon, as it is a sin which very much besets yourself—where she dislikes, or despises, she is apt to make no more a secret of it than where she esteems and respects.

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[*] See vol. i. p. 191.

[†] See LIFE.

[‡] See LIFE.

[§] "The Philosophy of Natural History."

I will not present you with the unmeaning *compliments of the season*, but I will send you my warmest wishes and most ardent prayers, that FORTUNE may never throw your SUBSISTENCE to the mercy of a KNAVE, or set your CHARACTER on the judgment of a FOOL; but that, upright and erect, you may walk to an honest grave, where men of letters shall say, "Here lies a man who did honour to science," and men of worth shall say, "Here lies a man who did honour to human nature."

R. B.

No. CCC.

TO MR. PETER HILL, BOOKSELLER.

Dumfries, 5*th February*, 1792.

My Dear Friend,

I send you by the bearer, Mr. Clarke, a particular friend of mine, six pounds and a shilling, which you will dispose of as follows:—five pounds ten shillings per account I owe Mr. R. Burn, architect, for erecting the stone over the grave of poor Fergusson. He was two years in erecting it after I had commissioned him for it, and I have been two years in paying him, after he sent me his account; so he and I are quits. He had the *hardiesse* to ask me interest on the sum; but, considering that the money was due by one poet for putting a tombstone over another, he may, with grateful surprise, thank Heaven that he ever saw a farthing of it.

With the remainder of the money pay yourself for the "Office of a Messenger" that I bought of you; and send me by Mr. Clarke a note of its price. Send me likewise the fifth volume of the "Observer" by Mr. Clarke; and if any money remain, let it stand to account.

My best compliments to Mrs. Hill.

I sent you a maukin [hare] by last week's fly, which I hope you received. Yours, most sincerely,

R. B.

No. CCCI.

TO MR. WILLIAM NICOL.

20*th February*, 1792.

O thou, wisest among the Wise, meridian blaze of Prudence, full-moon of Discretion, and chief of many Counsellors! How infinitely is thy puddle-headed, rattle-headed, wrong-headed, round-headed slave indebted to thy super-eminent goodness, that from the luminous path of thy own right-lined rectitude, thou lookest benignly down on an erring wretch, of whom the zig-zag wanderings defy all the powers of calculation, from the simple copulation of units up to the hidden mysteries of fluxions! May one feeble ray of that light of wisdom which darts from thy sensorium, straight as the arrow of heaven, and bright as the meteor of inspiration, may it be my portion, so that I may be less unworthy of the face and favour of that father of Proverbs and master of Maxims, that antipode of Folly and magnet among the Sages—the wise and witty Willie Nicol! Amen! Amen! Yea, so be it!

For me! I am a beast, a reptile, and know nothing! From the cave of my ignorance, amid the fogs of my dulness, and pestilential fumes of my political heresies, I look up to thee, as doth a toad through the iron-barred lucerne of a pestiferous dungeon, to the cloudless glory of a summer sun! Sorely sighing in bitterness of soul, I say, When shall my name be the quotation of the wise, and my countenance be the delight of the godly, like the illustrious lord of Laggan's many hills?† As for him, his works are perfect: never did the pen of calumny blur the fair page of his reputation, nor the bolt of hatred fly at his dwelling.

Thou mirror of purity, when shall the elfin lamp of my glimmerous understanding, purged from sensual appetites and gross desires, shine like the constellation of thy intellectual powers? As for thee, thy thoughts are pure, and thy lips are holy. Never did the unhallowed breath of the powers of darkness and the pleasures of darkness pollute the sacred flame of thy sky-descended and heaven-bound desires; never did the vapours of impurity stain the unclouded serene of thy cerulean imagination. O that like thine were the tenor of my life, like thine the tenor of my conversation! then should no friend fear for my strength, no enemy rejoice in my weakness! Then should I lie down and rise up, and none to make me afraid. May thy pity and thy prayer be exercised for, O thou lamp of Wisdom and mirror of Morality! thy devoted slave,

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* Mrs. Riddell was born in the West Indies.

† See Life.

R. B.

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No. CCCII.

TO MR. STEPHEN CLARKE, EDINBURGH.

16*th July*, 1792.

Mr. Burns begs leave to present his most respectful compliments to Mr. Clarke. Mr. B. some time ago did himself the honour of writing Mr. C. respecting coming out to the country, to give a little musical instruction in a highly respectable family, where Mr. C. may have his own terms, and may be as happy as indolence, the devil, and the gout will permit him. Mr. B. knows well how Mr. C. is engaged with another family; but cannot Mr. C. find two or three weeks to spare to each of them? Mr. B. is deeply impressed with, and awfully conscious of, the high importance of Mr. C.'s time, whether in the winged moments of symphonious exhibition, at the keys of harmony, while listening seraphs cease their own less delightful strains; or in the drowsy hours of slumberous repose, in the arms of his dearly-beloved elbow-chair, where the frowsy but potent power of Indolence circumfuses her vapours round, and sheds her dews on the head of her darling son. But half a line conveying half a meaning from Mr. C. would make Mr. B. the happiest of mortals.

R. B.

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No. CCCIII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Annan Water-foot, 22*nd August*, 1792.

Do not blame me for it, Madam—my own conscience, hackneyed and weather-beaten as it is, in watching and reproving my vagaries, follies, indolence, &c., has continued to punish me sufficiently. . . . .

Do you think it possible, my dear and honoured friend, that I could be so lost to gratitude for many favours, to esteem for much worth, and to the honest, kind, pleasurable tie of now old acquaintance, and I hope and am sure of progressive, increasing friendship—as for a single day, not to think of you—to ask the Fates what they are doing and about to do with my much-loved friend and her wide-scattered connections, and to beg of them to be as kind to you and yours as they possibly can?

Apropos! though how it is apropos I have not leisure to explain—do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours? Almost! said I—I am in love, souse over head and ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean; but the word Love, owing to the intermingledoms of the good and the bad, the pure and the impure, in this world, being rather an equivocal term for expressing one's sentiments and sensations, I must do justice to the sacred purity of my attachment. Know then, that the heart-struck awe; the distant humble approach; the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour at Mayfield. Mr. B. with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse—though, God knows, I could ill spare the time—and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them, and riding home, I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with—

> "My bonnie Lizzie Baillie,
> I 'll rowe thee in my plaidie," &c.

So I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy, "unanointed, unannealed," as Hamlet says:—

> "O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
> As she gaed o'er the Border," &c.*

So much for ballads. I regret that you are gone to the east country, as I am to be in Ayrshire in about a fortnight. This world of ours, notwithstanding it has many good things in it, yet it has ever had this curse—that two or three people, who would be the happier the oftener they met together, are, almost without exception, always so placed as never to meet but once or twice a year, which, considering the few years of a man's life, is a very great "evil under the sun," which I do not recollect that Solomon has mentioned in his catalogue of the miseries of man. I hope and believe that there is a state of existence beyond the grave where the worthy of this life will renew their former intimacies, with this endearing addition—that "we meet to part no more."

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* See vol. ii. p. 26.

> "Tell us, ye dead,
> Will none of you in pity disclose the secret,
> What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?"

A thousand times have I made this apostrophe to the departed sons of men, but not one of them has ever thought fit to answer the question. "O that some courteous ghost would blab it out!" But it cannot be: you and I, my friend, must make the experiment by ourselves and for ourselves. However, I am so convinced that an unshaken faith in the doctrines of religion is not only necessary, by making us better men, but also by making us happier men, that I shall take every care that your little godson, and every little creature that shall call me father, shall be taught them.

So ends this heterogeneous letter, written at this wild place of the world, in the intervals of my labour of discharging a vessel of rum from Antigua.

R. B.

No. CCCIV.

TO MR. ALEX. CUNNINGHAM.

DUMFRIES, 10*th September*, 1792.

No! I will not attempt an apology. Amid all my hurry of business, grinding the faces of the publican and the sinner on the merciless wheels of the Excise; making ballads, and then drinking, and singing them; and, over and above all, the correcting the press-work of two different publications;[*] still, still I might have stolen five minutes to dedicate to one of the first of my friends and fellow-creatures. I might have done, as I do at present, snatched an hour near "witching time of night," and scrawled a page or two. I might have congratulated my friend on his marriage;[†] or I might have thanked the Caledonian archers for the honour they have done me[‡] (though, to do myself justice, I intended to have done both in rhyme, else I had done both long ere now). Well, then, here is to your good health! for you must know, I have set a nipperkin of toddy by me, just by way of spell, to keep away the meikle horned deil, or any of his subaltern imps who may be on their nightly rounds.

But what shall I write to you? "The voice said, Cry," and I said, "What shall I cry?"[§] O, thou spirit! whatever thou art, or wherever thou makest thyself visible! be thou a bogle by the eerie side of an auld thorn, in the dreary glen through which the herd callan maun bicker in his gloamin route frae the fauld! Be thou a brownie, set, at dead of night, to thy task by the blazing ingle, or in the solitary barn, where the repercussions of thy iron flail half affright thyself, as thou performest the work of twenty of the sons of men, ere the cock-crowing summon thee to thy ample cog of substantial brose. Be thou a kelpie, haunting the ford or ferry, in the starless night, mixing thy laughing yell with the howling of the storm and the roaring of the flood, as thou viewest the perils and miseries of man on the foundering horse, or in the tumbling boat! Or, lastly, be thou a ghost, paying thy nocturnal visits to the hoary ruins of decayed grandeur; or performing thy mystic rites in the shadow of the time-worn church, while the moon looks, without a cloud, on the silent, ghastly dwellings of the dead around thee; or taking thy stand by the bedside of the villain, or the murderer, portraying, on his dreaming fancy, pictures dreadful as the horrors of unveiled hell, and terrible as the wrath of incensed Deity! Come, thou spirit, but not in these horrid forms; come with the milder, gentle, easy inspirations, which thou breathest round the wig of a prating advocate, or the *tête-a-tête* of a tea-sipping gossip, while their tongues run at the light-horse gallop of clishmaclaver for ever and ever—come and assist a poor devil who is quite jaded in the attempt to share half an idea among half a hundred words; to fill up four quarto pages, while he has not got one single sentence of recollection, information, or remark worth putting pen to paper for.

I feel, I feel the presence of supernatural assistance! circled in the embrace of my elbow-chair, my breast labours, like the bloated Sybil on her three-footed stool, and like her, too, labours with Nonsense. Nonsense, auspicious name! Tutor, friend, and finger-post in the mystic mazes of law; the cadaverous paths of physic; and particularly in the sightless soarings of SCHOOL DIVINITY, who—leaving Common Sense confounded at his strength of pinion, Reason delirious with eyeing his giddy flight, and Truth creeping back into the bottom of her well, cursing the hour that ever she offered her scorned alliance to the wizard power of Theologic Vision—raves abroad on all the winds. "On earth discord! a gloomy heaven above, opening her jealous gates to the nineteen thousandth part of the tithe of mankind! and below, an inescapable and inexorable hell, expanding its leviathan jaws for the vast residue of mortals!!!" O doctrine! comfortable and healing to the weary, wounded soul of man! Ye sons and daughters of affliction, ye *pauvres misérables*, to whom day brings no pleasure, and night yields no rest, be comforted! "'Tis but *one* to nineteen hundred thousand that your situation will mend in this world;" so, alas, the experience of the poor and the needy too often affirms: and 'tis nineteen hundred thousand to *one*, by the dogmas of . . . , that you will be damned eternally in the world to come![*]

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[*] The New Edition of his Poems, and Johnson's "Musical Museum."

[†] Cunningham was married to Miss A. Moir, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Moir of Auchtertool.

[‡] The diploma of the Archers, which came into the possession of Major Burns.

[§] Isaiah xl. 8.

But of all Nonsense, Religious Nonsense is the most nonsensical; so enough, and more than enough of it. Only, by the bye, will you, or can you tell me, my dear Cunningham, why a sectarian turn of mind has always a tendency to narrow and illiberalize the heart? They are orderly: they may be just; nay, I have known them merciful: but still your children of sanctity move among their fellow-creatures with a nostril snuffing putrescence, and a foot spurning filth—in short, with a conceited dignity that your titled . . . , or any other of your Scottish lordlings of seven centuries standing, display when they accidentally mix among the many-aproned sons of mechanical life. I remember, in my plough-boy days, I could not conceive it possible that a noble could be a fool, or a godly man could be a knave. How ignorant are plough-boys! Nay, I have since discovered that a godly woman may be a . . . ! But hold—Here 's t 'ye again—this rum is generous Antigua, so a very unfit menstruum for scandal.

Apropos, how do you like, I mean really like, the married life? Ah, my friend! matrimony is quite a different thing from what your love-sick youths and sighing girls take it to be! But marriage, we are told, is appointed by God, and I shall never quarrel with any of his institutions. I am a husband of older standing than you, and shall give you my ideas of the conjugal state (*en passant;* you know I am no Latinist, is not conjugal derived from *jugum*, a yoke?). Well then, the scale of good wifeship I divide into ten parts. Goodnature, four; Good Sense, two; Wit, one; Personal Charms, viz., a sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage (I would add a fine waist too, but that is so soon spoilt, you know), all these, one; as for the other qualities belonging to, or attending on, a wife, such as Fortune, Connexions, Education (I mean education extraordinary), Family blood, &c., divide the two remaining degrees among them as you please; only, remember that all these minor properties must be expressed by *fractions*, for there is not any one of them, in the aforesaid scale, entitled to the dignity of an *integer*.

As for the rest of my fancies and reveries—how I lately met with Miss Lesley Baillie, the most beautiful, elegant woman in the world—how I accompanied her and her father's family fifteen miles on their journey, out of pure devotion, to admire the loveliness of the works of God, in such an unequalled display of them—how, in galloping home at night, I made a ballad on her, in which these two stanzas make a part:—

Thou, bonnie Lesley, art a queen,
  Thy subjects we before thee;
Thou, bonnie Leslie, art divine,
  The hearts o' men adore thee.

The very deil he could na scaith
  Whatever wad belang thee!
He 'd look into thy bonnie face
  And say, 'I canna wrang thee'.[†]

Behold all these things are written in the chronicles of my imaginations, and shall be read by thee, my dear friend, and by thy beloved spouse, my other dear friend, at a more convenient season.

Now, to thee, and to thy before-designed *bosom*-companion, be given the precious things brought forth by the sun, and the precious things brought forth by the moon, and the benignest influences of the stars, and the living streams which flow from the fountains of life, and by the tree of life, for ever and ever! Amen!

R. B.

No. CCCV.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

DUMFRIES, *24th September*, 1792.

I HAVE this moment, my dear Madam, yours of the twenty-third. All your other kind reproaches, your news, &c., are out of my head, when I read and think on Mrs. Henri's situation.[‡] Good God! a heart-wounded, helpless young woman—in a strange, foreign land, and that land convulsed with every horror that can harrow the human feelings—sick—looking, longing for a comforter, but finding none—a mother's feelings too—but it is too much: He who wounded (He only can), may He heal!

I wish the farmer[§] great joy of his new acquisition to his family. . . . I cannot say that I give him joy of his life as a farmer. 'Tis, as a farmer paying a dear, unconscionable rent—a cursed life! As to a laird farming his own property; sowing his own corn in hope; and reaping it, in spite of brittle weather, in gladness; knowing that none can say unto him, "what dost thou?" fattening his herds; shearing his flocks; rejoicing at Christmas; and begetting sons and daughters, until he be the venerated, gray-haired leader of a little tribe—'tis a heavenly life! but devil take the life of reaping the fruits that another must eat.

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[*] A vastly higher proportion than even "Holy Willie" ventured to state in his celebrated Prayer.

[†] The above is a variation in the third and fourth stanzas of "Bonnie Lesley," in Thomson's Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 26.

[‡] See LIFE.

[§] A son of Mrs. Dunlop.

Well, your kind wishes will be gratified as to seeing me when I make my Ayrshire visit. I cannot leave Mrs. B. until her nine months' race is run, which may, perhaps, be in three or four weeks. She, too, seems determined to make me the patriarchal leader of a band. However, if Heaven will be so obliging as to let me have them in the proportion of three boys to one girl, I shall be so much the more pleased. I hope, if I am spared with them, to shew a set of boys that will do honour to my cares and name; but I am not equal to the task of rearing girls. Besides, I am too poor—a girl should always have a fortune. Apropos: your little godson is thriving charmingly, but is a very devil. He, though two years younger, has completely mastered his brother. Robert is indeed the mildest, gentlest creature I ever saw. He has a most surprising memory, and is quite the pride of his schoolmaster.

You know how readily we get into prattle upon a subject dear to our heart—you can excuse it. God bless you and yours!

R. B.

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No. CCCVI.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Dumfries, *October*, 1792.

I had been from home, and did not receive your letter until my return the other day. What shall I say to comfort you, my much-valued, much-afflicted friend? I can but grieve with you; consolation I have none to offer, except that which religion holds out to the children of affliction—*children of affliction!* how just the expression!—and, like every other family, they have matters among them which they hear, see, and feel in a serious, all-important manner, of which the world has not, nor cares to have, any idea. The world looks indifferently on, makes the passing remark, and proceeds to the next novel occurrence.

Alas, Madam! who would wish for many years? What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire, and leave us in a night of misery—like the gloom which blots out the stars, one by one, from the face of night, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste!

I am interrupted, and must leave off. You shall soon hear from me again.

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCVII.

TO CAPTAIN JOHNSTONE.*

Dumfries, *November* 13, 1792.

Sir,

I have, just read your prospectus of the *Edinburgh Gazetteer.* If you go on in your paper with the same spirit, it will, beyond all comparison, be the first composition of the kind in Europe. I beg leave to insert my name as a subscriber, and if you have already published any papers, please send me them from the beginning. Point out your own way of settling payments in this place, or I shall settle with you through the medium of my friend, Peter Hill, bookseller in Edinburgh.

Go on, Sir! Lay bare with undaunted heart and steady hand that horrid mass of corruption called politics and state-craft. Dare to draw in their native colours those—

> "Calm-thinking villains whom no faith can fire,"

whatever be the shibboleth of their pretended party.

The address to me at Dumfries will find, Sir, your very humble servant,

R. B.

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No. CCCVIII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Dumfries, *6th December*, 1792.

I shall be in Ayrshire, I think, next week; and, if at all possible, I shall certainly, my much-esteemed friend, have the pleasure of visiting at Dunlop House.

Alas, Madam, how seldom do we meet in this world, that we have reason to congratulate ourselves on accessions of happiness! I have not passed half the ordinary term of an old man's life, and yet I scarcely look over the obituary of a newspaper that I do not see some names that I have known, and which I and other acquaintances little thought to meet with there so soon. Every other instance of the mortality of our kind makes us cast an anxious look into the dreadful abyss of uncertainty, and shudder with apprehension for our own fate. But of how different an importance are the lives of different individuals! Nay, of what importance is one period of the same life more than another? A few years ago I could have lain down in the dust, "careless of the voice of the morning;" and now not a few, and these most helpless individuals, would, on losing me and my exertions, lose both their "staff and shield." By the way, these helpless ones have lately got an addition: Mrs. B. having given me a fine girl since I wrote you. There is a charming passage in Thomson's "Edward and Eleanora:"—

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* See Life. Johnstone came to grief with his Gazetteer.

> "The valiant, *in himself*, what can he suffer?
> Or what need he regard his *single* woes?" &c.

As I am got in the way of quotations, I shall give you another from the same piece, peculiarly, alas! too peculiarly apposite, my dear Madam, to your present frame of mind—

> "Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
> With his fair-weather virtue, that exults
> Glad o'er the summer main? The tempest comes,
> The rough winds rage aloud; when from the helm
> This virtue shrinks, and in a corner lies
> Lamenting. Heavens! if privileged from trial
> How cheap a thing were virtue!"

I do not remember to have heard you mention Thomson's dramas. I pick up favourite quotations, and store them in my mind as ready armour, offensive or defensive, amid the struggle of this turbulent existence. Of these is one, a very favourite one, from his "Alfred:"—

> "Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
> And offices of life; to life itself,
> With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose."

Probably I have quoted some of these to you formerly, as indeed, when I write from the heart, I am apt to be guilty of such repetitions. The compass of the heart, in the musical style of expression, is much more bounded than that of the imagination, so the notes of the former are extremely apt to run into one another; but in return for the paucity of its compass, its few notes are much more sweet. I must still give you another quotation, which I am almost sure I have given you before, but I cannot resist the temptation. The subject is religion: speaking of its importance to mankind, the author says—

> "'Tis this, my friend, that streaks our morning bright."

I see you are in for double postage, so I shall e'en scribble out t'other sheet. We in this country here have many alarms of the reforming, or rather the republican spirit, of your part of the kingdom. Indeed we are a good deal in commotion ourselves. For me, I am a placeman, you know; a very humble one indeed, Heaven knows, but still so much as to gag me. What my private sentiments are you will find out without an interpreter. . . . .

I have taken up the subject in another view, and the other day, for a pretty actress's benefit night, I wrote an Address, which I will give on the other page, called "The Rights of Woman:"

> "While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things," &c. [*]

I shall have the honour of receiving your criticisms in person at Dunlop.

R. B.

No. CCCIX.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq., FINTRY.

December, 1792.

Sir,

I have been surprised, confounded, and distracted by Mr. Mitchell, the collector, telling me that he has received an order from your Board [†] to inquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to government.

Sir, you are a husband and a father. You know what you would feel to see the much-loved wife of your bosom, and your helpless, prattling little ones turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situation in which they had been respectable and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence. Alas, Sir! must I think that such soon will be my lot! and from the d—— d, dark insinuations of hellish, groundless envy too! I believe, Sir, I may aver it, and in the sight of Omniscience, that I would not tell a deliberate falsehood, no, not though even worse horrors, if worse can be, than those I have mentioned, hung over my head; and I say, that the allegation, whatever villain has made it, is a lie! To the British Constitution, on Revolution principles, next after my God,

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[*] See vol. i. p. 205.

[†] The Scottish Board of Excise: the commissioners then were George Brown, Thomas Wharton, James Stodart, John Grieve, and Robert Graham, Esquires.—See Life.

I am most devoutly attached. You, Sir, have been much and generously my friend. Heaven knows how warmly I have felt the obligation, and how gratefully I have thanked you. Fortune, Sir, has made you powerful, and me impotent—has given you patronage, and me dependence. I would not, for my single self, call on your humanity; were such my insular, unconnected situation, I would despise the tear that now swells in my eye—I could brave misfortune, I could face ruin, for at the worst, "Death's thousand doors stand open;" but, good God! the tender concerns that I have mentioned, the claims and ties that I see at this moment, and feel around me, how they unnerve courage and wither resolution! To your patronage, as a man of some genius, you have allowed me a claim; and your esteem, as an honest man, I know is my due. To these, Sir, permit me to appeal; by these may I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which—with my latest breath I will say it—I have not deserved.

R. B.

No. CCCX.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

DUMFRIES, 31*st December*, 1792.

DEAR MADAM,

A HURRY of business, thrown in heaps by my absence, has until now prevented my returning my grateful acknowledgments to the good family of Dunlop, and you in particular, for that hospitable kindness which rendered the four days I spent under that genial roof four of the pleasantest I ever enjoyed. Alas, my dearest friend! how few and fleeting are those things we call pleasures! On my road to Ayrshire I spent a night with a friend whom I much valued, a man whose days promised to be many; and on Saturday last we laid him in the dust!

* * *

January 2, 1793.

I HAVE just received yours of the 30th, and feel much for your situation. However, I heartily rejoice in your prospect of recovery from that vile jaundice. As to myself, I am better, though not quite free of my complaint. You must not think, as you seem to insinuate, that in my way of life I want exercise. Of that I have enough; but occasional hard drinking is the devil to me. Against this I have again and again bent my resolution, and have greatly succeeded. Taverns I have totally abandoned: it is the private parties in the family way, among the hard-drinking gentlemen of this country, that do me the mischief—but even this I have more than half given over.

Mr. Corbet can be of little service to me at present; at least I should be shy of applying. I cannot possibly be settled as a supervisor for several years. I must wait the rotation of the list; and there are twenty names before mine. I might, indeed, get a job of officiating where a settled supervisor was ill or aged; but that hauls me from my family, as I could not remove them on such an uncertainty. Besides, some envious, malicious devil has raised a little demur on my political principles, and I wish to let that matter settle before I offer myself too much in the eye of my supervisors. I have set, henceforth, a seal on my lips as to these unlucky politics; but to you I must breathe my sentiments. In this, as in everything else, I shall shew the undisguised emotions of my soul. War I deprecate: misery and ruin to thousands are in the blast that announces the destructive demon. But . . . .*

R. B.

No. CCCXI.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

5*th January*, 1793.†

YOU see my hurried life, Madam; I can only command starts of time; however, I am glad of one thing—since I finished the other sheet the political blast that threatened my welfare is overblown. I have corresponded with Commissioner Graham—for the Board had made me the subject of their animadversions; and now I have the pleasure of informing you that all is set to rights in that quarter. Now as to these informers, may the devil be let loose, to ——. But hold! I was praying most fervently in my last sheet, and I must not so soon fall a-swearing in this.

Alas! how little do the wantonly or idly officious think what mischief they do by their malicious insinuations, indirect impertinence, or thoughtless blabbings. What a difference there is in intrinsic worth, candour, benevolence, generosity, kindness—in all the charities and all the virtues—between one class of human beings and another. For instance, the amiable circle I so lately mixed with in the hospitable hall of Dunlop, their generous hearts, their uncontaminated dignified minds, their informed and polished understandings—what a contrast when compared—if such comparing were not downright sacrilege—with the soul of the miscreant who can deliberately plot the destruction of an honest man that never offended him, and with a grin of satisfaction see the unfortunate being, his faithful wife, and prattling innocents, turned over to beggary and ruin!

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* The remainder has been torn away, probably by Mrs. Dunlop, in kindness to the poet.

† This is the real date, it is wrong dated by a year in Currie.

Your cup, my dear Madam, arrived safe. I had two worthy fellows dining with me the other day, when I with great formality produced my whigmaleerie cup, and told them that it had been a family-piece among the descendants of Sir William Wallace. This roused such an enthusiasm that they insisted on bumpering the punch round in it; and by and by never did your great ancestor lay a *Suthron* more completely to rest than for a time did your cup my two friends. Apropos, this is the season of wishing. May God bless you, my dear friend, and bless me, the humblest and sincerest of your friends, by granting you yet many returns of the season! May all good things attend you and yours, wherever they are scattered over the earth!

R. B.

No. CCCXII.

TO MR. ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.

3rd March, 1793.

SINCE I wrote to you the last lugubrious sheet, I have not had time to write you farther. When I say that I had not time, that, as usual, means that the three demons, indolence, business, and ennui, have so completely shared my hours among them as not to leave me a five minutes' fragment to take up a pen in.

Thank Heaven, I feel my spirits buoying upwards with the renovating year. Now I shall in good earnest take up Thomson's songs. I daresay he thinks I have used him unkindly; and, I must own, with too much appearance of truth. Apropos, do you know the much-admired old Highland air called "The Sutor's Dochter?" It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it to you as it was sung, with great applause in some fashionable circles, by Major Robertson of Lude, who was here with his corps.

There is one commission that I must trouble you with. I lately lost a valuable seal, a present from a departed friend, which vexes me much. I have gotten one of your Highland pebbles, which I fancy would make a very decent one, and I want to cut my armorial bearing on it; will you be so obliging as inquire what will be the expense of such a business? I do not know that my name is matriculated, as the heralds call it, at all, but I have invented arms for myself; so, you know, I shall be chief of the name, and, by courtesy of Scotland, will likewise be entitled to supporters. These, however, I do not intend having on my seal. I am a bit of a herald, and shall give you, *secundum artem*, my arms. On a field, azure, a holly-bush, seeded, proper, in base; a shepherd's pipe and crook, saltier-wise, also proper, in chief. On a wreath of the colours, a woodlark perching on a sprig of bay-tree, proper, for crest. Two mottoes; round the top of the crest, "Wood-notes wild;" at the bottom of the shield, in the usual place, "Better a wee bush than nae bield."[*] By the shepherd's pipe and crook I do not mean the nonsense of painters of Arcadia, but a *Stock and Horn*, and a *Club*, such as you see at the head of Allan Ramsay, in Allan's quarto edition of the "Gentle Shepherd." By the by, do you know Allan? He must be a man of very great genius. Why is he not more known? Has he no patrons? or do "Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain beat keen and heavy" on him? I once, and but once, got a glance of that noble edition of the noblest pastoral in the world; and dear as it was—I mean dear as to my pocket—I would have bought it, but I was told that it was printed and engraved for subscribers only. He is the *only* artist who has hit *genuine* pastoral *costume*. What, my dear Cunningham, is there in riches that they narrow and harden the heart so? I think, that were I as rich as the sun, I should be as generous as the day; but as I have no reason to imagine my soul a nobler one than any other man's, I must conclude that wealth imparts a birdlime quality to the possessor, at which the man in his native poverty would have revolted. What has led me to this is the idea of such merit as Mr. Allan possesses, and such riches as a nabob or government contractor possesses, and why they do not form a mutual league. Let wealth shelter and cherish unprotected merit, and the gratitude and celebrity of that merit will richly repay it.

R. B.

No. CCCXIII.

TO MISS BENSON.[†]

DUMFRIES, *21st March*, 1793.

MADAM,

AMONG many things for which I envy those hale, long-lived old fellows before the Flood, is this, in particular—that when they met with anybody after their own heart, they had a charming long prospect of many, many happy meetings with them in after-life.

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[*] The seal, with these devices was cut in Edinburgh, and used by Burns till his death.

[†] Afterwards Mrs. Basil Montagu.

Now, in this short, stormy winter-day of our fleeting existence, when you, now and then, in the chapter of accidents, meet an individual whose acquaintance is a real acquisition, there are all the probabilities against you that you shall never meet with that valued character more. On the other hand, brief as this miserable being is, it is none of the least of the miseries belonging to it, that if there is any miscreant whom you hate, or creature whom you despise, the ill run of the chances shall be so against you, that in the overtakings, turnings, and jostlings of life, pop, at some unlucky corner, eternally comes the wretch upon you, and will not allow your indignation or contempt a moment's repose. As I am a sturdy believer in the powers of darkness, I take these to be the doings of that old author of mischief, the devil. It is well known that he has some kind of short-hand way of taking down our thoughts; and I make no doubt that he is perfectly acquainted with my sentiments respecting Miss Benson: how much I admired her abilities and valued her worth, and how very fortunate I thought myself in her acquaintance. For this last reason, my dear Madam, I must entertain no hopes of the very great pleasure of meeting with you again.

Miss Hamilton[*] tells me that she is sending a packet to you, and I beg leave to send you the enclosed sonnet,[†] though to tell you the real truth, the sonnet is a mere pretence, that I may have the opportunity of declaring with how much respectful esteem I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCCXIV.

TO PATRICK MILLER, Esq., OF DALSWINTON.

Dumfries, *April*, 1793.

Sir,

My poems having just come out in another edition, will you do me the honour to accept of a copy? A mark of my gratitude to you, as a gentleman to whose goodness I have been much indebted; of my respect for you, as a patriot who, in a venal, sliding age, stands forth the champion of the liberties of my country; and of my veneration for you, as a man whose benevolence of heart does honour to human nature.

There was a time, Sir, when I was your dependent;[‡] this language *then* would have been like the vile incense of flattery—I could not have used it. Now that that connection is at an end, do me the honour to accept of this honest tribute of respect from, Sir, your much indebted humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCCXV.

TO JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE, Esq., OF MAR.[§]

Dumfries, 13*th April*, 1793.

Sir,

Degenerate as human nature is said to be—and in many instances worthless and unprincipled it is—still there are bright examples to the contrary; examples that, even in the eyes of superior beings, must shed a lustre on the name of man.

Such an example have I now before me, when you, Sir, came forward to patronise and befriend a distant obscure stranger, merely because poverty had made him helpless, and his British hardihood of mind had provoked the arbitrary wantonness of power. My much-esteemed friend, Mr. Riddell of Glenriddel, has just read me a paragraph of a letter he had from you. Accept, Sir, of the silent throb of gratitude; for words would but mock the emotions of my soul.

You have been misinformed as to my final dismission from the Excise; I am still in the service. Indeed, but for the exertions of a gentleman who must be known to you, Mr. Graham of Fintry—a gentleman who has ever been my warm and generous friend—I had, without so much as a hearing, or the slightest previous intimation, been turned adrift with my helpless family to all the horrors of want. Had I had any other resource, probably I might have saved them the trouble of a dismission; but the little money I gained by my publication is, almost every guinea, embarked to save from ruin an only brother, who, though one of the worthiest, is by no means one of the most fortunate of men.

In my defence to their accusations I said, that whatever might be my sentiments of republics, ancient or modern, as to Britain I abjured the idea—that a CONSTITUTION which, in its original principles, experience had proved to be every way fitted for our happiness in society, it would be insanity to sacrifice to an untried visionary theory—that, in consideration of my being situated in a department, however humble, immediately in the hands of people in power, I had forborne taking any active part, either personally or as an author, in the present business of REFORM: but that, where I must declare my sentiments, I would say there existed a system of corruption between the executive power and the representative part of the legislature, which boded no good to our glorious CONSTITUTION, and which every patriotic Briton must wish to see amended. Some such sentiments as these I stated in a letter to my generous patron, Mr. Graham, which he laid before the Board at large, where, it seems, my last remark gave great offence; and one of our supervisors-general, a Mr. Corbet, was instructed to inquire on the spot, and to document me—that my business was to act, *not to think;* and that, whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be *silent* and *obedient.*

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[*] Charlotte Hamilton.

[†] What the Sonnet was is not known.

[‡] Alluding to the time when he had been tenant of Ellisland under Miller.

[§] See Life.

Mr. Corbet was likewise my steady friend; so between Mr. Graham and him I have been partly forgiven: only I understand that all hopes of my getting officially forward are blasted.

Now, Sir, to the business in which I would more immediately interest you. The partiality of my COUNTRYMEN has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support. In the POET I have avowed manly and independent sentiments, which I trust will be found in the MAN. Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and family, have pointed out as the eligible, and, situated as I was, the only eligible line of life for me, my present occupation. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern; and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of those degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. I have often, in blasting anticipation, listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exulting in his hireling paragraphs—"Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held forth to public view and to public estimation as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, he dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the vilest of mankind."*

In your illustrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my disavowal and defiance of these slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but I *will* say it—the sterling of his honest worth no poverty could debase, and his independent British mind oppression might bend, but could not subdue. Have not I, to me, a more precious stake in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more. I have three sons, who, I see already, have brought into the world souls ill qualified to inhabit the bodies of SLAVES. Can I look tamely on, and see any machination to wrest from them the birthright of my boys—the little independent Britons, in whose veins runs my own blood? No! I will not, should my heart's blood stream around my attempt to defend it!

Does any man tell me, that my full efforts can be of no service, and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concern of a nation?

I can tell him that it is on such individuals as I that a nation has to rest, both for the hand of support and the eye of intelligence. The uninformed MOB may swell a nation's bulk; and the titled, tinsel, courtly throng may be its feathered ornament; but the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and to reflect, yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of a court—these are a nation's strength!

I know not how to apologise for the impertinent length of this epistle; but one small request I must ask of you farther—When you have honoured this letter with a perusal, please to commit it to the flames. Burns, in whose behalf you have so generously interested yourself, I have here, in his native colours, drawn *as he is;* but should any of the people in whose hands is the very bread he eats, get the least knowledge of the picture, it would ruin the poor BARD for ever.

My poems having just come out in another edition, I beg leave to present you with a copy, as a small mark of that high esteem and ardent gratitude with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your deeply-indebted and ever-devoted humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCCXVI.

TO MR. ROBERT AINSLIE, EDINBURGH.

April 26, 1793.

I am d——nably out of humour, my dear Ainslie, and that is the reason why I take up the pen to you: 'tis the nearest way (*probatum est*) to recover my spirits again.

I received your last, and was much entertained with it; but I will not at this time, nor at any other time, answer it. Answer a letter!—I never could answer a letter in my life. I have written many a letter in return for letters I have received; but then—they were original matter—spurt-away! zig here, zag there; as if the devil, that my grannie (an old woman *indeed!*) often told me, rode on Will-o'-wisp, or, in her more classic phrase, SPUNKIE, were looking over my elbow. A happy thought that idea has engendered in my head! SPUNKIE—thou shalt henceforth be my symbol, signature, and tutelary genius! Like thee, hap-step-and-loup, here-awa-there-awa, higglety-pigglety, pell-mell, hither-and-yont, ram-stam, happy-go-lucky, up tails-a'-by-the-light-o'-the moon—has been, is, and shall be, my progress through the mosses and moors of this vile, bleak, barren wilderness of a life of ours.

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* The feeling here displayed in this noble letter is morbid.

Come, then, my guardian spirit! like thee, may I skip away, amusing myself by and at my own light; and if any opaque-souled lubber of mankind complain that my elfine, lambent, glimmerous wanderings have misled his stupid steps over precipices or into bogs, let the thick-headed blunderbuss recollect that he is not SPUNKIE; that—

> "SPUNKIE'S wanderings could not copied be;
> Amid these perils none durst walk but he."

I feel vastly better. I give you joy. . . . I have no doubt but scholarcraft may be caught, as a Scotchman catches the itch, by friction. How else can you account for it, that born blockheads, by mere dint of handling books, grow so wise that even they themselves are equally convinced of and surprised at their own parts? I once carried this philosophy to that degree, that in a knot of country folks who had a library amongst them, and who, to the honour of their good sense, made me factotum in the business; one of our members, a little, wise-looking, squat, upright, jabbering body of a tailor, I advised him instead of turning over the leaves, *to bind the book on his back.* Johnnie took the hint, and as our meetings were every fourth Saturday, and Pricklouse having a good Scots mile to walk in coming, and of course another in returning, Bodkin was sure to lay his hand on some heavy quarto or ponderous folio, with, and under which, wrapt up in his gray plaid, he grew wise as he grew weary, all the way home. He carried this so far, that an old musty Hebrew concordance, which we had in a present from a neighbouring priest, by mere dint of applying it, as doctors do a blistering plaster, between his shoulders, Stitch, in a dozen pilgrimages, acquired as much rational theology as the said priest had done by forty years' perusal of the pages.

Tell me, and tell me truly, what you think of this theory. Yours,

SPUNKIE.

No. CCCXVII.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.*

November, 1793.

DEAR MADAM,

I MEANT to have called on you yesternight, but as I edged up to your box-door, the first object which greeted my view was one of those lobster-coated puppies, sitting like another dragon guarding the Hesperian fruit. On the conditions and capitulations you so obligingly offer, I shall certainly make my weather-beaten rustic phiz a part of your box-furniture on Tuesday, when we may arrange the business of the visit. . . .

Among the profusion of idle compliments which insidious craft or unmeaning folly incessantly offer at your shrine—a shrine, how far exalted above such adoration—permit me, were it but for rarity's sake, to pay you the honest tribute of a warm heart and an independent mind; and to assure you that I am, thou most amiable and most accomplished of thy sex, with the most respectful esteem and fervent regard, thine, &c.,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXVIII.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

DUMFRIES, *December*, 1793.

SIR,

IT is said that we take the greatest liberties with our greatest friends, and I pay myself a very high compliment in the manner in which I am going to apply the remark. I have owed you money longer than ever I owed it to any man. Here is Ker's account, and here are six guineas; and now, I don't owe a shilling to man—or woman either. But for these d——d dirty, dog-eared little pages,† I had done myself the honour to have waited on you long ago. Independent of the obligations your hospitality has laid me under, the consciousness of your superiority in the rank of man and gentleman, of itself was fully as much as I could ever make head against; but to owe you money, too, was more than I could face.

I think I once mentioned something of a collection of Scots songs I have for some years been making—I send you a perusal of what I have got together. I could not conveniently spare them above five or six days, and five or six glances of them will probably more than suffice you. A very few of them are my own. When you are tired of them, please leave them with Mr. Clint, of the King's Arms. There is not another copy of the collection in the world; and I should be sorry that any unfortunate negligence should deprive me of what has cost me a good deal of pains.*

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* See LIFE.

† Scottish Bank Notes.

R. B.

No. CCCXIX.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.

Dumfries, 1793.

Will Mr. M'Murdo do me the favour to accept of these volumes?† a trifling but sincere mark of the very high respect I bear for his worth as a man, his manners as a gentleman, and his kindness as a friend. However inferior now, or afterwards, I may rank as a poet, one honest virtue, to which few poets can pretend, I trust I shall ever claim as mine; to no man, whatever his station in life, or his power to serve me, have I ever paid a compliment at the expense of TRUTH.

R. B.

No. CCCXX.

TO CAPTAIN ———.‡

Dumfries, 5*th December*, 1793.

Sir,

Heated as I was with wine yesternight, I was perhaps rather seemingly impertinent in my anxious wish to be honoured with your acquaintance. You will forgive it—it was the impulse of heartfelt respect. "He is the father of the Scottish county reform, and is a man who does honour to the business, at the same time that the business does honour to him," said my worthy friend Glenriddel to somebody by me, who was talking of your coming to this country with your corps. "Then," I said, "I have a woman's longing to take him by the hand, and say to him: 'Sir, I honour you as a man to whom the interests of humanity are dear, and as a patriot to whom the rights of your country are sacred.'"

In times like these, Sir, when our commoners are barely able, by the glimmering of their own twilight understandings, to scrawl a frank, and when lords are what gentlemen would be ashamed to be, to whom shall a sinking country call for help? To the independent country gentleman. To him who has too deep a stake in his country not to be in earnest for her welfare; and who, in the honest pride of man, can view with equal contempt the insolence of office and the allurements of corruption.

I mentioned to you a Scots ode or song I had lately composed, and which, I think, has some merit. Allow me to enclose it. When I fall in with you at the theatre, I shall be glad to have your opinion of it. Accept of it, Sir, as a very humble, but most sincere tribute of respect from a man who, dear as he prizes poetic fame, yet holds dearer an independent mind. I have the honour to be,

R. B.

No. CCCXXI.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

I am thinking to send my "Address" to some periodical publication, but it has not got your sanction, so pray look over it.

As to the Tuesday's play, let me beg of you, my dear Madam, to give us "The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret!" to which please add, "The Spoilt Child"—you will highly oblige me by so doing.

Ah, what an enviable creature you are! There now, this cursed, gloomy, blue-devil day, you are going to a party of choice spirits—

> "To play the shapes
> Of frolic fancy, and incessant form
> Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
> Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
> Where lively *wit* excites to gay surprise;
> Or folly-painting *humour*, grave himself,
> Calls laughter forth, deep shaking every nerve."

But as you rejoice with them that do rejoice, do also remember to weep with them that weep, and pity your melancholy friend,

R. B.

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* See Life.

† The edition of the Poet's works referred to before.

‡ This letter, supposed to have been addressed to Captain Robertson of Lude, first appeared in Mr. Robert Chambers' collection of Scottish Songs.

No. CCCXXII.

TO A LADY,[*]

IN FAVOUR OF A PLAYER'S BENEFIT.

DUMFRIES, 1794.

MADAM,

YOU were so very good as to promise me to honour my friend with your presence on his benefit-night. That night is fixed for Friday first: the play a most interesting one—"The Way to Keep Him." I have the pleasure to know Mr. G. well. His merit as an actor is generally acknowledged. He has genius and worth which would do honour to patronage: he is a poor and modest man; claims which from their very *silence* have the more forcible power on the generous heart. Alas, for pity! that from the indolence of those who have the good things of this life in their gift, too often does brazen-fronted importunity snatch that boon, the rightful due of retiring, humble want! Of all the qualities we assign to the Author and Director of Nature, by far the most enviable is—to be able "to wipe away all tears from all eyes." O what insignificant, sordid wretches are they, however chance may have loaded them with wealth, who go to their graves, to their magnificent *mausoleums*, with hardly the consciousness of having made one poor honest heart happy.

But I crave your pardon, Madam; I came to beg, not to preach.

R. B.

No. CCCXXIII.

TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

DUMFRIES, 12*th January*, 1794.

MY LORD,

WILL your Lordship allow me to present you with the enclosed little composition of mine,[†] as a small tribute of gratitude for the acquaintance with which you have been pleased to honour me? Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman, I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man, equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel, but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly-daring and greatly-injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country, or perish with her.

Liberty! thou art a prize truly and indeed invaluable, for never canst thou be too dearly bought!

If my little ode has the honour of your Lordship's approbation, it will gratify my highest ambition. I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCCXXIV.

TO CAPTAIN MILLER, DALSWINTON.

DEAR SIR,

THE following ode[‡] is on a subject which I know you by no means regard with indifference. O Liberty,

> "Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
> Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day."

It does me so much good to meet with a man whose honest bosom glows with the generous enthusiasm, the heroic daring of liberty, that I could not forbear sending you a composition of my own on the subject, which I really think is in my best manner. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCCXXV.

TO MR. STEPHEN CLARKE, JUN., DUMFRIES.

SUNDAY MORNING.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS, I know, drunk last night, but I am sober this morning. From the expressions Capt. ——— made use of to me, had I had nobody's welfare to care for but my own, we should certainly have come, according to the manners of the world, to the necessity of murdering one another about the business. The words were such as generally, I believe, end in a brace of pistols; but I am still pleased to think that I did not ruin the peace and welfare of a wife and family of children in a drunken squabble. Further, you know that the report of certain political opinions being mine, has already once before brought me to the brink of destruction. I dread lest last night's business may be misrepresented in the same way. You, I beg, will take care to prevent it. I tax your wish for Mrs. Burns' welfare with the task of waiting, as soon as possible, on every gentleman who was present, and state this to him, and, as you please, shew him this letter. What, after all, was the obnoxious toast? "May our success in the present war be equal to the justice of our cause"—a toast that the most outrageous frenzy of loyalty cannot object to. I request and beg that this morning you will wait on the parties present at the foolish dispute. I shall only add, that I am truly sorry that a man who stood so high in my estimation as Mr. ——— should use me in the manner in which I conceive he has done.

---

[*] Mrs. Riddell probably.

[†] Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.

[‡] Bruce's Address.

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXXVI.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

I HAVE this moment got the song from Syme, and I am sorry to see that he has spoilt it a good deal. It shall be a lesson to me how I lend him any thing again.

I have sent you "Werter," truly happy to have any, the smallest opportunity of obliging you.

'Tis true, Madam, I saw you once since I was at Woodley; and that once froze the very life-blood of my heart. Your reception of me was such, that a wretch meeting the eye of his judge, about to pronounce sentence of death on him, could only have envied my feelings and situation. But I hate the theme, and never more shall write or speak on it.

One thing I shall proudly say, that I can pay Mrs. R. a higher tribute of esteem, and appreciate her amiable worth more truly, than any man whom I have seen approach her; *nor will I yield the pas to any man living*, subscribing myself, with the sincerest truth, her devoted humble servant,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXXVII.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

I WILL wait on you, my ever valued friend, but whether in the morning I am not sure. Sunday closes a period of our curst revenue business, and may probably keep me employed with my pen until noon. Fine employment for a poet's pen! There is a species of the human genus that I call *the gin-horse class:* what enviable dogs they are. Round, and round, and round they go—Mundell's ox, that drives his cotton mill, is their exact prototype—without an idea or wish beyond their circle; fat, sleek, stupid, patient, quiet, and contented; while here I sit, altogether Novemberish, a d—d melange of fretfulness and melancholy; not enough of the one to rouse me to passion, nor of the other to repose me in torpor; my soul flouncing and fluttering round her tenement, like a wild finch, caught amid the horrors of winter, and newly thrust into a cage. Well, I am persuaded that it was of me the Hebrew sage prophesied, when he foretold—"And behold, on whatsoever this man doth set his heart, it shall not prosper!" If my resentment is awaked, it is sure to be where it dare not squeak; and if—

. . . .

Pray that Wisdom and Bliss be more frequent visitors of

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXXVIII.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

I HAVE often told you, my dear friend, that you had a spice of caprice in your composition, and you have as often disavowed it; even perhaps while your opinions were, at the moment, irrefragably proving it. Could any thing estrange me from a friend such as you? No! To-morrow I shall have the honour of waiting on you.

Farewell, thou first of friends, and most accomplished of women! even with all thy little caprices!

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXXIX.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

MADAM,

I DARESAY this is the first epistle you ever received from this nether world. I write you from the regions of hell, amid the horrors of the d——d. The time and manner of my leaving your earth I do not exactly know, as I took my departure in the heat of a fever of intoxication, contracted at your too hospitable mansion; but, on my arrival here, I was fairly tried, and sentenced to endure the purgatorial tortures of this infernal confine for the space of ninety-nine years, eleven months, and twenty-nine days, and all on account of the impropriety of my conduct yesternight under your roof. Here am I, laid on a bed of pitiless furze, with my aching head reclined on a pillow of ever-piercing thorn, while an infernal tormentor, wrinkled, and old, and cruel—his name, I think, is *Recollection*—with a whip of scorpions, forbids peace or rest to approach me, and keeps anguish eternally awake. Still, Madam, if I could in any measure be reinstated in the good opinion of the fair circle whom my conduct last night so much injured, I think it would be an alleviation to my torments. For this reason, I trouble you with this letter. To the men of the company I will make no apology. Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me; and the other gentlemen were partakers of my guilt. But to you, Madam, I have much to apologise. Your good opinion I valued as one of the greatest acquisitions I had made on earth, and I was truly a beast to forfeit it. There was a Miss I——, too, a woman of fine sense, gentle and unassuming manners—do make, on my part, a miserable d——d wretch's best apology to her. A Mrs. G——, a charming woman, did me the honour to be prejudiced in my favour; this makes me hope that I have not outraged her beyond all forgiveness. To all the other ladies, please present my humblest contrition for my conduct, and my petition for their gracious pardon. O all ye powers of decency and decorum! whisper to them that my errors, though great, were involuntary—that an intoxicated man is the vilest of beasts—that it was not in my nature to be brutal to any one—that to be rude to a woman, when in my senses, was impossible with me—but—

. . . .

Regret! Remorse! Shame! ye three hell-hounds that ever dog my steps and bay at my heels, spare me! spare me!

Forgive the offences, and pity the perdition of, Madam, your humble slave,

R. B.

No. CCCXXX.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

DUMFRIES, 1794.

MADAM,

I RETURN your common-place book. I have perused it with much pleasure, and would have continued my criticisms, but as it seems the critic has forfeited your esteem, his strictures must lose their value.

If it is true that "offences come only from the heart," before you I am guiltless. To admire, esteem, and prize you, as the most accomplished of women, and the first of friends—if these are crimes, I am the most offending thing alive.

In a face where I used to meet the kind complacency of friendly confidence, *now* to find cold neglect and contemptuous scorn, is a wrench that my heart can ill bear. It is, however, some kind of miserable good-luck, that while *de haut-en-bas* rigour may depress an unoffending wretch to the ground, it has a tendency to rouse a stubborn something in his bosom, which, though it cannot heal the wounds of his soul, is at least an opiate to blunt their poignancy.

With the profoundest respect for your abilities; the most sincere esteem, and ardent regard for your gentle heart and amiable manners; and the most fervent wish and prayer for your welfare, peace, and bliss—I have the honour to be, Madam, your most devoted humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCCXXXI.

TO JOHN SYME, ESQ.

You know that, among other high dignities, you have the honour to be my supreme court of critical judicature, from which there is no appeal. I enclose you a song which I composed since I saw you, and I am going to give you the history of it. Do you know that among much that I admire in the characters and manners of those great folks whom I have now the honour to call my acquaintances, the Oswald family, there is nothing charms me more than Mr. Oswald's unconcealable attachment to that incomparable woman? Did you ever, my dear Syme, meet with a man who owed more to the Divine Giver of all good things than Mr. O.? A fine fortune; a pleasing exterior; self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenuous, upright mind, and that informed, too, much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank and fortune: and to all this, such a woman! but of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying anything adequate. In my song I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings, on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I in my first fervour thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald; but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors. Do let me know some convenient moment, ere the worthy family leave the town, that I, *with propriety*, may wait on them. In the circle of the fashionable herd—those who come either to shew their own consequence, or to borrow consequence from the visit—in such a mob I will not appear; mine is a different errand.—Yours,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXXXII.

TO MISS RIDDELL.*

DUMFRIES, 1794.

MADAM,

NOTHING short of a kind of absolute necessity could have made me trouble you with this letter. Except my ardent and just esteem for your sense, taste, and worth, every sentiment arising in my breast, as I put pen to paper to you, is painful. The scenes I have passed with the friend of my soul, and his amiable connections! the wrench at my heart to think that he is gone, for ever gone from me, never more to meet in the wanderings of a weary world! and the cutting reflection of all, that I had most unfortunately, though most undeservedly, lost the confidence of that soul of worth, ere it took its flight!—these, Madam, are sensations of no ordinary anguish. However you also may be offended with some *imputed* improprieties of mine, sensibility you know I possess, and sincerity none will deny me.

To oppose those prejudices which have been raised against me, is not the business of this letter. Indeed, it is a warfare I know not how to wage. The powers of positive vice I can in some degree calculate, and against direct malevolence I can be on my guard; but who can estimate the fatuity of giddy caprice, or ward off the unthinking mischief of precipitate folly?

I have a favour to request of you, Madam; and of your sister, Mrs. [Riddell], through your means. You know that, at the wish of my late friend, I made a collection of all my trifles in verse which I had ever written. They are many of them local, some of them puerile and silly, and all of them unfit for the public eye. As I have some little fame at stake—a fame that I trust may live when the hate of those "who watch for my halting," and the contumelious sneer of those whom accident has made my superiors, will, with themselves, be gone to the regions of oblivion—I am uneasy now for the fate of those manuscripts. Will Mrs. [Riddell] have the goodness to destroy them, or return them to me? As a pledge of friendship they were bestowed; and that circumstance, indeed, was all their merit. Most unhappily for me, that merit they no longer possess; and I hope that Mrs. [Riddell]'s goodness, which I well know and ever will revere, will not refuse this favour to a man whom she once held in some degree of estimation.

With the sincerest esteem, I have the honour to be, Madam, &c.,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXXXIII.

TO MR. ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.

25*th February*, 1794.

CANST thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tost on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame, tremblingly alive as the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?

For these two months, I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, blasted with a deep, incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late, a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these cursed times—losses which, though trifling, were yet what I could ill bear—have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition.

Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. *A heart at ease* would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself, I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel; he might melt and mould the hearts of those around him, but his own kept its native incorrigibility.

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* A sister of Mrs. Riddell of Friars' Carse.—See LIFE.

Still, there are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The ONE is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The OTHER is made up of those feelings and sentiments which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul; those *senses of the mind*, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to those awful obscure realities—an all-powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come, beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field; the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty FEW to lead the undiscerning MANY; or, at most, as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know anything of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion, any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and to others, were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment, and taste, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart, and an imagination delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales, and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring; himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God. His soul, by swift, delighting degrees, is rapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson—

> "These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God. The rolling year
> Is full of thee; ——"

and so on, in all the spirit and ardour of that charming hymn. These are no ideal pleasures—they are real delights; and I ask, what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal, to them? And they have this precious, vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own, and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God.

R. B.

No. CCCXXXIV.

TO THE EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

May, 1794.

MY LORD,

WHEN you cast your eye on the name at the bottom of this letter, and on the title-page of the book* I do myself the honour to send your Lordship, a more pleasurable feeling than my vanity tells me, that it must be a name not entirely unknown to you. The generous patronage of your late illustrious brother found me in the lowest obscurity: he introduced my rustic Muse to the partiality of my country; and to him I owe all. My sense of his goodness, and the anguish of my soul at losing my truly noble protector and friend, I have endeavoured to express in a poem to his memory, which I have now published. This edition is just from the press; and in my gratitude to the dead, and my respect for the living (fame belies you, my Lord, if you possess not the same dignity of man, which was your noble brother's characteristic feature), I had destined a copy for the Earl of Glencairn. I learnt just now that you are in town: allow me to present it you.

I know, my Lord, such is the vile, venal contagion which pervades the world of letters, that professions of respect from an author, particularly from a poet to a lord, are more than suspicious. I claim my by-past conduct, and my feelings at this moment, as exceptions to the too just conclusion. Exalted as are the honours of your Lordship's name, and unnoted as is the obscurity of mine; with the uprightness of an honest man, I come before your Lordship, with an offering—however humble, 'tis all I have to give—of my grateful respect; and to beg of you, my Lord—'tis all I have to ask of you—that you will do me the honour to accept of it. I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCCXXXV.

TO DAVID MACCULLOCH, ESQ.†

DUMFRIES, 21*st June*, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

MY long-projected journey through your country is at last fixed; and on Wednesday next, if you have nothing of more importance to do, take a saunter down to Gatehouse about two or three o'clock; I shall be happy to take a draught of M'Kune's best with you. Collector Syme will be at Glen's about that time, and will meet us about dish-of-tea hour. Syme goes also to Kerroughtree, and let me remind you of your kind promise to accompany me there; I will need all the friends I can muster, for I am indeed ill at ease whenever I approach your honourables and right honourables. Yours sincerely,

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* The new edition of the Poet's works.

† This gentleman had a sister married to Thomas Scott, brother of Sir Walter Scott.

R. B.

No. CCCXXXVI.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Castle Douglas, 25*th June*, 1794.

Here, in a solitary inn, in a solitary village, am I set by myself, to amuse my brooding fancy as I may. Solitary confinement, you know, is Howard's favourite idea of reclaiming sinners; so let me consider by what fatality it happens that I have so long been so exceeding sinful as to neglect the correspondence of the most valued friend I have on earth. To tell you that I have been in poor health will not be excuse enough, though it is true. I am afraid that I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth. My medical friends threaten me with a flying gout; but I trust they are mistaken.

I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is *Liberty:* you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus:—

"Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song," &c. *

You will probably have another scrawl from me in a stage or two.

R. B.

No. CCCXXXVII.

TO MR. JAMES JOHNSON.

Dumfries, 1794.

My Dear Sir,

I send you by my friend, Mr. Wallace, forty one songs for your fifth volume. Mr. Clarke has also a good many, if he have not, with his usual indolence, *cast them at the cocks.* I have still a good parcel amongst my hands in scraps and fragments; so that I hope we will make shift with our last volume.

You should have heard from me long ago; but over and above some vexatious share in the pecuniary losses of these accursed times, I have all this winter been plagued with low spirits and blue devils; so that *I have almost hung my harp on the willow trees.*

In the meantime, at your leisure, give a copy of the *Museum*, to my worthy friend, Mr. Peter Hill, bookseller, to bind for me, interleaved with blank leaves, exactly as he did the Laird of Glenriddell's, that I may insert every anecdote I can learn, together with my own criticisms and remarks on the songs. A copy of this kind I shall leave with you, the editor, to publish at some after-period, by way of making the *Museum* a book famous to the end of time, and you renowned for ever.

I have got a Highland dirk, for which I have great veneration, as it once was the dirk of Lord Balmerino. It fell into bad hands, who stripped it of its silver-mounting, as well as the knife and fork. I have some thoughts of sending it to your care, to get it mounted anew. Our friend Clarke owes me an account, somewhere about one pound, which would go a good way in paying the expense. I remember you once settled an account in this way before, and as you still have money-matters to settle with him, you might accommodate us both. . . . . My best compliments to your worthy old father and your better-half. Yours,

R. B.

No. CCCXXXVIII.

TO MR. PETER HILL, EDINBURGH.

Dumfries, *October*, 1794.

My Dear Hill,

By a carrier of yesterday, Henry Osborn by name, I sent you a kippered salmon, which I trust you will duly receive, and which I also trust will give you many a toothful of satisfaction. If you have the confidence to say, that there is anything of the kind in all your great city superior to this in true kipper relish and flavour I will be revenged by—not sending you another next season. In return, the first party of friends that dine with you—provided that your fellow-travellers and my trusty and well-beloved veterans in intimacy, Messrs. Ramsay and Cameron, be of the party—about that time in the afternoon when a relish or devil becomes grateful, give them two or three slices of the kipper, and drink a bumper to your friends in Dumfries. Moreover, by last Saturday's fly I sent you a hare, which I hope came, and carriage-free, safe to your hospitable mansion and social table. So much for business.

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* See vol. i. p. 219.

How do you like the following pastoral, which I wrote the other day, for a tune that I daresay you well know?

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows," &c.[*]

And how do you like the following?

"Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod," &c.[†]

Or this?

"Sic a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave,
That the worms ev'n d——d him when laid in his
grave," &c.[‡]

My best good-wishes to Mrs. Hill, and believe me to be, ever yours,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXXXIX.

TO PETER MILLER, Jun., Esq.

Dumfries, *November*, 1794.

Dear Sir,

Your offer is indeed truly generous, and most sincerely do I thank you for it; but in my present situation, I find that I dare not accept it. You well know my political sentiments; and were I an insular individual, unconnected with a wife and a family of children, with the most fervid enthusiasm I would have volunteered my services: I then could and would have despised all consequences that might have ensued.

My prospect in the Excise is something; at least, it is, encumbered as I am with the welfare, the very existence, of near half-a-score of helpless individuals, what I dare not sport with.

In the meantime, they are most welcome to my Ode; only, let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident, and unknown to me. Nay, if Mr. Perry, whose honour, after your character of him, I cannot doubt, if he will give me an address and channel by which anything will come safe from those spies with which he may be certain that his correspondence is beset, I will now and then send him any bagatelle that I may write. In the present hurry of Europe, nothing but news and politics will be regarded; but against the days of peace, which Heaven send soon, my little assistance may perhaps fill up an idle column of a newspaper. I have long had it in my head to try my hand in the way of little prose essays, which I propose sending into the world through the medium of some newspaper; and should these be worth his while, to these Mr. Perry shall be welcome: and all my reward shall be—his treating me with his paper, which, by the bye, to anybody who has the least relish for wit, is a high treat indeed. With the most grateful esteem, I am ever, dear Sir,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXL.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Dumfries, 20*th December*, 1794.

I have been prodigiously disappointed in this London journey of yours. In the first place, when your last to me reached Dumfries, I was in the country, and did not return until too late to answer your letter; in the next place, I thought you would certainly take this route; and now I know not what has become of you, or whether this may reach you at all. God grant that it may find you and yours in prospering health and good spirits! Do let me hear from you the soonest possible.

As I hope to get a frank from my friend Captain Miller, I shall, every leisure hour, take up the pen, and gossip away whatever comes first—prose or poetry, sermon or song. In this last article I have abounded of late. I have often mentioned to you a superb publication of Scottish songs, which is making its appearance in your great metropolis, and where I have the honour to preside over the Scottish verse, as no less a personage than Peter Pindar does over the English.

December 29.

Since I began this letter, I have been appointed to act in the capacity of supervisor here; and I assure you, what with the load of business, and what with that business being new to me, I could scarcely have commanded ten minutes to have spoken to you, had you been in town, much less to have written you an epistle. This appointment is only temporary, and during the illness of the present incumbent; but I look forward to an early period when I shall be appointed in full form—a consummation devoutly to be wished! My political sins seem to be forgiven me.

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[*] See vol. ii. p. 11. [†] See vol. i. p. 2 1. [‡] See vol. i. p. 221.

This is the season (New-Year's Day is now my date) of wishing; and mine are most fervently offered up for you! May life to you be a positive blessing while it lasts, for your own sake; that it may yet be greatly prolonged is my wish for my own sake, and for the sake of the rest of your friends! What a transient business is life! Very lately, I was a boy; but t'other day, I was a young man; and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o'er my frame. With all my follies of youth, and, I fear, a few vices of manhood, still I congratulate myself on having had, in early days, religion strongly impressed on my mind. I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs to or what creed he believes; but I look on the man who is firmly persuaded of infinite wisdom and goodness superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot—I felicitate such a man as having a solid foundation for his mental enjoyment—a firm prop and sure stay in the hour of difficulty, trouble, and distress—and a never-failing anchor of hope when he looks beyond the grave.

12*th January*, 1795.

You will have seen our worthy and ingenious friend, the doctor [Dr. Moore], long ere this. I hope he is well, and beg to be remembered to him. I have just been reading over again, I daresay for the hundred-and-fiftieth time, his "View of Society and Manners;" and still I read it with delight. His humour is perfectly original—it is neither the humour of Addison, nor Swift, nor Sterne, nor of anybody but Dr. Moore. By the bye, you have deprived me of "Zeluco;" remember that, when you are disposed to rake up the sins of my neglect from among the ashes of my laziness.

He has paid me a pretty compliment, by quoting me in his last publication.*

R. B.

No. CCCXLI.

TO MISS FONTENELLE.†

DUMFRIES, 1795.

MADAM,

IN such a bad world as ours, those who add to the scanty sum of our pleasures are positively our benefactors. To you, Madam, on our humble Dumfries boards, I have been more indebted for entertainment than ever I was in prouder theatres. Your charms as a woman would insure applause to the most indifferent actress, and your theatrical talents would insure admiration to the plainest figure. This, Madam, is not the unmeaning or insidious compliment of the frivolous or interested; I pay it from the same honest impulse that the sublime of nature excites my admiration, or her beauties give me delight.

Will the foregoing lines be of any service to you in your approaching benefit night?‡ If they will, I shall be prouder of my muse than ever. They are nearly extempore: I know they have no great merit; but though they should add but little to the entertainment of the evening, they give me the happiness of an opportunity to declare how much I have the honour to be, &c.,

R. B.

No. CCCXLII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.§

DUMFRIES, 1795.

SIR,

You will see by your subscribers' list that I have been about nine months of that number.

I am sorry to inform you, that in that time seven or eight of your papers either have never been sent me, or else have never reached me. To be deprived of any one number of the first newspaper in Great Britain for information, ability, and independence, is what I can ill brook to bear; but to be deprived of that most admirable oration of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he made the great, though ineffectual attempt (in the language of the poet, I fear too true), "to save a SINKING STATE"—this was a loss that I neither can nor will forgive you. That paper, Sir, never reached me; but I demand it of you. I am a BRITON, and must be interested in the cause of LIBERTY: I am a MAN, and the RIGHTS OF HUMAN NATURE cannot be indifferent to me. However, do not let me mislead you: I am not a man in that situation of life, which, as your subscriber, can be of any consequence to you, in the eyes of those to whom SITUATION OF LIFE ALONE is the criterion of MAN. I am but a plain tradesman, in this obscure, distant country town: but that humble domicile in which I shelter my wife and children, is the CASTELLUM of a BRITON; and that scanty, hard-earned income which supports them, is as truly my property, as the most magnificent fortune of the most PUISSANT MEMBER of your HOUSE OF NOBLES.

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* Edward, a novel, by Dr. Moore.

† An actress in the Dumfries Theatre of considerable personal attraction. Nothing else is known of her.

‡ See the "Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle," vol. i. p. 229.

§ "This letter owes its origin to the following circumstance. A neighbour of the Poet's at Dumfries, called on him, and complained that he had been greatly disappointed in the irregular delivery of the paper of 'The Morning Chronicle.' Burns asked, 'Why do you not write to the editors of the paper?' 'Good God, Sir, can *I* presume to write to the learned editors of a newspaper?' 'Well, if *you* are afraid of writing to the editors of a newspaper, *I* am not; and if you think proper, I'll draw up a sketch of a letter which you may copy.' Burns tore a leaf from his excise book, and instantly produced the sketch which I have transcribed, and which is here printed. The poor man thanked him, and took the letter home. However, that caution which the watchfulness of his enemies had taught him to exercise, prompted him to the prudence of begging a friend to wait on the person for whom it was written, and request the favour to have it returned. This request was complied with, and the paper never appeared in print.'"—CROMEK.

These, Sir, are my sentiments and to them I subscribe my name: and were I a man of ability and consequence enough to address the PUBLIC, with that name should they appear. I am, &c.,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXLIII.

TO MR. HERON, OF HERON.*

DUMFRIES, 1794, or 1795.

SIR,

I ENCLOSE you some copies of a couple of political ballads; one of which, I believe, you have never seen.† Would to Heaven I could make you master of as many votes in the Stewartry—but—

> "Who does the utmost that he can,
> Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more."

In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among friends all about the country.

To pillory on Parnassus the rank reprobation of character, the utter dereliction of all principle, in a profligate junto which has not only outraged virtue, but violated common decency; which, spurning even hypocrisy as paltry iniquity below their daring—to unmask their flagitiousness to the broadest day, to deliver such over to their merited fate, is surely not merely innocent, but laudable; is not only propriety, but virtue. You have already, as your auxiliary, the sober detestation of mankind on the heads of your opponents; and I swear by the lyre of Thalia to muster on your side all the votaries of honest laughter, and fair, candid ridicule!

I am extremely obliged to you for your kind mention of my interests in a letter which Mr. Syme showed me. At present my situation in life must be in a great measure stationary, at least for two or three years. The statement is this—I am on the supervisors' list, and as we come on there by precedency, in two or three years I shall be at the head of that list, and be appointed *of course*. *Then*, a FRIEND might be of service to me in getting me into a place of the kingdom which I would like. A supervisor's income varies from about a hundred and twenty to two hundred a year; but the business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit. The moment I am appointed supervisor, in the common routine, I may be nominated on the collector's list; and this is always a business purely of political patronage. A collectorship varies much, from better than two hundred a year to near a thousand. They also come forward by precedency on the list; and have, besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure. A life of literary leisure, with a decent competency, is the summit of my wishes. It would be the prudish affectation of silly pride in me to say that I do not need, or would not be indebted to a political friend; at the same time, Sir, I by no means lay my affairs before you thus, to hook my dependent situation on your benevolence. If, in my progress of life, an opening should occur where the good offices of a gentleman of your public character and political consequence might bring me forward, I shall petition your goodness with the same frankness as I now do myself the honour to subscribe myself,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXLIV.

TO CAPTAIN HAMILTON.

Saturday Morning [*January* 31, 1795.]

SIR,

I WAS from home, and had not the opportunity of seeing your more than polite, your most friendly card. It is not possible, most worthy Sir, that you could do anything to offend anybody. My backwardness proceeds alone from the abashing consciousness of my obscure station in the ranks of life. Many an evening have I sighed to call in and spend it at your social fireside; but a shyness of appearing obstrusive amid the fashionable visitants occasionally there, kept me at a distance. It shall do so no more. On Monday, I must be in the country, and most part of the week; but the first leisure evening I shall avail myself of your hospitable goodness. With the most ardent sentiments of gratitude and respect, I have the honour to be, Sir, your highly-obliged humble servant,

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* Also styled "of Kerroughtree," but properly as Heron, of Heron.

† See "The Heron Ballads," vol. i. pp. 221–223.

R. B.

No. CCCXLV.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

Dumfries, 1795.

Mr. Burns's compliments to Mrs. Riddell—is much obliged to her for her polite attention in sending him the book. Owing to Mr. B. at present acting as supervisor of Excise, a department that occupies his every hour of the day, he has not that time to spare which is necessary for any belles-lettres pursuit; but as he will in a week or two again return to his wonted leisure, he will then pay that attention to Mrs. R.'s beautiful song, "To thee, loved Nith," which it so well deserves.[*] When "Anacharsis's Travels" come to hand, which Mrs. Riddell mentioned as her gift to the public library, Mr. B. will feel honoured by the indulgence of a perusal of them before presentation: it is a book he has never yet seen, and the regulations of the library allow too little leisure for deliberate reading.

Friday Morning.

P. S.—Mr. Burns will be much obliged to Mrs. Riddell if she will favour him with a perusal of any of her poetical pieces which he may not have seen.

R. B.

CCCXLVI.

TO [RICHARD A. OSWALD, Esq.]

Dumfries, 23*rd April*, 1795.

Sir,

You see the danger of patronising the rhyming tribe: you flatter the poet's vanity—a most potent ingredient in the composition of a son of rhyme—by a little notice; and he, in return, persecutes your good-nature with his acquaintance. In these days of volunteering, I have come forward with my services, as Poet-Laureate to a highly respectable political party, of which you are a distinguished member. The enclosed are, I hope, only a beginning to the songs of triumph which you will earn in that contest. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obliged and devoted humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCCXLVII.

TO MR. JOHN EDGAR, EXCISE-OFFICE, EDINBURGH.

25*th April*, 1795.

Sir,

I understand that I am to incur censure by the wine-account of this district not being sent in. Allow me to state the following circumstances to you, which, if they do not apologise for, will at least extenuate my part of the offence.

The general letter was put into my hands sometime about the beginning of this month, as I was then in charge of the district, Mr. Findlater being indisposed. I immediately, as far as in my power, made a survey of the wine-stocks; and where I could not personally survey, I wrote the officer of the division. In a few days more, and previous to collection-week, Mr. Findlater resumed charge; and as, in the course of collection, he would have both the officers by him, and the old books among his hands, it very naturally occurred to me the wine-account business would rest with him. At the close of that week, I got a note from the collector that the account-making-up was thrown on my hands. I immediately set about it; but one officer's books, James Graham of Sanquhar, not being at hand, I wrote him to send me them by first post. Mr. Graham has not thought proper to pay the least attention to my request, and to-day I have sent an express for his stock-book.

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[*] The entire song is as follows:—

"To thee, loved Nith, thy gladsome plains,
  Where late with careless thought I ranged,
Though prest with care, and sunk in wo,
  To thee I bring a heart unchanged.
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
  Though Memory there my bosom tear,
For there he roved, that broke my heart,
  Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

"And now your banks and bonnie braes
  But waken sad remembrance' smart:
The very shades I held most dear
  Now strike fresh anguish to my heart:
Deserted bower! where are they now?
  Ah! where the garlands that I wove
With faithful care—each morn to deck
  The altars of ungrateful love?

"The flowers of spring, how gay they bloomed
  When last with him I wandered here!
The flowers of spring are past away
  For wintry horrors dark and drear.
Yon osier'd stream by whose lone banks
  My songs have lulled him oft to rest,
Is now in icy fetters locked—
  Cold as my false love's frozen breast."

This, Sir, is a plain state of facts; and if I must still be thought censurable, I hope it will be considered that this officiating job being my first, I cannot be supposed to be completely master of all the etiquette of the business.

If my supposed neglect is to be laid before the Honourable Board, I beg you will have the goodness to accompany the complaint with this letter, I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

R. B.

* * *

No. CCCXLVIII

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

15*th December*, 1795.

My Dear Friend,

As I am in a complete Decemberish humour, gloomy, sullen, stupid, as even the Deity of Dulness herself could wish, I shall not drawl out a heavy letter with a number of heavier apologies for my late silence. Only one I shall mention, because I know you will sympathise in it: these four months, a sweet little girl, my youngest child, has been so ill, that every day, a week or less threatened to terminate her existence. There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father, for, God knows, they have many peculiar cares.

I cannot describe to you the anxious, sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless little folks; me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigour of manhood as I am—such things happen every day—Gracious God! what would become of my little flock? 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his death-bed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has indeed woe enough; but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I——. But I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!

To leave talking of the matter so gravely, I shall sing with the old Scots ballad—

> "O that I had ne'er been married.
> I would never had nae care," &c.*

24*th December.*

We have had a brilliant theatre here this season; only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country—*want of cash.* I mentioned our theatre merely to lug in an occasional Address, which I wrote for the benefit night of one of the actresses, and which is as follows:—

> "Still anxious to secure your partial favour,
> And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever," &c.†

25*th, Christmas Morning.*

This, my much-loved friend, is a morning of wishes; accept mine—so Heaven hear me as they are sincere!—that blessings may attend your steps, and affliction know you not! In the charming words of my favourite author, The Man of Feeling: "May the Great Spirit bear up the weight of thy grey hairs, and blunt the arrow that brings them rest!"

Now that I talk of authors, how do you like Cowper? Is not the "Task" a glorious poem? The religion of the "Task," bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature—the religion that exalts, that ennobles man. Were not you to send me your "Zeluco" in return for mine? Tell me how you like my marks and notes through the book. I would not give a farthing for a book unless I were at liberty to blot it with my criticisms.

I have lately collected, for a friend's perusal, all my letters; I mean those which I first sketched, in a rough draught, and afterwards wrote out fair. On looking over some old musty papers, which from time to time I had parcelled by, as trash that were scarce worth preserving, and which yet at the same time I did not care to destroy, I discovered many of these rude sketches, and have written, and am writing them out, in a bound MS. for my friend's library. As I wrote always to you the rhapsody of the moment, I cannot find a single scroll to you, except one, about the commencement of our acquaintance. If there were any possible conveyance, I would send you a perusal of my book.

R. B.

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* See vol. ii. p. 20.

† See vol. i. p. 229.

No. CCCXLIX.

TO THE HON. THE PROVOST, BAILIES, AND TOWN COUNCIL OF DUMFRIES.

Gentlemen,

The literary taste and liberal spirit of your good town has so ably filled the various departments of your schools, as to make it a very great object for a parent to have his children educated in them. Still, to me, a stranger, with my large family and very stinted income, to give my young ones that education I wish, at the high school fees which a stranger pays, will bear hard upon me.

Some years ago your good town did me the honour of making me an honorary Burgess. Will you allow me to request that this mark of distinction may extend so far, as to put me on the footing of a real freeman of the town, in the schools?*

That I may not appear altogether unworthy of this favour, allow me to state to you some little services I have lately done a branch of your revenue. The twopennies exigible on foreign ale vended within your limits: in this rather neglected article of your income I am ready to shew that within these few weeks my exertions have secured for you of those duties nearly the sum of Ten Pounds; and in this too, I was the only one of the gentlemen of the Excise (except Mr. Mitchell, whom *you pay* for his trouble) who took the least concern in the business.

If you are so very kind as to grant my request, it will certainly be a constant incentive to me to strain every nerve where I can officially serve you; and will, if possible, increase that grateful respect with which I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your devoted humble servant,

R. B.

No. CCCL.

TO MR. ALEXANDER FINDLATER,

SUPERVISOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES.

Sir,

Enclosed are the two schemes. I would not have troubled you with the collector's one, but for suspicion lest it be not right. Mr. Erskine† promised me to make it right, if you will have the goodness to show him how. As I have no copy of the scheme for myself, and the alterations being very considerable from what it was formerly, I hope that I shall have access to this scheme I send you when I come to face up my new books. *So much for schemes.* And that no scheme to betray a FRIEND, or mislead a STRANGER; to seduce a young GIRL, or rob a HEN-ROOST; to subvert LIBERTY, or bribe an EXCISEMAN; to disturb the GENERAL ASSEMBLY, or annoy a GOSSIPPING; to overthrow the credit of ORTHODOXY, or the authority of OLD SONGS; to oppose *your wishes,* or frustrate *my hopes*—MAY PROSPER—is the sincere wish and prayer of

R. B.

No. CCCLI.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

Dumfries, 20*th January,* 1796.

I cannot express my gratitude to you for allowing me a longer perusal of "Anacharsis." In fact, I never met with a book that bewitched me so much; and I, as a member of the library, must warmly feel the obligation you have laid us under. Indeed, to me the obligation is stronger than to any other individual of our society; as "Anacharsis" is an indispensable desideratum to a son of the Muses.

The health you wished me in your morning's card, is, I think, flown from me for ever. I have not been able to leave my bed to-day till about an hour ago. These wickedly unlucky advertisements I lent (I did wrong) to a friend, and I am ill able to go in quest of him.

The Muses have not quite forsaken me. The following detached stanzas I intend to interweave in some disastrous tale of a shepherd, "Despairing beside a clear stream."

L'amour, toujours l'amour! Volte Subito.

"The trout in yonder wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart," &c.

Have you seen Clarke's Sonatas, the subjects from Scots airs? If not, send for my copy.

R. B.

No. CCCLII.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Dumfries, 31*st January,* 1796.

These many months you have been two packets in my debt—what sin of ignorance I have committed against so highly valued a friend I am utterly at a loss to guess.

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* The request contained in this letter was immediately granted.

† A brother Exciseman of Burns.

Alas! Madam, ill can I afford, at this time, to be deprived of any of the small remnant of my pleasures. I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child, and that at a distance too,* and so rapidly, as to put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her. I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock, when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful; until after many weeks of a sick bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl across my room, and once indeed have been before my own door in the street.

> "When pleasure fascinates the mental sight,
> Affliction purifies the visual ray,
> Religion hails the drear, the untried night,
> And shuts, for ever shuts! life's doubtful day."

R. B.

No. CCCLIII.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

DUMFRIES, 4*th June*, 1796.

I AM in such miserable health as to be utterly incapable of shewing my loyalty in any way. Racked as I am with rheumatisms, I meet every face with a greeting, like that of Balak to Balaam—"Come, curse me Jacob; and come, defy me Israel!" So say I—Come, curse me that east wind; and come, defy me the north! Would you have me in such circumstances copy you out a love-song? . . .

I may perhaps see you on Saturday, but I will not be at the ball. Why should I? "man delights not me, nor woman either!" Can you supply me with the song, "Let us all be unhappy together?" do if you can, and oblige *le pauvre miserable*,

R. B.

No. CCCLIV.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

1796.

I THINK there is little doubt but that your interests, if judiciously directed, may procure a tide-waiter's place for your protegé, Shaw; but, alas, that is doing little for him! Fifteen pounds per annum is the salary; and the perquisites, in some lucky stations, such as Leith, Glasgow, Greenock, may be ten more; but in such a place as this, for instance, they will hardly amount to five. The appointment is not in the Excise, but in the Customs. The way of getting appointed, is just the application of great folks to the Commissioners of the Customs; the almanack will give you their names. The Excise is a superior object, as the salary is fifty per annum. You mention that he has a family: if he has more than three children he cannot be admitted as an Excise officer. To apply there, is the same business as at the Customs. Garthland, if you can commit his sincere zeal in the cause, is, I think, able to do either the one or the other. Find out among your acquaintances, who are the private friends of the Commissioners of the particular board at which you wish to apply, and interest them—the more the better. The Commissioners of both Boards are people quite in the fashionable circles, and must be known to many of your friends. I was going to mention some of your female acquaintance who might give you a lift, but, on recollection, your interest with the Women is, I believe, but a sorry business. So much the better! 'tis God's judgment upon you for making such a despotic use of your sway over the Men. *You* a Republican! You have an empire over us; and you know it too; but the Lord's holy name be praised, you have something of the same propensity to get giddy (intoxicated is not a lady's word) with power; and a devilish deal of aptitude to the same blind undistinguishing favoritism, which make other despots less dangerous to the welfare and repose of mankind than they otherwise might be. So much for scolding you. I have perused your MSS. with a great deal of pleasure. I have taken the liberty to make a few marks with my pencil, which I trust you will pardon. Farewell!

R. B.

No. CCCLV.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

1796.

I HAVE perused with great pleasure your elegiac verses. In two or three instances I mark inequalities rather than faults. A line that in an ordinary mediocre production might pass, not only without censure, but with applause, in a brilliant composition glares in all its native halting inferiority. The last line of the second stanza I dislike most. If you cannot mend it (I cannot, after beating my brains to pap), I would almost leave out the whole stanza. *A Dieu je vous recommende.*

R. B.

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* This child died at Mauchline.

No. CCCLVI.

TO MR. JAMES CLARKE,[*] SCHOOLMASTER, FORFAR.

DUMFRIES, 26*th June*, 1796.

MY DEAR CLARKE,

STILL, still the victim of affliction! Were you to see the emaciated figure who now holds the pen to you, you would not know your old friend. Whether I shall ever get about again, is only known to Him, the Great Unknown, whose creature I am. Alas, Clarke! I begin to fear the worst. As to my individual self I am tranquil, and would despise myself if I were not; but Burns's poor widow, and half-a-dozen of his dear little ones—helpless orphans! there I am weak as a woman's tear. Enough of this! 'Tis half of my disease.

I duly received your last, enclosing the note. It came extremely in time, and I am much obliged by your punctuality. Again I must request you to do me the same kindness. Be so very good as, by return of post, to enclose me another note. I trust you can do it without inconvenience, and it will seriously oblige me. If I must go, I shall leave a few friends behind me, whom I shall regret while consciousness remains. I know I shall live in their remembrance. Adieu, dear Clarke. That I shall ever see you again is, I am afraid, highly improbable.

R. B.

No. CCCLVII.

TO MR. JAMES JOHNSON, EDINBURGH.

DUMFRIES, 4*th July*, 1796.

How are you, my dear friend, and how comes on your fifth volume? You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you and your work; but, alas! the hand of pain, and sorrow, and care, has these many months lain heavy on me. Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural Muse of Scotia.

You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever-dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the poet to far more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of wit or the pathos of sentiment. However, *hope* is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can.

Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. Your work is a great one; and now that it is finished, I see, if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended; yet I will venture to prophesy, that to future ages your publication will be the text-book and standard of Scottish song and music.

I am ashamed to ask another favour of you, because you have been so very good already; but my wife has a very particular friend of hers, a young lady, who sings well, to whom she wishes to present the "Scots Musical Museum." If you have a spare copy, will you be so obliging as to send it by the very first fly, as I am anxious to have it soon?[†] Yours ever,

R. B.

No. CCCLVIII.

TO MR. ALEX. CUNNINGHAM.[‡]

BROW, SEA-BATHING QUARTERS, 7*th July*, 1796.

MY DEAR CUNNINGHAM,

I RECEIVED yours here this moment, and am indeed highly flattered with the approbation of the literary circle you mention—a literary circle inferior to none in the two kingdoms. Alas! my friend, I fear the voice of the bard will soon be heard among you no more! For these eight or ten months I have been ailing, sometimes bedfast and sometimes not; but these last three months I have been tortured with an excruciating rheumatism, which has reduced me to nearly the last stage. You actually would not know me if you saw me. Pale, emaciated, and so feeble, as occasionally to need help from my chair—my spirits fled! fled! but I can no more on the subject, only the medical folks tell me that my last and only chance is bathing and country quarters, and riding. The deuce of the matter is this: when an exciseman is off duty, his salary is reduced to £35 instead of £50. What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself, and keep a horse in country quarters, with a wife and five children at home, on £35? I mention this, because I had intended to beg your utmost interest, and that of all the friends you can muster, to move our Commissioners of Excise to grant me the full salary;* I dare say you know them all personally. If they do not grant it me, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poëte;* if I die not of disease, I must perish with hunger.

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[*] See LIFE.

[†] "In this humble and delicate manner did poor Burns ask for a copy of a work of which he was principally the founder, and to which he had contributed, gratuitously, not less than 184 original, altered, and collected songs! The editor has seen 180 transcribed by his own hand for the "Museum."—CROMEK.

[‡] See LIFE.

I have sent you one of the songs; the other my memory does not serve me with, and I have no copy here; but I shall be at home soon, when I will send it you. Apropos to being at home, Mrs. Burns threatens in a week or two to add one more to my paternal charge, which, if of the right gender, I intend shall be introduced to the world by the respectable designation of *Alexander Cunningham Burns.* My last was *James Glencairn*, so you can have no objection to the company of nobility. Farewell.

R. B.

No. CCCLIX.

TO MR. GILBERT BURNS.

10*th July*, 1796.

Dear Brother,

It will be no very pleasing news to you to be told that I am dangerously ill, and not likely to get better. An inveterate rheumatism has reduced me to such a state of debility, and my appetite is so totally gone, that I can scarcely stand on my legs. I have been a week at sea-bathing, and I will continue there, or in a friend's house in the country, all the summer. God keep my wife and children; if I am taken from their head, they will be poor indeed. I have contracted one or two serious debts, partly from my illness these many months, partly from too much thoughtlessness as to expense when I came to town, that will cut in too much on the little I leave them in your hands. Remember me to my mother. Yours,

R. B.

No. CCCLX.

TO MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Brow, 12*th July*, 1796.

Madam,

I have written you so often, without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again, but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns.* Your friendship, with which for many years you honoured me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!!

R. B.†

No. CCCLXI.

TO MR. JAMES BURNESS, WRITER, MONTROSE.

Dumfries, 12*th July.*

My Dear Cousin,

When you offered me money assistance, little did I think I should want it so soon. A rascal of a haberdasher, to whom I owe a considerable bill, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail. Will you be so good as to accommodate me, and that by return of post, with ten pounds? O, James! did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas! I am not used to beg! The worst of it is, my health was coming about finely; you know, and my physician assured me, that melancholy and low spirits are half my disease: guess, then, my horrors since this business began. If I had it settled, I would be, I think, quite well in a manner. How shall I use the language to you, O do not disappoint me! but strong necessity's curst command.‡

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* According to Mr. Findlater, the Commissioners of Excise could not grant the full salary in case of absence from duty but one of them, Graham of Fintry, in Burns' case made up the difference, which was about five pounds, from his own pocket.

† "Burns had, however, the pleasure of receiving a satisfactory explanation of his friend's silence, and an assurance of the continuance of her friendship to his widow and children; an assurance that has been amply fulfilled. It is probable that the greater part of her letters to him were destroyed by our bard about the time that this last was written. He did not foresee that his letters to her were to appear in print, nor conceive the disappointment that will be felt, that a few of this excellent lady's have not served to enrich and adorn the collection. The above letter is supposed to be the last production of Robert Burns, who died on the 21st of the month, nine days afterwards." Currie. Several letters of still later date have since come to light.

‡ "James Burness sent his cousin ten pounds the moment he received his letter, though he could ill spare the money, and concealed his kindness from the world, till, on reading the life and letters of the Poet, he was constrained, in support of his own good name, to conceal it no longer. I was informed by my friend, Dr. Burness, that his grandfather now in his eighty-fourth year, was touched by the dubious way in which I had left the subject in the Poet's life, and felt that he was liable to the imputation of coldness of heart. In a matter of such delicacy, I could not ask the family, and accordingly had left it as I found it, without comment or remark."—Allan Cunningham.

I have been thinking over and over my brother's affairs, and I fear I must cut him up; but on this I will correspond at another time, particularly as I shall [require] your advice.

Forgive me for once more mentioning by return of post—save me from the horrors of a jail!

My compliments to my friend James, and to all the rest. I do not know what I have written. The subject is so horrible, I dare not look it over again. Farewell.

R. B.

No. CCCLXII.

TO JAMES GRACIE, Esq.

Brow, Wednesday Morning,
13*th July*, 1796.

My Dear Sir,

It would [be] doing high injustice to this place not to acknowledge that my rheumatisms have derived great benefits from it already; but, alas! my loss of appetite still continues. I shall not need your kind offer this week, and I return to town the beginning of next week, it not being a tide-week. I am detaining a man in a burning hurry. So, God bless you!

R. B.

No. CCCLXIII.

TO MRS. BURNS.

Brow, Thursday.

My Dearest Love,

I delayed writing until I could tell you what effect sea-bathing was likely to produce. It would be injustice to deny that it has eased my pains, and I think has strengthened me; but my appetite is still extremely bad. No flesh nor fish can I swallow; porridge and milk are the only thing I can taste. I am very happy to hear, by Miss Jess Lewars, that you are all well. My very best and kindest compliments to her, and to all the children. I will see you on Sunday. Your affectionate husband,

R. B.

No. CCCLXIV.

TO MR. JAMES ARMOUR, MASON, MAUCHLINE.

July 10, 1796.

For Heaven's sake, and as you value the welfare of your daughter and my wife, do, my dearest Sir, write to Fife to Mrs. Armour to come if possible. My wife thinks she can yet reckon upon a fortnight. The medical people order me, *as I value my existence*, to fly to sea-bathing and country-quarters, so it is ten thousand chances to one that I shall not be within a dozen miles of her when her hour comes. What a situation for her, poor girl, without a single friend by her on such a serious moment.

I have now been a week at salt-water, and though I think I have got some good by it, yet I have some secret fears that this business will be dangerous, if not fatal. Your most affectionate son,

R. B.

No. CCCLXV.

TO MR. JAMES ARMOUR, MAUCHLINE.

Dumfries, 18*th July* 1796.

My Dear Sir,

Do, for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expecting to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl,* without a friend! I returned from sea-bathing quarters to-day, and my medical friends would almost persuade me that I am better; but I think and feel that my strength is so gone, that the disorder will prove fatal to me. Your son-in-law,

R. B.

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* Mrs. Burns was not yet thirty years of age.

ANSWER TO THE PETITION OF THOMAS JOHNSTON.

September, 1790.

1. Whether the Petitioner has been in use formerly to malt all his grain at one operation, is foreign to the purpose: this last season he certainly malted his crop at four or five operations; but be that as it may, Mr. J. ought to have known that by express act of parliament no malt, however small the quantity, can be legally manufactured until previous entry be made in writing of all the ponds, barns, floors, &c., so as to be used before the grain can be put to steep. In the Excise entry-books for the division, there is not a syllable of T. J.'s name for a number of years bygone.

2. True it is that Mr, Burns, on his first ride, in answer to Mr. J.'s question anent the conveying of the notices, among other ways pointed out the sending it by post as the most eligible method, but at the same time added this express clause, and to which Mr. Burns is willing to make faith: "At the same time, remember Mr. J., that the notice is at your risk until it reach me!" Further, when Mr. Burns came to the Petitioner's kiln, there was a servant belonging to Mr. J. ploughing at a very considerable distance from the kiln, who left his plough and three horses without a driver, and came into the kiln, which Mr. B. thought was rather a suspicious circumstance, as there was nothing so extraordinary in an Excise-officer going into a legal malt-floor as to make him leave three horses yoked to a plough in the distant middle of a moor. This servant, on being repeatedly questioned by Mr. Burns, could not tell when the malt was put to steep, when it was taken out, &c., in short, was determined to be entirely ignorant of the affair. By and by, Mr. J.'s son came in; and on being questioned as to the steeping, taking out of the grain, &c., Mr. J. junior, referred me to this said servant, this ploughman, who, he said, must remember it best, as having been the principal actor in the business. The lad *then*, having gotten his cue, circumstantially recollected all about it.

All this time, though I was telling the son and servant the nature of the premunire they had incurred, though they pleaded for mercy keenly, the affair of the notice having been sent never once occurred to them, not even the son, who is said to have been the bearer. This was a stroke reserved for, and worthy of the gentleman himself. As to Mrs. Kelloch's oath, it proves nothing. She did, indeed, depone to a line being left for me at her house, which said line miscarried. It was a sealed letter; she could not tell whether it was a malt-notice or not; she could not even condescend on the month, nor so much as the season of the year. The truth is, T. J. and his family being Seceders, and consequently coming every Sunday to Thornhill Meeting-house, they were a good conveyance for the several maltsters and traders in their neighbourhood to transmit to post their notices, permits, &c.

But why all this tergiversation? It was put to the Petitioner in open court, after a full investigation of the cause: "Was he willing to swear that he meant no fraud in the matter?" And the Justices told him, that if he swore, he would be assoilzied, otherwise he should be fined; still the Petitioner, after ten minutes' consideration, found his conscience unequal to the task, and declined the oath.

Now, indeed, he says he is willing to swear: he has been exercising his conscience in private, and will perhaps stretch a point. But the fact to which he is to swear was equally and in all parts known to him on that day when he refused to swear as to-day: nothing can give him further light as to the intention of his mind respecting his meaning or not meaning a fraud in the affair. No time can cast further light on the present resolves of the mind; but time will reconcile, and has reconciled many a man to that iniquity which he at first abhorred.

THE CLARINDA CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN BURNS AND MRS. M‘LEHOSE,

COMMENCED DECEMBER, 1787.

No. I.

TO MRS. M‘LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.*

THURSDAY EVENING, *December* 6, 1787.

MADAM,

I HAD set no small store by my tea-drinking to-night, and have not often been so disappointed. On Saturday evening I shall embrace the opportunity with the greatest pleasure. I leave this town on this day se'ennight, and, probably for a couple of twelvemonths; but must ever regret that I so lately got an acquaintance whom I shall ever highly esteem, and in whose welfare I shall ever be warmly interested.

Our worthy common friend, in her usual pleasant way, rallied me a good deal on my new acquaintance, and in the humour of her ideas I wrote some lines, which I enclose you, as I think they have a good deal of poetic merit; and Miss Nimmo tells me you are not only a critic, but a poetess. Fiction, you know, is the native region of poetry; and I hope you will pardon my vanity in sending you the bagatelle as a tolerable off-hand *jeu-d'esprit.* I have several poetic trifles, which I shall gladly leave with Miss Nimmo, or you, if they were worth house-room; as there are scarcely two people on earth by whom it would mortify me more to be forgotten, though at the distance of nine score miles.—I am, Madam, with the highest respect, your very humble servant,

R. B.

No. II.

TO MRS. M‘LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.

December 8, 1787.

I CAN say with truth, Madam, that I never met with a person in my life whom I more anxiously wished to meet again than yourself. To-night I was to have had that very great pleasure. I was intoxicated with the idea, but an unlucky fall from a coach has so bruised one of my knees that I can't stir my leg off the cushion; so if I don't see you again, I shall not rest in my grave for chagrin. I was vexed to the soul I had not seen you sooner; I determined to cultivate your friendship with the enthusiasm of religion; but thus has Fortune ever served me. I cannot bear the idea of leaving Edinburgh without seeing you. I know not how to account for it—I am strangely taken with some people, nor am I often mistaken. You are a stranger to me; but I am an odd being: some yet unnamed feelings, things, not principles, but better than whims, carry me further than boasted reason ever did a philosopher. Farewell! every happiness be yours!

R. B.

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No. I.

MRS. M‘LEHOSE TO ROBERT BURNS.

SATURDAY EVENING, *December* 8, 1787.

ENURED as I have been to disappointments, I never felt more, nay, nor half so severely, for one of the same nature!

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* See LIFE, pp. lv., lvi.

The Burns anniversary season of 1889 was signalized in Dumfries by the discovery of a miniature of Mrs. M‘Lehose. The miniature, for which the lady sat at the request of the poet, and of which she made him a gift, is referred to in letters exchanged on 7th February, 1788. Miers, the artist, was an Edinburgh miniature painter of repute in his day. The portrait is silhouette, delicately executed on ivory, and is not more than an inch in length. The above engraving gives a good idea of its appearance.

The cruel cause, too, augments my uneasiness. I trust you 'll soon recover it; meantime, if my sympathy, my friendship, can alleviate your pain, be assured you possess them. I am much flattered at being a favourite of yours. Miss Nimmo can tell you how earnestly I had long pressed her to make us acquainted. I had a presentiment that we should derive pleasure from the society of each other. To-night I had thought of fifty things to say to you; how unfortunate this prevention! Do not accuse Fortune; had I not known she was *blind* before, her ill-usage of *you* had marked it sufficiently. However, she is a fickle, old, envious beldame, and I 'd much rather be indebted to *Nature*. You shall *not* leave town without seeing me, if I should come along with good Miss Nimmo and call for you. I am determined to see you, and am ready to exclaim with Yorick, "Tut! are we not all relations?" We are, indeed, *strangers* in one sense; but of near kin in many respects: these "nameless feelings" I perfectly comprehend, tho' the pen of a Locke could not define them. Perhaps *instinct* comes nearer their description than either "Principles or Whims." Think ye they have any connection with that "heavenly light which leads astray?" One thing I know, that they have a powerful effect upon me; and are delightful when under the check of *reason* and *religion*.

Miss Nimmo was a favourite of mine from the first hour I met her. There is a softness, a nameless something about her that, was I a man, old as she is, I would have chosen her before most women that I know. I fear, however, this liking is not *mutual*, I 'll tell you why I think so at meeting. She was in mere jest when she told you I was a *Poetess*. I have often composed rhyme (if not *reason*), but never one line of *poetry*. The distinction is obvious to every one of the least discernment. Your lines were truly poetical; give me all you can spare. Not one living has a higher relish for poetry than I have; and my reading everything of the kind makes me a tolerable judge. Ten years ago, such lines from such a hand would have half-turned my head. Perhaps you thought it might have done so even *yet*, and wisely premised that "Fiction was the native region of poetry." Read the enclosed, which I scrawled just after reading yours. Be sincere, and own that, whatever merit it has, it has not a line resembling poetry. Pardon any little freedoms I take with you; if they entertain a heavy hour, they have all the merit I intended. Will you let me know, now and then, how your leg is? If I was your *sister* I would call and see you; but 'tis a censorious world this, and in this sense "you and I are not of this world." Adieu. Keep up your heart, you will soon get well, and we shall *meet*. Farewell. God bless you!

A. M.

No. III.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.

December 12, 1787.

I STRETCH a point, indeed, my dearest Madam, when I answer your card on the rack of my present agony. Your friendship, Madam! By heavens, I was never proud before. Your lines, I maintain it, are poetry, and good poetry; mine were indeed partly fiction, and partly a friendship which, had I been so blest as to have met with you *in time*, might have led me—God of love only knows where. Time is too short for ceremonies.

I swear solemnly (in all the tenor of my former oath) to remember you in all the pride and warmth of friendship until—I cease to be!

To-morrow, and every day, till I see you, you shall hear from me.

Farewell! May you enjoy a better night's repose than I am likely to have.

R. B.

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No. II.

MRS. M'LEHOSE TO ROBERT BURNS.

SUNDAY NOON, *Dec.* 16, 1787.

MISS NIMMO and I had a long conversation last night. Little did I suspect that she was of the party. Gentle, sweet soul! She is accusing herself as the cause of your misfortune. It was in vain I rallied her upon such an excess of sensibility—as I termed it. She is lineally descended from "My Uncle Toby;" has hopes of the devil, and would not hurt a fly. How could you tell me that you were in "agony?" I hope you will swallow laudanum, and procure some ease from sleep. I am glad to hear Mr. Wood attends you. He is a good soul, and a safe surgeon. I know him a little. Do as he bids, and I trust your leg will soon be quite well. When I meet you, I must chide you for writing in your romantic style. Do you remember that she whom you address is a married woman? or—Jacob-like—would you wait seven years, and even then perhaps be disappointed, as he was? No; I know you better: you have too much of that impetuosity which generally accompanies noble minds. To be serious, most people would think, by your style, that you were writing to some vain, silly woman to make a fool of her—or worse. I have too much vanity to ascribe it to the former motive, and too much charity to harbour an idea of the latter; and viewing it as the effusion of a benevolent heart upon meeting one similar to itself, I have promised you my friendship: it will be your own fault if I ever withdraw it. Would to God I had it in my power to give you some solid proofs of it! Were I the Duchess of Gordon you should be possessed of that independence which every generous mind pants after; but I fear she is "no Duchess at the heart." Obscure as I am (comparatively), I enjoy all the necessaries of life as fully as I desire, and wish for wealth only to procure the "luxury of doing good."

My chief design in writing you to-day was to beg you would not write me often, lest the exertion should hurt you. Meantime, if my scrawls can amuse you in your confinement, you shall have them occasionally. I shall hear of you every day from my beloved Miss Nimmo. Do you know, the very first time I was in her house, most of our conversation was about a certain (lame) poet? I read her soul in her expressive countenance, and have been attached to her ever since. Adieu! Be patient. Take care of yourself, My best wishes attend you.

A. M.

No. IV.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.

THURSDAY, *December* 20, 1787.

YOUR last, my dear Madam, had the effect on me that Job's situation had on his friends, when "they sat down seven days and seven nights astonished, and spake not a word." "Pay my addresses to a married woman!" I started as if I had seen the ghost of him I had injured: I recollected my expressions; some of them indeed were, in the law phrase, "habit and repute," which is being half guilty. I cannot positively say, Madam, whether my heart might not have gone astray a little; but I can declare, upon the honour of a poet, that the vagrant has wandered unknown to me. I have a pretty handsome troop of follies of my own; and, like some other people's, they are but undisciplined blackguards. But the luckless rascals have something like honour in them; they would not do a dishonest thing.

To meet with an unfortunate woman, amiable and young, deserted and widowed by those who were bound by every tie of duty, nature, and gratitude, to protect, comfort, and cherish her; add to all, when she is perhaps one of the first of lovely forms and noble minds, the mind, too, that hits one's taste as the joys of heaven do a saint—should a faint idea, the natural child of imagination, thoughtlessly peep over the fence—were you, my friend, to sit in judgment, and the poor, airy straggler brought before you, trembling, self-condemned, with artless eyes, brimful of contrition, looking wistfully on its judge, you could not, my dear Madam, condemn the hapless wretch to death "without benefit of clergy?"

I won't tell you what reply my heart made to your raillery of "seven years;" but I will give you what a brother of my trade says on the same allusion:—

"The patriarch to gain a wife,
  Chaste, beautiful, and young,
Served fourteen years a painful life,
  And never thought it long.

Oh were you to reward such cares,
  And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen but four hundred years
  Would seem but as one day!"

I have written you this scrawl because I have nothing else to do, and you may sit down and find fault with it, if you have no better way of consuming your time; but finding fault with the vagaries of a poet's fancy is much such another business as Xerxes chastising the waves of the Hellespont.

My limb now allows me to sit in some peace. To walk I have yet no prospect of, as I can't mark it to the ground.

I have just now looked over what I have written, and it is such a chaos of nonsense that I daresay you will throw it into the fire, and call me an idle, stupid fellow; but whatever you think of my brains, believe me to be, with the most sacred respect and heartfelt esteem, my dear Madam, your humble servant,

R. B.

No. III.

TO MR. ROBERT BURNS.

ON BURNS SAYING HE "HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO."

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1787.

When first you saw *Clarinda's* charms,
  What rapture in your bosom grew!
Her heart was shut to Love's alarms,
  But then—you 'd nothing else to do.

Apollo oft had lent his harp,
  But now 'twas strung from Cupid's bow;
You sung—it reached *Clarinda's* heart—
  She wish'd you 'd nothing else to do.

Fair Venus smil'd, Minerva frown'd,
Cupid observ'd—the arrow flew:
Indifference, ere a week went round,
Show'd you had nothing else to do.

CLARINDA.

* * *

No. V.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

December, 21, 1787.

I BEG your pardon, my dear "Clarinda," for the fragment scrawl I sent you yesterday. I really don't know what I wrote. A gentleman, for whose character, abilities, and critical knowledge, I have the highest veneration, called in just as I had begun the second sentence, and I would not make the porter wait. I read to my much-respected friend several of my own bagatelles, and, among others, your lines, which I had copied out. He began some criticism on them as on the other pieces, when I informed him they were the work of a young lady in this town, which, I assure you, made him stare. My learned friend seriously protested that he did not believe any young woman in Edinburgh was capable of such lines; and if you know any thing of Professor Gregory, you will neither doubt of his abilities nor his sincerity. I do love you, if possible, still better for having so fine a taste and turn for poesy. I have again gone wrong in my usual unguarded way, but you may erase the word, and put esteem, respect, or any other tame Dutch expression you please, in its place. I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence, with an amiable woman, much less a *gloriously amiable fine woman*, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have more than once had the honour of being. But why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he must run his head against an intrigue? Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love, and add it to the generous, the honourable sentiments of manly friendship; and I know but *one* more delightful morsel, which few, few in any rank ever taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries; it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richness, but has a peculiar deliciousness of its own.

I enclose you a few lines I composed on a late melancholy occasion—

"Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;" &c.*

I will not give above five or six copies of it at all, and I would be hurt if any friend should give any copies without my consent.*

You cannot imagine, Clarinda (I like the idea of Arcadian names in a commerce of this kind), how much store I have set by the hopes of your future friendship. I don't know if you have a just idea of my character, but I wish you to see me *as I am*. I am, as most people of my trade are, a strange Will-o'-Wisp being; the victim, too frequently, of much imprudence and many follies. My great constituent elements are *pride* and *passion*. The first I have endeavoured to humanize into integrity and honour; the last makes me a devotee, to the warmest degree of enthusiasm, in love, religion, or friendship—either of them, or all together, as I happen to be inspired. 'Tis true, I never saw you but once; but how much acquaintance did I form with you in that once! Do not think I flatter you, or have a design upon you, Clarinda; I have too much pride for the one, and too little cold contrivance for the other; but of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the beaten way of acquaintance, you struck me with the deepest, the strongest, the most permanent impression. I say the most permanent, because I know myself well, and how far I can promise either on my prepossessions or powers. Why are you unhappy? And why are so many of our fellow-creatures, unworthy to belong to the same species with you, blest with all they can wish? You have a hand all benevolent to give—why were you denied the pleasure? You have a heart formed—gloriously formed—for all the most refined luxuries of love: why was that heart ever wrung? O Clarinda! shall we not meet in a state, some yet unknown state of being, where the lavish hand of Plenty shall minister to the highest wish of benevolence; and where the chill north-wind of Prudence shall never blow over the flowery fields of enjoyment? If we do not, man was made in vain! I deserved most of the unhappy hours that have lingered over my head; they were the wages of my labour: but what unprovoked demon, malignant as hell, stole upon the confidence of unmistrusting busy Fate, and dashed *your* cup of life with undeserved sorrow!

Let me know how long your stay will be out of town; I shall count the hours till you inform me of your return. Cursed *etiquette* forbids you seeing me just now; and so soon as I can walk, I must bid Edinburgh adieu. Lord, why was I born to see misery which I cannot relieve, and to meet with friends whom I cannot enjoy? I look back with the pang of unavailing avarice on my loss in not knowing you sooner: all last winter, these three months past, what luxury of intercourse have I not lost! Perhaps, though, 'twas better for my peace. You see I am either above, or incapable of, dissimulation. I believe it is want of that particular genius. I despise design, because I want either coolness or wisdom to be capable of it. I am interrupted. Adieu! my dear Clarinda!

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* See vol. i. p. 133.

* At a later period Burns would not have written the lines.

SYLVANDER.

No. IV.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

Friday Evening, *Dec.* 28, 1787.

I go to the country early to-morrow morning, but will be home by Tuesday—sooner than I expected. I have not time to answer yours as it deserves; nor, had I the age of Methusalem, could I answer it in kind. I shall grow *vain*. Your praises were enough—but those of a Dr. Gregory superadded! Take care, many a "glorious woman" has been undone by having her head turned. "*Know you!*" I know you far better than you do me. Like yourself I am a bit of an enthusiast. In religion and friendship quite a bigot—perhaps I could be so in love too; but everything dear to me in heaven and earth forbids! This is my fixed principle; and the person who would dare to endeavour to remove it I would hold as my chief enemy. Like you, I am incapable of dissimulation; nor am I, as you suppose, unhappy. Possessed of fine children, competence, fame, friends kind and attentive—what a monster of ingratitude should I be in the eye of Heaven were I to style myself unhappy! True, I have met with scenes horrible to recollection, even at six years' distance; but adversity, my friend, is allowed to be the school of Virtue. It oft confers that chastened softness which is unknown among the favourites of Fortune! Even a mind possessed of natural sensibility, without this, never feels that exquisite pleasure which nature has annexed to our sympathetic sorrows. Religion, the only refuge of the unfortunate, has been my balm in every woe. O! could I make her appear to you as she has done to me! Instead of ridiculing her tenets, you would fall down and worship her very semblance wherever you found it!

I will write again at more leisure, and notice other parts of yours. I send you a *simile* upon a character I don't know if you are acquainted with. I am confounded at your admiring my lines. I shall begin to question your taste—but Dr. G.! When I am low-spirited (which I am at times) I shall think of this as a *restorative*.

Now for the simile:—

The morning sun shines glorious and bright,
And fills the heart with wonder and delight!
He dazzles, in meridian splendour seen,
Without a blackening cloud to intervene.
So, at a distance viewed, your genius bright,
Your wit, your flowing numbers give delight.
But, ah! when error's dark'ning clouds arise,
When passion thunders, folly's lightning flies,
More safe we gaze, but admiration dies:
And as the tempting brightness snares the moth,
Sure ruin marks too near approach to both.

Good night; for Clarinda's "heavenly eyes" need the earthly aid of sleep. Adieu.

CLARINDA.

P. S.—I entreat you not to mention our correspondence to one on earth. Though I 've conscious innocence, my situation is a delicate one.

No. V.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

January 1, 1788.

Many happy returns of this day to you, my dear, pleasant friend! May each revolving year find you *wiser and happier!* I embrace the first spare hour to fulfil my promise; and begin with thanking you for the enclosed lines[*]—they are very pretty: I like the idea of personifying the vices rising in the absence of *Justice*. It is a constant source of refined pleasure, giving "to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," which people of a luxuriant imagination only can enjoy. Yet, to a mind of a benevolent turn, it is delightful to observe how equal the distribution of happiness is among all ranks! If stupid people are rendered incapable of tasting the refined pleasures of the intelligent and feeling mind, they are likewise exempted from the thousand distractions and disquietudes peculiar to sensibility.

I have been staying with a dear female friend who has long been an admirer of yours, and was once on the point of meeting with you in the house of a Mrs. Bruce.[†] She would have been a much better "Clarinda." She is comely without being beautiful, and has a large share of sense, taste, and sensibility; added to all, a violent penchant for poetry. If ever I have an opportunity, I shall make you and her acquainted. No wonder Dr. Gregory criticised my lines. I saw several defects in them myself; but had neither time nor patience (nor ability perhaps) to correct them. The three last verses were longer than the former; and in the conclusion, I saw a vile tautology which I could not get rid of. But you will wonder when I tell you, that I am not only ignorant of every language except my own, but never so much as knew a syllable of the English grammar. If I ever write grammatically, 'tis through mere habit. I rejoice to hear of Dr. Gregory being your particular friend. Though unacquainted, I am no stranger to his character: where worth unites with abilities, it commands our love as well as admiration. Alas! they are too seldom found in one character! Those possessed of great talents would do well to remember that all depends upon the use made of them. Shining abilities, improperly applied, only serve to accelerate our destruction in both worlds. I loved you for your fine taste in poetry long before I saw you; so shall not trouble myself erasing the same word applied in the same way to me.*

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[*] On the death of the Lord President Dundas.

[†] Subsequently became the wife of Mr. James Gray, of the High School, Edinburgh.

You say, "there is no corresponding with an agreeable woman without a mixture of the tender passion." I believe there is no friendship between people of sentiment of different sexes, without a little *softness;* but when kept within proper bounds, it only serves to give higher relish to such intercourse. Love and Friendship are names in every one's mouth; but few, extremely few, understand their meaning. Love (or affection) cannot be genuine if it hesitate a moment to sacrifice every selfish gratification to the happiness of its object. On the contrary, when I would purchase *that* at the expense of *this*, it deserves to be styled—not love, but a name too gross to mention. Therefore, I contend that an honest man may have a friendly prepossession for a woman, whose soul would abhor the idea of an intrigue with her. These are my sentiments on the subject: I hope they correspond with yours.

'Tis honest in you to wish me to see you "*just as you are.*" I believe I have a tolerably just idea of your character. No wonder; for had I been a man, I should have been you. I am not vain enough to think myself equal in abilities; but I am formed with a liveliness of fancy, and a strength of passion little inferior. Situation and circumstances have, however, had the effects on each of us which might be expected. Misfortune has wonderfully contributed to subdue the keenness of my passions, while success and adulation have served to nourish and inflame yours. Both of us are incapable of deceit, because we want coolness and command of our feelings. Art is what I never could attain to, even in situations where a little would have been prudent. Now and then I am favoured with a salutary blast of "the north wind of prudence." The southern zephyrs of kindness too often send up their sultry fogs, and cloud the atmosphere of my understanding. I have thought that Nature threw me off in the same mould, just after you. We were born, I believe, in one year. Madame Nature has some merit by her work that year. Don't you think so? I suppose the Carline has had a flying visit of Venus and the Graces; and Minerva has been jealous of her attention, and sent Apollo with his harp to charm them away.

But why do you accuse Fate for my misfortunes? There is a noble independence of mind which I admire; but, when not checked by Religion, it is apt to degenerate into a criminal arraignment of Providence. No "malignant demon," as you suppose, was "permitted to dash my cup of sorrow:" it was the kindness of a wise and tender Father, who foresaw that I needed chastisement ere I could be brought to Himself. Ah, my friend, Religion converts our heaviest misfortunes into blessings! I feel it to be so. These passions, naturally too violent for my peace, have been broken and moderated by adversity; and if even that has been unable to conquer my vivacity, what length might I not have gone, had I been permitted to glide along in the sunshine of prosperity? I should have forgot my future destination, and fixed my happiness on the fleeting shadows below! My hand was denied the bliss of giving, but Heaven accepts of the wish. My heart was formed for love, and I desire to devote it to Him who is the source of love! Yes, we shall surely meet in an "unknown state of being" where there will be full scope for every kind, heartfelt affection—love without alloy, and without end. Your paragraph upon this made the tears flow down my face! I will not tell you the reflections which it raised in my mind; but I wished that a heart susceptible of such a sentiment took more pains about its accomplishment. I fancy you will not wish me to write again; you 'll think me too serious and grave. I know not how I have been led to do so; but I make no excuse, because I must be allowed to write to you as I feel, or not at all. You say you have "humanized pride into honour and integrity." 'Tis a good endeavour; and could you command your too impetuous passions,† it would be a more glorious achievement than his who conquered the world, and wept because he had no more worlds to subdue. Forgive my freedom with you: I never trouble myself with the faults of those I don't esteem, and only notice those of friends, to themselves. I am pleased with my friends when they tell me mine, and look upon it as a test of real friendship.

I have your Poems in loan just now, I 've read them many times, and with new pleasure. Sometime I shall give you my opinion of them severally. Let me have a sight of some of your "Bagatelles," as you style them.

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* Quite unnecessary; it is only toying with dangerous edge-tools.

† "I am formed with a strength of passion little inferior."—CLARINDA.

If ever I write any more, you shall have them; and I 'll thank you to correct their errors. I wrote lines on Bishop Geddes, by way of blank verse; but they were what Pope describes, "Where ten low words do creep in one dull line." I believe you (being a genius) have inspired me; for I never wrote so well before. Pray, is Dr. Gregory pious? I have heard so. I wish I knew him. Adieu! You have quantity enough, whatever be the quality! Good night, Believe me your sincere friend,

CLARINDA.

No. VI.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

THURSDAY *3rd Jan.*, 1788.

I GOT your lines: they are "in *kind!*" I can't but laugh at my presumption in pretending to send my poor ones to *you!* but it was to amuse myself. At this season, when others are joyous, I am the reverse. I have no *near* relations; and while others are with theirs, I sit alone, musing upon several of mine with whom I used to be—now gone to the land of forgetfulness.

You have put me in a rhyming humour. The moment I read yours, I wrote the following lines!—

"Talk not of Love! it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe:
He bound me in an iron chain,
And plung'd me deep in woe!

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was formed to prove;
The worthy object be of those,
But never talk of Love.

The 'Hand of Friendship' I accept,
May Honour be our guard!
Virtue our intercourse direct,
Her smiles our dear reward."

But I wish to know (in sober prose) how your leg is? I would have enquired sooner, had I known it would have been acceptable. Miss N. informs me now and then; but I have not seen her dear face for some time. Do you think you could venture this length in a coach without hurting yourself? I go out of town the beginning of the week for a few days. I wish you could come to-morrow or Saturday. I long for a conversation with you, and lameness of body won't hinder that. 'Tis really curious—so much *fun* passing between two persons who saw one another only *once!* Say if you think you dare venture; only let the coachman be "adorned with sobriety."

Adieu! Believe me (on my simple word) your real friend and well-wisher,

CLARINDA.

No. VI.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

THURSDAY, *January*, 3, 1788.

MY DEAR CLARINDA,

YOUR last verses have so delighted me, that I have copied them in among some of my own most valued pieces, which I keep sacred for my own use. Do let me have a few now and then.

Did you, Madam, know what I feel when you talk of your sorrows!

Good God! that one, who has so much worth in the sight of heaven, and is so amiable to her fellow-creatures, should be so unhappy! I can't venture out for cold. My limb is vastly better; but I have not any use of it without my crutches. Monday, for the first time, I dine in a neighbour's, next door. As soon as I can go so far, *even in a coach*, my first visit shall be to you. Write me when you leave town, and immediately when you return; and I earnestly pray your stay may be short. You can't imagine how miserable you made me when you hinted to me not to write. Farewell.

SYLVANDER.

No. VII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

January 4, 1788.

YOU are right, my dear Clarinda; a friendly correspondence goes for nothing, except one write their undisguised sentiments. Yours please me for their intrinsic merit, as well as because they are *yours*, which, I assure you, is to me a high recommendation. Your religious sentiments, Madam, I revere. If you have, on some suspicious evidence from some lying oracle, learnt that I despise or ridicule so sacredly important a matter as real religion, you have, my Clarinda, much misconstrued your friend.—"I am not mad, most noble Festus!" Have you ever met a perfect character? Do we not sometimes rather exchange faults than get rid of them? For instance, I am perhaps tired with, and shocked at, a life too much the prey of giddy inconsistencies and thoughtless follies; by degrees I grow sober, prudent, and statedly pious—I say statedly, because the most unaffected devotion is not at all inconsistent with my first character—I join the world in congratulating myself on the happy change. But let me pry more narrowly into this affair. Have I, at bottom, any thing of a secret pride in these endowments and emendations? Have I nothing of a presbyterian sourness, an hypocritical severity, when I survey my less regular neighbours? In a word, have I missed all those nameless and numberless modifications of indistinct selfishness, which are so near our own eyes, that we can scarce bring them within the sphere of our vision, and which the known spotless cambric of our character hides from the ordinary observer?

My definition of worth is short; truth and humanity respecting our fellow-creatures; reverence and humility in the presence of that Being, my Creator and Preserver, and who, I have every reason to believe, will one day be my Judge. The first part of my definition is the creature of unbiassed instinct; the last is the child of after reflection. Where I found these two essentials, I would gently note and slightly mention any attendant flaws—flaws, the marks, the consequences of human nature.

I can easily enter into the sublime pleasures that your strong imagination and keen sensibility must derive from religion, particularly if a little in the shade of misfortune; but I own I cannot, without a marked grudge, see Heaven totally engross so amiable, so charming a woman, as my friend Clarinda; and should be very well pleased at *a circumstance* that would put it in the power of somebody (happy somebody!) to divide her attention with all the delicacy and tenderness of an earthly attachment.

You will not easily persuade me that you have not a grammatical knowledge of the English language—so far from being inaccurate, you are elegant beyond any woman of my acquaintance, except one, whom I wish you knew.

Your last verses to me* have so delighted me, that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print in the "Scots Musical Museum," a work publishing by a friend of mine in this town. I want four stanzas; you gave me but three, and one of them alluded to an expression in my last letter, so I have taken your two first verses, with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third; but you must help me to a fourth. Here they are: the latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho; I am in raptures with it.

"Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe:
He bound me with an iron chain,
And sunk me deep in woe.

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove:
There, welcome, win and wear the prize,
But never talk of Love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
O why that bliss destroy!
Why urge the only one request
You know I must deny."

The alteration in the second four lines is no improvement, but there was a slight inaccuracy in your rhyme. The third I only offer to your choice, and have left two words for your determination. The air is *The Banks of Spey*, and is most beautiful.

To-morrow evening I intend taking a chair, and paying a visit at Park Place to a much-valued old friend. If I could be sure of finding you at home (and I will send one of the chairmen to call), I would spend from five to six o'clock with you, as I go past. I cannot do more at this time, as I have something on my hand that hurries me much. I propose giving you the first call, my old friend the second, and Miss Nimmo as I return home. Do not break any engagement for me, as I will spend another evening with you, at any rate, before I leave town.

Do not tell me that you are pleased when your friends inform you of your faults. I am ignorant what they are; but I am sure they must be such evanescent trifles, compared with your personal and mental accomplishments, that I would despise the ungenerous, narrow soul, who would notice any imperfections you may seem to have, any other way than in the most delicate agreeable raillery. Coarse minds are not aware how much they injure the keenly feeling tie of bosom-friendship, when, in their foolish officiousness, they mention what nobody cares for recollecting. People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity that fires at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached.

You need make no apology for long letters: I am even with you. Many happy New Years to you, charming Clarinda! I can't dissemble, were it to shun perdition. He who sees you as I have done, and does not love you, deserves to be damn'd for his stupidity! He who loves you, and would injure you, deserves to be doubly damn'd for his villany! Adieu.

SYLVANDER.

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* Those in Clarinda's Letter, No. VI.

P.S.—What would you think of this for a fourth stanza?

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
  Conceal it in that thought,
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
  The very friend I sought.

No. VIII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

5*th January*, 1788.

Some days, some nights, nay, some *hours*, like the "ten righteous persons in Sodom," save the rest of the vapid, tiresome, miserable months and years of life. One of these hours, my dear Clarinda, blest me with yesternight.

> "—One well spent hour,
> In such a tender circumstance for friends,
> Is better than an age of common time."—Thomson.

My favourite feature in Milton's Satan is his manly fortitude in supporting what cannot be remedied; in short, the wild broken fragments of a noble, exalted mind in ruins. I meant no more by saying he was a favourite hero of mine.

I mentioned to you my letter to Dr. Moore, giving an account of my life: it is truth, every word of it, and will give you the just idea of a man whom you have honoured with your friendship. I am afraid you will hardly be able to make sense of so torn a piece. Your verses I shall muse on deliciously, as I gaze on your image in my mind's eye, in my heart's core: they will be in time enough for a week to come. I am truly happy your headache is better. Oh, how can Pain or Evil be so daringly, unfeelingly, cruelly savage as to wound so noble a mind, so lovely a form!

My little fellow* is all my namesake. Write me soon. My every, strongest good wish attend you, Clarinda.

SYLVANDER.

Saturday, Noon.

I know not what I have written. I am pestered with people around me.

No. VII.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

Monday Night, *Jan.* 7, 1788.

I cannot delay thanking you for the packet of Saturday; twice have I read it with close attention. Some parts of it did beguile me of my tears. With Desdemona, I felt "'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful." When I reached the paragraph where Lord Glencairn is mentioned, I burst out into tears. 'Twas that delightful swell of the heart which arises from a combination of the most pleasurable feelings. Nothing is so binding to a generous mind as placing confidence in it. I have ever felt it so. You seem to have known this feature in my character intuitively; and therefore intrusted me with all your faults and follies. The description of your first love-scene delighted me. It recalled the idea of some tender circumstances which happened to myself, at the same period of life — only mine did not go so far. Perhaps in return, I'll tell you the particulars when we meet. Ah, my friend! our early love emotions are surely the most exquisite. In riper years we may acquire more knowledge, sentiment, &c.; but none of these can yield such rapture as the dear delusions of heart-throbbing youth! Like yours, mine was a rural scene too, which adds much to the tender meeting. But no more of these recollections.

One thing alone hurts me, though I regretted many: your avowal of being an enemy to Calvinism. I guessed it was so by some of your pieces; but the confirmation of it gave me a shock I could only have felt for one I was interested in. You will not wonder at this, when I inform you that I am a strict Calvinist, *one* or *two* dark tenets excepted, which I never meddle with. Like many others, you are so, either from never having examined it with candour and impartiality, or from having unfortunately met with weak professors who did not understand it; and hypocritical ones who made it a cloak of knavery. Both of these, I am aware, abound in country life; nor am I surprised at their having had this effect upon your enlightened understanding. I fear your friend, the captain of the ship,† was of no advantage to you in this and many respects.

My dear Sylvander, I flatter myself you have some opinion of Clarinda's understanding. Her belief in Calvinism is not (as you will be apt to suppose) the prejudice of education. I was bred by my father in the Arminian principles. My mother, who was an angel, died when I was in my tenth year. She was a Calvinist—was adored in her life, and died triumphing in the prospect of immortality. I was too young at that period to know the difference; but her pious precepts and example often recurred to my mind amidst the giddiness and adulation of "Miss in her teens." 'Twas since I came to this town, five years ago, that I imbibed my present principles. They were those of a dear, valued friend, in whose judgment and integrity I had entire confidence. I listened often to him with delight, upon the subject. My mind was docile and open to conviction. I resolved to investigate with deep attention that scheme of doctrine which had such happy effects upon him. Conviction of understanding, and peace of mind, were the happy consequences. Thus have I given you a true account of my faith. I trust my practice will ever correspond. Were I to narrate my past life as honestly as you have done, you would soon be convinced that neither of us could hope to be justified by our good works.

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* Robert Burns, junior, born September, 3, 1786.

† Mr. Brown, to whom several of Burns' letters are addressed.

If you have time and inclination I should wish to hear your chief objections to Calvinism. They have been often confuted by men of great minds and exemplary lives; but perhaps you never enquired into these. Ah Sylvander! Heaven has not endowed you with such uncommon powers of mind to employ them in the manner you have done. This long, serious subject will, I know, have one of *three* effects: either to make you laugh in derision — yawn in supine indifference — or set about examining the hitherto-despised subject. Judge of the interest Clarinda takes in you when she affirms, that there are but few events could take place that would afford her the heartfelt pleasure of the latter.

Read this letter attentively, and answer me at leisure Do not be frightened at its gravity; believe me, I can be as lively as you please. Though I wish Madame Minerva for my guide, I shall not be hindered from rambling sometimes into the realms of Fancy. I must tell you that I admire your narrative, in point of composition, beyond all your other productions. One thing I am afraid of; there is not a trace of friendship towards a female; now, in the case of Clarinda, this is the only "consummation devoutly to be wished."

You told me you never had met with a woman who could love as ardently as yourself. I believe it; and would advise you never to tie yourself till you meet with such a one. Alas! you'll find many who *canna*, and some who *manna;* but to be joined to one of the former description would make you miserable. I think you had almost best resolve against wedlock; for unless a woman were qualified for the companion, the friend, and the mistress, she would not do for you. The last may gain Sylvander, but the others alone can keep him. Sleep, and want of room, prevent my explaining myself upon "infidelity in a husband," which made you stare at me. This and other things shall be matter for another letter, if you are not wishing this to be the last. If agreeable to you, I'll keep the narrative till we meet. Adieu! "Charming Clarinda" must e'en resign herself to the arms of Morpheus.—Your true friend,

CLARINDA.

P.S.—Don't detain the porter. Write when convenient.

TUESDAY MORNING.

I am probably to be in your Square this afternoon, near two o'clock. If your room be to the street, I shall have the pleasure of giving you a nod. I have paid the porter, and you may do so when you write. I am sure they sometimes have made us pay double. Adieu!

No. IX.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

January 8, 1788.

I AM delighted, charming Clarinda, with your honest enthusiasm for religion. Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things—"O my soul, come not thou into their secrets!"

I feel myself interested in your good opinion, and will lay before you the outline of my belief:—He who is our Author and Preserver, and will one day be our Judge, must be—not for His sake, in the way of duty, but from the natural impulse of our hearts — the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is almighty, and all bounteous; we are weak and dependent: hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. "He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life:" consequently, it must be in every one's power to embrace His offer of "everlasting life;" otherwise he could not, in justice, condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does not *merit* heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining "everlasting life:" hence, the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable, exclude themselves from eternal bliss, by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this, for wise and good ends known to Himself, into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great personage, whose relation to Him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is that of a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways, and by various means, to bliss at last.

These are my tenets, my lovely friend; and which, I think, cannot be well disputed. My creed is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of Jamie Dean's grace, an honest weaver in Ayrshire; "Lord, grant that we may lead a gude life! for a gude life maks a gude end, at least it helps weel!"

I am flattered by the entertainment you tell me you have found in my packet.* You see me as I have been, you know me as I am, and may guess at what I am likely to be. I too may say, "Talk not of Love, &c.," for indeed he has "plunged me in deep woe!" Not that I ever saw a woman who pleased unexceptionably, as my Clarinda elegantly says, "in the companion, the friend, and the mistress." *One* indeed I could except—*One*, before passion threw its mists over my discernment, I knew—*the* first of women! Her name is indelibly written in my heart's core—but I dare not look in on it—a degree of agony would be the consequence. Oh! thou perfidious, cruel, mischief-making demon, who presidest o'er that frantic passion—thou mayest, thou dost poison my peace, but shalt not taint my honour! I would not, for a single moment, give an asylum to the most distant imagination that would shadow the faintest outline of a selfish gratification, at the expense of *her* whose happiness is twisted with the threads of my existence. May she be happy as she deserves! And if my tenderest, faithful friendship can add to her bliss, I shall at least have one solid mine of enjoyment in my bosom! *Don't guess at these ravings!*

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* His autobiography, which he wrote out for Dr. Moore.

I watched at our front window to-day, but was disappointed. It has been a day of disappointments. I am just risen from a two hours' bout after supper, with silly or sordid souls, who could relish nothing in common with me—but the Port. *One!*——'tis now "witching time of night;" and whatever is out of joint in the foregoing scrawl, impute it to enchantments and spells; for I can't look over it, but will seal it up directly, as I don't care for to-morrow's criticisms on it.

You are by this time fast asleep, Clarinda; may good angels attend and guard you as constantly and faithfully as my good wishes do!

> "Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
> Shot forth peculiar graces."

John Milton, I wish thy soul better rest than I expect on my pillow to-night! O for a little of the cart-horse part of human nature! Good night, my dearest Clarinda!

SYLVANDER.

No. VIII.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

WEDNESDAY, 10 P.M., *Jan.* 9, 1788.

THIS moment your letter was delivered to me. My boys are asleep. The youngest has been for sometime in a crazy state of health, but has been worse these two days past. Partly this, and the badness of the day, prevented my exchanging a heartfelt "How d'ye," yesterday. Friday, if nothing prevents, I shall have that pleasure, about two o'clock, or a little before it.

I wonder how you could write so distinctly after two or three hours over a bottle; but they were not congenial whom you sat with, and therefore your spirits remained unexhausted; and when quit of them, you fled to a friend who can relish most things in common with you (except port). 'Tis dreadful what a variety of these "silly, sordid souls" one meets with in life! but in scenes of mere sociality these pass. In reading the account you gave of your inveterate turn for social pleasures, I smiled at its resemblance to my own. It is so great that I often think I had been a man but for some mistake of Nature. If you saw me in a merry party, you would suppose me only an enthusiast in *fun;* but I now avoid parties. My spirits are sunk for days after; and, what is worse, there are sometimes dull or malicious souls who censure me loudly for what their sluggish natures cannot comprehend. Were I possessed of an independent fortune, I would scorn their pitiful remarks; but everything in my situation renders prudence necessary.

I have slept little these two nights. My child was uneasy, and that kept me awake watching him. Sylvander, if I have merit in anything, 'tis in an unremitting attention to my two children; but it cannot be denominated merit, since 'tis as much inclination as duty. A prudent woman (as the world goes) told me she was surprised I loved them, "considering what a father they had." I replied with acrimony, I could not but love my children in any case; but my having given them the misfortune of such a father endears them doubly to my heart; they are innocent: they depend upon me; and I feel this the most tender of all claims. While I live, my fondest attention shall be theirs.

All my life I loved the unfortunate, and ever will. Did you ever read Fielding's Amelia? If you have not, I beg you would. There are scenes in it, tender, domestic scenes, which I have read over and over, with feelings too delightful to describe! I meant a "Booth," as such a one is infinitely to be preferred to a brutal, though perhaps constant husband. I can conceive a man, fond of his wife, yet (Sylvander-like) hurried into a momentary deviation, while his heart remained faithful. If he concealed it, it could not hurt me; but if, unable to bear the anguish of self-reproach, he unbound it to me, I would not only forgive him, but comfort and speak kindly, and in secret only weep. Reconciliation in such a case would be exquisite beyond almost anything I can conceive! Do you now understand me on this subject? I was uneasy till it was explained; for all I have said, I know not if I had been an "Amelia," even with a "Booth."* My resentments are keen, like all my other feelings : I am exquisitely alive to kindness and to unkindness. The first binds me for ever ! But I have none of the spaniel in my nature. The last would soon cure me, though I loved to distraction. But all this is not perhaps interesting to Sylvander. I have seen nobody to-day ; and like a true egotist, talk away to please myself. I am not in a humour to answer your creed to-night.

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* More likely not than otherwise.

I have been puzzling my brain about the fair one you bid me "not guess at." I first thought it your Jean ; but I don't know if she now possesses your "tenderest, faithfulest friendship." I can't understand that bonie lassie : her refusal, after such proofs of love, proves her to be either an angel or a dolt. I beg pardon, I know not all the circumstances, and am no judge therefore. I love you for your continued fondness, even after enjoyment : few of your sex have souls in such cases. But I take this to be the test of true love—mere desire is all that the bulk of people are susceptible of ; and that is soon satisfied. "*Your good wishes.*" You had mine, Sylvander, long before I saw you. You will have them while I live. With you, I wish I had a little of the "cart-horse" in me. You and I have some horse properties ; but more of the eagle, and too much of the turtle-dove ! Good night !—Your friend,

CLARINDA.

THURSDAY MORNING.

This day is so good that I 'll make out my call to your Square. I am laughing to myself at announcing this for the third time. Were she "who poisons your peace" to intend you a Pisgah view, she could do no more than I have done on this trivial occasion. Keep a good heart, Sylvander ; the eternity of your long-sufferings will be ended before six weeks. Such perjuries "the laughing gods allow." But remember there is no such toleration in friendship, and—I am yours,

CLARINDA.

No. X.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

January 10, 1788.

I AM certain I saw you, Clarinda ; but you don't look to the proper story for a poet's lodging—

> "Where speculation roosted near the sky."

I could almost have thrown myself over for very vexation. Why didn't you look higher ? It has spoiled my peace for this day. To be so near my charming Clarinda ; to miss her look while it was searching for me. I am sure the soul is capable of disease, for mine has convulsed itself into an inflammatory fever. I am sorry for your little boy : do let me know to-morrow how he is.

You have converted me, Clarinda (I shall love that name while I live : there is heavenly music in it). Booth and Amelia I know well.* Your sentiments on that subject, as they are on every subject, are just and noble. "To be feelingly alive to kindness and to unkindness" is a charming female character.

What I said in my last letter, the powers of fuddling sociality only know for me. By yours, I understand my good star has been partly in my horizon when I got wild in my reveries. Had that evil planet, which has almost all my life shed its baleful rays on my devoted head, been, as usual, in its zenith, I had certainly blabbed something that would have pointed out to you the dear object of my tenderest friendship, and, in spite of me, something more. Had that fatal information escaped me (and it was merely chance, or kind stars, that it did not), I had been undone ! You would never have written me, except perhaps *once* more ! O, I could curse circumstances, and the coarse tie of human laws, which keeps fast what common sense would loose, and which bars that happiness itself cannot give—happiness which, otherwise, Love and Honour would warrant ! But hold, I shall make no more "hair-breadth 'scapes."

My friendship, Clarinda, is a life-rent business. My likings are both strong and eternal. I told you I had but one male friend : I have but two female. I should have a third, but she is surrounded by the blandishments of flattery and courtship. The name I register in my heart's core is *Peggy Chalmers :* Miss Nimmo can tell you how divine she is. She is worthy of a place in the same bosom with my Clarinda ? That is the highest compliment I can pay her. Farewell, Clarinda ! Remember

SYLVANDER.

No. IX.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

THURSDAY EVENING, *January* 10, 1788.

I COULD not see you, Sylvander, though I had twice traversed the Square. I 'm persuaded you saw not me neither. I met the young lady I meant to call for first, and returned to seek another acquaintance, but found her moved. All the time, my eye soared to poetic heights, *alias* garrets, but not a glimpse of you could I obtain! You surely was within the glass at least. I returned, finding my intrinsic dignity a good deal hurt, as I missed my friend. Perhaps I shall see you again next week: say how high you are. Thanks for your enquiry about my child; his complaints are of a tedious kind, and require patience and resignation. Religion has taught me both. By nature I inherit as little of them as a certain harum-scarum friend of mine. In what respects has Clarinda "converted you?" Tell me. It were an arduous task indeed!

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* Alluding to Fielding's novel of "Amelia."

Your "ravings" last night, and your ambiguous remarks upon them, I cannot, perhaps ought not to comprehend. I am your friend, Sylvander: take care lest Virtue demand even Friendship as a sacrifice. You need not curse the tie of human laws; since what is the happiness Clarinda would derive from being loosed? At present, she enjoys the hope of having her children provided for. In the other case, she is left, indeed, at liberty, but half dependent on the bounty of a friend—kind in substantials, but having no feelings of romance: and who are the generous, the disinterested, who would risk the world's "dread laugh" to protect her and her little ones? Perhaps a Sylvander-like son of "whim and fancy" might, in a sudden fit of romance: but would not ruin be the consequence? Perhaps one of the former . . . yet if he was not dearer to her than all the world—such are still her romantic ideas—she could not be his.

You see, Sylvander, you have no cause to regret my bondage. The above is a true picture. Have I not reason to rejoice that I have it not in my power to dispose of myself? (I commit myself into thy hands, thou Supreme Disposer of all events! do Thou with me as seemeth to Thee good!) Who is this one male friend? I know your third female. Ah, Sylvander! many "that are first shall be last," and *vice versa!* I am proud of being compared to Miss Chalmers: I have heard how amiable she is. She cannot be more so than Miss Nimmo: why do you not register her also? She is warmly your friend; surely you are incapable of ingratitude. She has almost wept to me at mentioning your intimacy with a certain famous or rather infamous man in town.* Do you think Clarinda could anger you just now? I composed lines addressed to you some time ago, containing a hint upon the occasion. I had not courage to send them then: if you say you'll not be angry, I will yet.

I know not how 'tis, but I felt an irresistible impulse to write you the moment I read yours. I have a design in it. Part of your interest in me is owing to mere novelty. You'll be tired of my correspondence ere you leave town, and will never fash to write me from the country. I forgive you in a "state of celibacy." Sylvander, I wish I saw you happily married: you are so formed, you cannot be happy without a tender attachment. Heaven direct you!

When you see Bishop Geddes, ask him if he remembers a lady at Mrs. Kemp's, on a Sunday night, who listened, with the gaze of attention, to every word he uttered. I saw he observed me, and returned that glance of cordial warmth which assured me he was pleased with my delicate flattery. I wished that night he had been my father, that I might shelter me in his bosom.

You shall have this, as you desired, to-morrow; and, if possible, none for four or five days. I say, if possible: for I really can't but write, as if I had "nothing else to do." I admire your Epitaph; but while I read it, my heart swells at the sad idea of its realization. Did you ever read Sancho's Letters? they would hit your taste. My next will be on my favourite theme—religion.

Farewell, Sylvander! Be wise, be prudent, and be happy.

CLARINDA.

FRIDAY, ONE O'CLOCK.

Let your next be sent in the morning.

If you were well, I would ask you to meet me to-morrow, at twelve o'clock. I go down in the Leith Fly, with poor Willie: what a pleasant chat we might have! But I fancy 'tis impossible. Adieu!

No. XI.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

SATURDAY EVENING, *Jan.* 12, 1788.

YOUR thoughts on religion, Clarinda, shall be welcome. You may perhaps distrust me when I say 'tis also *my* favourite topic; but mine is the religion of the bosom. I hate the very idea of controversial divinity; as I firmly believe that every honest upright man, of whatever sect, will be accepted of the Deity. If your verses, as you seem to hint, contain censure, except you want an occasion to break with me, don't send them. I have a little infirmity in my disposition, that where I fondly love, or highly esteem, I cannot bear reproach.

"Reverence thyself" is a sacred maxim; and I wish to cherish it. I think I told you Lord Bolingbroke's saying to Swift—"Adieu, dear Swift! with all thy faults I love thee entirely: make an effort to love me with all mine." A glorious sentiment, and without which there can be no friendship! I do highly, very highly, esteem you, Clarinda:

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* Probably William Nicol.

you merit it all! Perhaps, too (I scorn dissimulation), I could fondly love you; judge then what a maddening sting your reproach would be. "O! I have sins to heaven, but none to you." With what pleasure would I meet you to-day, but I cannot walk to meet the Fly. I hope to be able to see you, *on foot*, about the middle of next week. I am interrupted—perhaps you are not sorry for it. You will tell me; but I won't anticipate blame. O Clarinda! did you know how dear to me is your look of kindness, your smile of approbation, you would not, either in prose or verse, risk a censorious remark.

> "Curst be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
> That tends to make one worthy man my foe!"

SYLVANDER.

No. XII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

SATURDAY, *Jan.* 12, 1788.

YOU talk of weeping, Clarinda! Some involuntary drops wet your lines as I read them. *Offend me*, my dearest angel! You cannot offend me—you never offended me. If you had ever given me the least shadow of offence, so pardon me, my God, as I forgive Clarinda. I have read yours again; it has blotted my paper. Though I find your letter has agitated me into a violent headache, I shall take a chair, and be with you about eight. A friend is to be with us to tea, on my account, which hinders me from coming sooner. Forgive, my dearest Clarinda, my unguarded expressions! For Heaven's sake, forgive me, or I shall never be able to bear my own mind. Your unhappy

SYLVANDER.

No. X.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

SUNDAY EVENING, *January* 13, 1788.

I WILL not deny it, Sylvander, last night was one of the most exquisite I ever experienced. Few such fall to the lot of mortals! Few, extremely few, are formed to relish such refined enjoyment. That it should be so, vindicates the wisdom of Heaven. But, though our enjoyment did not lead beyond the limits of virtue, yet to-day's reflections have not been altogether unmixed with regret. The idea of the pain it would have given, were it known to a friend to whom I am bound by the sacred ties of gratitude (no more);* the opinion Sylvander may have formed from my unreservedness; and, above all, some secret misgivings that Heaven may not approve, situated as I am—these procured me a sleepless night; and, though at church, I am not at all well.

Sylvander, you saw Clarinda last night, behind the scenes! Now, you 'll be convinced she has faults. If she knows herself, her intention is always good; but she is too often the victim of sensibility, and, hence, is seldom pleased with herself. A rencontre to-day I will relate to you, because it will show you I have my own share of pride. I met with a sister of Lord Napier, at the house of a friend with whom I sat between sermons: I knew who she was, but paid her no other marks of respect than I do to any gentlewoman. She eyed me with minute, supercilious attention, never looking at me when I spoke, but even half interrupted me, before I had done addressing the lady of the house. I felt my face glow with resentment, and consoled myself with the idea of being her superior in every respect but the accidental, the trifling one of birth! I was disgusted at the fawning deference the lady showed her; and when she told me at the door that it was my Lord Napier's sister, I replied, "Is it indeed? by her breeding I should have taken her for the daughter of some upstart tradesman!"

Sylvander, my sentiments as to birth and fortune are truly unfashionable: I despise the persons who pique themselves on either—the former especially. Something may be allowed to bright talents, or even external beauty—these belong to us essentially; but birth in no respect can confer merit, because it is not our own. A person of vulgar, uncultivated mind I would not take to my bosom, in any station; but one possessed of natural genius, improved by education and diligence, such an one I 'd take for my friend, be her extraction ever so mean. These, alone, constitute any real distinction between man and man. Are we not all the offspring of Adam? Have we not one God? one Saviour? one Immortality? I have found but one among all my acquaintance who agreed with me—my Mary, whom I mentioned to you. I am to spend to-morrow with her, if I am better. I like her the more that she likes you.

I intended to resume a little upon your favourite topic, the "Religion of the Bosom." Did you ever imagine that I meant any other? Poor were that religion and unprofitable whose seat is merely in the brain. In most points we seem to agree: only I found all my hopes of pardon and acceptance with Heaven upon the merit of Christ's atonement—whereas you do upon a good life. You think "it helps weel, at least." If anything we could do had been able to atone for the violation of God's Law, where was the need (I speak it with reverence) of such an astonishing Sacrifice? Job was an "upright man." In the dark season of adversity, when other sins were brought to his remembrance, he boasted of his integrity; but no sooner did God reveal Himself to him, than he exclaims, "Behold I am vile, and abhor myself in dust and ashes." Ah! my friend, 'tis pride that hinders us from embracing Jesus! we would be our own Saviour, and scorn to be indebted even to the "Son of the Most High." But this is the only sure foundation of our hopes. It is said by God Himself, "it is to some a stumbling-block: to others foolishness;" but they who believe, feel it to be the "wisdom of God, and the power of God." If my head did not ache, I would continue the subject. I, too, hate controversial religion; but this is the "Religion of the Bosom." My God! Sylvander, why am I so anxious to make you embrace the Gospel? I dare not probe too deep for an answer—let your heart answer: in a word—Benevolence. When I return, I'll finish this. Meantime, adieu! Sylvander, I intended doing you good: if it prove the reverse, I shall never forgive myself. Good night.

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* Probably Lord Craig, her cousin.

TUESDAY, NOON.

Just returned from the Dean, where I dined and supped with fourteen of both sexes: all stupid. My Mary and I alone understood each other. However, we were joyous, and I sung in spite of my cold; but no wit. 'Twould have been pearls before swine literalized. I recollect promising to write you. Sylvander, you'll never find me worse than my word. If you have written me (which I hope), send it to me when convenient, either at nine in the morning or evening. I fear your limb may be worse from staying so late. I have other fears too: guess them! Oh! my friend, I wish ardently to maintain your esteem; rather than forfeit one iota of it, I'd be content never to be wiser than now. Our last interview has raised you very high in mine. I have met with few indeed of your sex who understood delicacy in such circumstances; yet 'tis that only which gives relish to such delightful intercourse. Do you wish to preserve my esteem, Sylvander? do not be proud to Clarinda! She deserves it not. I subscribe to Lord B.'s sentiment to Swift; yet some faults I shall still sigh over, though you style it "reproach" even to hint them. Adieu! You have it much in your power to add to the happiness of

CLARINDA.

No. XIII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

MONDAY EVENING, 11 O'CLOCK, *January* 14.

WHY have I not heard from you, Clarinda? To-day I expected it; and before supper, when a letter to me was announced, my heart danced with rapture: but behold, 'twas some fool, who had taken it into his head to turn poet, and made me an offer of the first-fruits of his nonsense. "It is not poetry, but prose run mad."

Did I ever repeat to you an epigram I made on a Mr. Elphinstone,* who has given a translation of Martial, a famous Latin poet? The poetry of Elphinstone can only equal his prose notes. I was sitting in a merchant's shop of my acquaintance, waiting somebody; he put Elphinstone into my hand, and asked my opinion of it; I begged leave to write it on a blank leaf, which I did.

TO MR. ELPHINSTONE, &c.

"O thou, whom Poesy abhors!
Whom prose has turned out of doors!
Heardst thou yon groan? proceed no further!
'Twas laurel'd Martial roaring murther!"

I am determined to see you, if at all possible, on Saturday evening. Next week I must sing—

"The night is my departing night,
The morn 's the day I maun awa';
There 's neither friend nor foe o' mine,
But wishes that I were awa'!
What I hae done for lack o' wit,
I never, never can reca';
I hope ye 're a' my friends as yet,
Gude night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

If I could see you sooner, I would be so much the happier; but I would not purchase the *dearest gratification* on earth, if it must be at your expense in worldly censure, far less, inward peace!

I shall certainly be ashamed of thus scrawling whole sheets of incoherence. The only *unity* (a sad word with poets and critics!) in my ideas, is CLARINDA. There my heart "reigns and revels."

"What art thou, Love? whence are those charms,
That thus thou bear'st an universal rule?
For thee the soldier quits his arms,
The king turns slave, the wise man fool.
In vain we chase thee from the field,
And with cool thoughts resist the yoke:
Next tide of blood, alas! we yield,
And all those high resolves are broke!"

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* Of this gentleman little more is known than is here stated.

I like to have quotations ready for every occasion. They give one's ideas so pat, and save one the trouble of finding expressions adequate to one's feelings. I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, loves, &c., an embodied form in verse, which, to me, is ever immediate ease. Goldsmith says finely of his Muse—

> "Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe;
> Who found me poor at first, and keep'st me so."

My limb has been so well to-day, that I have gone up and down stairs often without my staff. To-morrow I hope to walk once again on my own legs to dinner. It is only next street. Adieu.

SYLVANDER.

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No. XIV.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

TUESDAY EVENING, *January* 15, 1788.

THAT you have faults, my Clarinda, I never doubted; but I knew not where they existed, and Saturday night made me more in the dark than ever. O Clarinda! why would you wound my soul by hinting that "last night must have lessened my opinion of you!" True, I was "behind the scenes with you;" but what did I see? A bosom glowing with honour and benevolence; a mind ennobled by genius, informed and refined by education and reflection, and exalted by native religion, genuine as in the climes of heaven; a heart formed for all the glorious meltings of friendship, love, and pity. These I saw. I saw the noblest immortal soul creation ever showed me.

I looked long, my dear Clarinda, for your letter; and am vexed that you are complaining. I have not caught you so far wrong as in your idea, that the commerce you have with one friend hurts you, if you cannot tell every tittle of it to another. Why have so injurious a suspicion of a good God, Clarinda, as to think, that Friendship and Love, on the sacred inviolate principles of Truth, Honour, and Religion, can be any thing else than an object of His divine approbation?

I have mentioned, in some of my former scrawls, Saturday evening next. Do allow me to wait on you that evening. Oh, my angel! how soon must we part!—and when can we meet again? I look forward on the horrid interval with tearful eyes! What have I not lost by not knowing you sooner? I fear, I fear my acquaintance with you is too short, to make that lasting impression on your heart I could wish.

SYLVANDER.

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No. XI.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, *Jan.* 16, 1788.

YOUR mother's wish was fully realized. I slept sounder to-night than for weeks past, and I had "a blythe waukening;" for your letter was the first object my eyes opened on. Sylvander, I fancy you and "Vulcan" are intimates: he had lent you a key which opens Clarinda's heart at pleasure—shews you what is there, and enables you to adapt yourself to its every feeling! I believe I shall give over writing you. Your letters are too much! my way is, alas! "hedged in;" but had I, like Sylvander, "the world before me," I should bid him, "if he had a friend that loved me," tell him to WRITE as he does, and "that would woo me." Seriously, you are the first letter-writer I ever knew, and I only wonder how you can be *fashed* with my scrawls. I impute it to partiality.

Either *to-morrow*, or *Friday*, I shall be happy to see you. On *Saturday*, I am not *sure* of being alone, or at home. Say which you'll come? Come to tea if you please; but eight will be an hour less liable to intrusions. I hope you'll *come afoot*, even tho' you take a chair home. A chair is so uncommon a thing in our neighbourhood, it is apt to raise speculation; but they are all asleep by ten. I'm happy to hear of your being able to "*walk*"—even to the next street. You are a consummate flatterer; really my cheeks glow when I read your flights of fancy. I fancy you see I like it, when you peep into the *Repository*. I know none insensible to that "delightful essence." If I grow *affected* or *conceited*, you are alone to blame. Ah! my friend, these are disgusting qualities! but I'm not afraid. I know any merit I have perfectly; but I know *many* sad *counterbalances.*

Your lines of Elphinstone are CLEVER, beyond anything I ever saw of the kind; I know the character—the figure is enough to make one cry *Murder!* He is a complete pedant in language; but are not you and I pedants in something else? Yes, but in far superior things—Love, Friendship, Poesy, Religion! Ah, Sylvander! you have murdered Humility, and I can say thou didst it.

You carry your warmth too far as to Miss Napier (not Nairn); yet I am pleased at it. She is sensible, lively, and well-liked, they say. She was not to know Clarinda was "divine," and therefore kept her distance. She is comely, but a thick bad figure, waddles in her pace, and has rosy cheeks.

Wha is that clumsy damsel there?
"Whisht! it 's the daughter of a Peer.
  Right Honourably Great!"

The daughter of a Peer, I cried,
  It doth not *yet* appear
What we *shall* be (in t'other world),
  God keep us frae this here!
That she has *Blude*, I 'se no dispute,
  I see it in her face;
Her honour's in her *name*, I fear,
  And in nae other place.

I hate myself for being satirical—hate me for it too. I 'll certainly go to Miers to please you, either with Mary or Miss N. Sylvander, some most interesting parts of yours I cannot enter upon at present. I dare not think upon parting—upon *the interval;* but I 'm sure both are wisely order'd for our good. A line in return to tell me which night you 'll be with me—"*lasting impression!*" Your key might have shewn you me better. Say

> "My lover, poet, and my friend,
> What day next month th' Eternity will end?"

When you use your key, don't rummage too much, lest you find I am half as great a fool in the *tender* as yourself. Farewell, Sylvander! I may sign, for I am already sealed, your friend,

CLARINDA.

No. XV.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

SATURDAY MORNING, 19*th Jan.*, 1788.

THERE is no time, my Clarinda, when the conscious thrilling chords of Love and Friendship give such delight as in the pensive hours of what our favourite Thomson calls "philosophic melancholy." The sportive insects, who bask in the sunshine of Prosperity, or the worms that luxuriantly crawl amid their ample wealth of earth; they need no Clarinda—they would despise Sylvander, if they dared. The family of Misfortune, a numerous group of brothers and sisters!—they need a resting-place to their souls. Unnoticed, often condemned by the world—in some degree, perhaps, condemned by themselves—they feel the full enjoyment of ardent love, delicate tender endearments, mutual esteem, and mutual reliance.

In this light I have often admired religion. In proportion as we are wrung with grief, or distracted with anxiety, the ideas of a compassionate Deity, an Almighty Protector, are doubly dear.

> "'Tis this, my Friend, that streaks our morning bright;
> 'Tis this that gilds the horrors of our night."

I have this morning been taking a peep through, as Young finely says, "the dark postern of time long elapsed;" and you will easily guess 'twas a rueful prospect! what a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple: what strength, what proportion in some parts!—what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of mercies, and said, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" I rose eased and strengthened. I despise the superstition of a fanatic; but I love the religion of a man. "The future," said I to myself, "is still before me: there let me

> 'On reason build resolve—
> That column of true majesty in man!'

I have difficulties many to encounter," said I; "but they are not absolutely insuperable:—and where is firmness of mind shown but in exertion? Mere declamation is bombastic rant. Besides, wherever I am, or in whatever situation I may be,

> ''Tis nought to me,
> Since God is ever present, ever felt,
> In the void waste as in the city full;
> And where he vital breathes, there must be joy!'"

SATURDAY NIGHT—*Half after Ten.*

What luxury of bliss I was enjoying this time yesternight! My ever-dearest Clarinda, you have stolen away my soul: but you have refined, you have exalted it: you have given it a stronger sense of virtue, and a stronger relish for piety.—Clarinda, first of your sex! if ever I am the veriest wretch on earth to forget you; if ever your lovely image is effaced from my soul,

> "May I be lost, no eye to weep my end;
> And find no earth that 's base enough to bury me!"

What trifling silliness is the childish fondness of the every-day children of the world! 'Tis the unmeaning toying of the younglings of the fields and forests: but where Sentiment and Fancy unite their sweets; where Taste and Delicacy refine; where Wit adds the flavour, and Good Sense gives strength and spirit to all; what a delicious draught is the hour of tender endearment!—

Beauty and Grace, in the arms of Truth and Honour, in all the luxury of mutual love!

Clarinda, have you ever seen the picture realized? Not in all its very richest colouring, but

"Hope, thou nurse of young Desire,
Fair promiser of Joy."

Last night, Clarinda, but for one slight shade, was the glorious picture—

"Innocence
Look'd gaily smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
Hid young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pour'd her cup luxuriant, mantling high
The sparkling heav'nly vintage—Love and Bliss!"

Clarinda, when a poet and poetess of Nature's making—two of Nature's noblest productions—when they drink together of the same cup of Love and Bliss, attempt not, ye coarser stuff of human nature, profanely to measure enjoyment ye never can know! Good night, my dear Clarinda!

SYLVANDER.

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No. XII.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

Saturday Evening, *Jan.* 19, 1788.

I am wishing, Sylvander, for the power of looking into your heart. It would be but fair, for you have the key of mine. You are possessed of acute discernment. I am not deficient either in that respect. Last night must have shown you Clarinda not "divine," but as she really is. I can't recollect some things I said, without a degree of pain. Nature has been kind to me in several respects; but one essential she has denied me entirely; it is that instantaneous perception of fit and unfit, which is so useful in the conduct of life. No one can discriminate more accurately *afterwards* than Clarinda. But when her heart is so expanded by the influence of kindness, she loses all command of it, and often suffers severely in the recollection of her unguardedness. You must have perceived this; but at any rate, I wish you "to know me as I really am." I would have given much for society to-day; for I can't bear my own: but no human being has come near me. Well as I like you, Sylvander, I would rather lose your love than your esteem: the first I ought not to wish; the other I shall endeavour to maintain. But no more of this: you prohibit it, and I obey.

For many years have I sought for a male friend, endowed with sentiments like yours; one who could love me with tenderness, yet unmixed with selfishness; who could be my friend, companion, protector, and who would die sooner than injure me. I sought—but I sought in vain! Heaven has, I hope, sent me this blessing in my Sylvander! Whatever weakness may cleave to Clarinda, her heart is not to blame: whatever it may have been by nature, it is unsullied by art. If she dare dispose of it—last night can leave you at no loss to guess the man:

Then, dear Sylvander, use it weel,
And row it in your bosom's biel;
Ye 'll find it ay baith kind and leal,
And fu' o' glee;
It wad na wrang the vera deil;
Ah, far less thee!

How do you like this parody on a passage of my favourite poet? It is extempore—from the heart; and let it be *to* the heart. I am to enclose the first fruits of my muse:—

TO A BLACKBIRD SINGING ON A TREE.

Morningside, 1784.

Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy cheerful notes will hush despair;
Thy tuneful warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly thro' my aching heart.
Now choose thy mate and fondly love,
And all the charming transport prove—
Those sweet emotions all enjoy,
Let Love and Song thy hours employ;
Whilst I, a love-lorn exile, live,
And rapture nor receive nor give.
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy cheerful notes will hush despair.

It has no poetic merit, but it bespeaks a sweet feminine mind—such a one as I wish mine to be; but my vivacity deprives me of that softness which is, in my opinion, the first female ornament. It was written to soothe an aching heart. I then laboured under a cruel anguish of soul, which I cannot tell you of. If I ever take a walk to the temple of Hymen, I 'll disclose it; but you and I (were it ever possible) would "fall out by the way."

The lines on the soldier were occasioned by reading a book entitled "Sorrows of the Heart." Miss Nimmo was pleased with them, and sent them to the gentleman. They are not poetry, but they speak what I felt at a survey of so much filial tenderness.

I agree with you in liking quotations. If they are apt, they often give one's ideas more pleasantly than our own language can at all times. I am stupid to-night. I have a soreness at my heart. I conclude, therefore with a verse of Goldsmith, which of late has become an immense favourite of mine ;

> "In Nature's simplest habit clad,
> No wealth nor power had he ;
> Genius and worth were all he had,
> But these were *all* to me."

Good night, "my dear Sylvander," say this (like Werter) to yourself,—Your

CLARINDA.

SUNDAY EVENING.

I would have given much, Sylvander, that you had heard Mr. Kemp this afternoon. You would have heard my principles, and the foundation of all my immortal hopes, elegantly delivered. "Let me live the life of the righteous,* and my latter end be like his," was the text. Who are the righteous? "Those," says Sylvander, "whose minds are actuated and governed by purity, truth, and charity." But where does such a mind exist? "It must be where the soul is made perfect," for I know none such on earth. "The righteous," then, must believe in Christ, and rely on His perfect righteousness for salvation. "Everlasting" life, as you observe, is in the power of all to embrace, and this is eternal life, to "believe in Him whom God hath sent." Purity, truth, and charity will flow from this belief, as naturally as the stream from the fountain. These are indeed the only evidences we can have of the reality of our faith; and they must be produced in a degree ere we can be fit for the enjoyment of Heaven. But where is the man who dare plead these before "Infinite Holiness?" Will inflexible Justice pardon our thousand violations of His laws? Will our imperfect repentance and amendments atone for past guilt? or, will we presume to present our best services (spotted as they are) as worthy of acceptance before unerring Rectitude? I am astonished how any intelligent mind, blessed with a divine revelation, can pause a moment on the subject. "Enter not into judgment with me, O Lord! in Thy sight no flesh can be justified!" This must be the result of every candid mind upon surveying its own deserts. If God had not been pleased to reveal His own Son, as our all-sufficient Saviour, what could we have done but cried for mercy, without any sure hope of obtaining it? But when we have Him clearly announced as our surety, our guide, our blessed advocate with the Father—who, in their senses, ought to hesitate in putting their souls into the hands of this glorious "Prince of Peace?" Without this, we may admire the Creator in His works, but we can never approach Him with the confidential tenderness of children—"I will arise, and go to my Father." This is the blessed language of every one who believes and trusts in Jesus. Oh, Sylvander, who would go on fighting with themselves, resolving and re-resolving, while they can thus fly to their Father's house? But alas! it is not till we tire of these husks of our own, that we recollect that *there*, there is bread enough, and to spare. Whenever the wish is sincerely formed in our hearts, our Heavenly Father will have compassion upon us "though a great way off." This is the "religion of the bosom." I BELIEVE that there will be many of every sect, nation, and people, who will "stand before the throne;" but I believe that it will be the effect of Christ's atonement, conveyed to them by ways too complicated for our finite minds to comprehend. But why should we who know "the way, the truth, and the life" deprive ourselves of the comfort it is fitted to yield? Let my earnest wish for your eternal as well as temporal happiness, excuse the warmth with which I have unfolded what has been my own fixed point of rest. I want no controversy—I hate it; let our only strivings be, who shall be the most constant and attached friend, which of us shall render our conduct most approved to the other. I am well aware how vain it were (vain in every sense of the expression) to hope to sway a mind so intelligent as yours, by any argument I could devise. May that God, who spoke worlds into existence, open your eyes to see "the truth, as it is in Jesus!" Forgive me, Sylvander, if I 've been tedious upon my favourite theme. You know who it was, who could not stop "when his divinity came across him." Even there you see we are congenial.

I 'll tell you a pretty apt quotation I made to-day, warm from my heart. I met the Judges in the morning, as I went into the Parliament Square, among whom was Lord Dreghorn,† in his new robes of purple. He is my mother's cousin-german, the greatest real honour he could ever claim ; but used me in a manner unfeeling, harsh beyond description, at one of the darkest periods of my chequered life. I looked steadfastly in his sour face ; his eye met mine. I was a female, and therefore he stared ; but, when he knew who it was, he averted his eyes suddenly. Instantaneously these lines darted into my mind :

> "Would you the purple should your limbs adorn,
> Go, wash the conscious blemish with a tear."

The man, who enjoys more pleasure in the mercenary embrace of a courtezan, than in relieving the unfortunate, is a detestable character, whatever his bright talents be.

I pity him! Sylvander, all his fortune could not purchase half the luxury of Friday night. Let us be grateful to Heaven, though it has denied us wealth and power, for being endowed with feelings, fitted to yield the most exquisite enjoyments here and hereafter! May I hope you 'll read what I have urged on religion, with attention, Sylvander, when Reason resumes her reign? I 've none of those future delusive hopes which you too vainly express as having towards Clarinda. Do not indulge them; my wishes extend to your immortal welfare. Let your first care be to please God: for that which He delights in must be happiness. I must conclude, or I 'll relapse. I have not a grain of humour to-night in my composition; so, lest "charming Clarinda" should make you yawn, she 'll decently say "good night!"

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* Whatever attention Clarinda paid to the sermon, she had evidently given little to the text, which, it need hardly be said, correctly runs, "Let me *die the death* of the righteous," &c.

† A son of Colin M'Laurin, the well-known mathematician, who was a grand-uncle of Clarinda.

I laugh to myself at the recollection of your earnest asseverations as to your being anti-Platonic! Want of passions is not merit: strong ones under the control of reason and religion—let these be our glory.—Once more good night.

CLARINDA.

No. XVI.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

SUNDAY NIGHT, *January* 20, 1788.

THE impertinence of fools has joined with a return of an old indisposition to make me good for nothing to-day. The paper has lain before me all this evening to write to my dear Clarinda; but—

> "Fools rushed on fools, as waves succeed to waves."

I cursed them in my soul: they sacrilegiously disturbed my meditations on her who holds my heart! What a creature is man! A little alarm last night and to-day that I am mortal, has made such a revolution in my spirits! There is no philosophy, no divinity, comes half so home to the mind. I have no idea of courage that braves Heaven. 'Tis the wild ravings of an imaginary hero in Bedlam. I can no more, Clarinda; I can scarcely hold up my head; but I am happy you don't know it, you would be so uneasy.

SYLVANDER.

MONDAY MORNING.

I am, my lovely friend, much better this morning, on the whole; but I have a horrid languor on my spirits—

> "Sick of the world and all its joy,
> My soul in pining sadness mourns;
> Dark scenes of woe my mind employ,
> The past and present in their turns."

Have you ever met with a saying of the great and likewise good Mr. Locke, author of the famous Essay on the Human Understanding? He wrote a letter to a friend, directing it "Not to be delivered till after my decease." It ended thus—"I know you loved me when living, and will preserve my memory now I am dead. All the use to be made of it is—that this life affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of having done well, and the hopes of another life. Adieu! I leave my best wishes with you.—J. LOCKE."

Clarinda, may I reckon on your friendship for life? I think I may. Thou Almighty Preserver of men! Thy friendship, which hitherto I have too much neglected, to secure it shall all the future days and nights of my life be my steady care! The idea of my Clarinda follows:—

> "Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
> Where, mixed with God's, her loved idea lies."

But I fear inconstancy, the consequent imperfection of human weakness. Shall I meet with a friendship that defies years of absence, and the chances and changes of fortune? Perhaps "such things are." One honest man I have great hopes from that way: but who, except a romance writer, would think on a *love* that could promise for life, in spite of distance, absence, chance, and change; and that, too, with slender hopes of fruition?

For my own part, I can say to myself in both requisitions, "Thou art the man!" I dare, in cool resolve, I dare declare myself that friend and that lover. If womankind is capable of such things, Clarinda is. I trust that she is; and feel I shall be miserable if she is not. There is not one virtue which gives worth, or one sentiment which does honour to the sex, that she does not possess superior to any woman I ever saw: her exalted mind, aided a little perhaps by her situation, is, I think, capable of that nobly romantic love-enthusiasm. May I see you on Wednesday evening, my dear angel? The next Wednesday again will, I conjecture, be a hated day to us both. I tremble for censorious remarks for your sake; but in extraordinary cases, may not usual and useful precaution be a little dispensed with? Three evenings, three swift-winged evenings, with pinions of down, are all the past—I dare not calculate the future. I shall call at Miss Nimmo's to-morrow evening; 'twill be a farewell call.

I have wrote out my last sheet of paper, so I am reduced to my last half-sheet. What a strange, mysterious faculty is that thing called imagination! We have no ideas almost at all of another world; but I have often amused myself with visionary schemes of what happiness might be enjoyed by small alterations—alterations that we can fully enter to, in this present state of existence. For instance, suppose you and I just as we are at present, the same reasoning powers, sentiments, and even desires; the same fond curiosity for knowledge and remarking observation in our minds; and imagine our bodies free from pain, and the necessary supplies for the wants of nature at all times and easily within our reach; imagine farther, that we were set free from the laws of gravitation which bind us to this globe, and could at pleasure fly, without inconvenience, through all the yet unconjectured bounds of creation—what a life of bliss should we lead in our mutual pursuit of virtue and knowledge, and our mutual enjoyment of friendship and love!

I see you laughing at my fairy fancies, and calling me a voluptuous Mahometan; but I am certain I would be a happy creature, beyond anything we call bliss here below: nay, it would be a paradise congenial to you too. Don't you see us hand in hand, or rather my arm about your lovely waist, making our remarks on Sirius, the nearest of the fixed stars, or surveying a comet, flaming innoxious by us, as we just now would mark the passing pomp of a travelling monarch; or in a shady bower of Mercury or Venus, dedicating the hour to love, in mutual converse, relying honour, and revelling endearment—whilst the most exalted strains of poesy and harmony would be the ready, spontaneous language of our souls! Devotion is the favourite employment of your heart, so it is of mine: what incentives then to, and powers for reverence, gratitude, faith, and hope, in all the fervours of adoration and praise to that Being whose unsearchable wisdom, power, and goodness, so pervaded, so inspired every sense and feeling! By this time, I dare say, you will be blessing the neglect of the maid that leaves me destitute of paper.

SYLVANDER.

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No. XVII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

January, 21, 1788.

. . . I am a discontented ghost, a perturbed spirit. Clarinda, if ever you forget Sylvander, may you be happy, but he will be miserable.

O, what a fool I am in love! what an extraordinary prodigal of affection! Why are your sex called the tender sex, when I never have met with one who can repay me in passion? They are either not so rich in love as I am, or they are niggards where I am lavish.

O Thou, whose I am, and whose are all my ways! Thou see'st me here, the hapless wreck of tides and tempests in my own bosom: do Thou direct to Thyself that ardent love, for which I have so often sought a return, in vain, from my fellow-creatures! If Thy goodness has yet such a gift in store for me, as an equal return of affection from her who, Thou knowest, is dearer to me than life, do Thou bless and hallow our bond of love and friendship; watch over us, in all our outgoings and incomings, for good; and may the tie that unites our hearts be strong and indissoluble as the thread of man's immortal life!

I am just going to take your Blackbird, the sweetest, I am sure, that ever sung, and prune its wings a little.

SYLVANDER.

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No. XVIII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Thursday Morning, *Jan.* 24, 1788.

"Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain."

I have been tasking my reason, Clarinda, why a woman, who, for native genius, poignant wit, strength of mind, generous sincerity of soul, and the sweetest female tenderness, is without a peer; and whose personal charms have few, very few, parallels among her sex; why or how she should fall to the blessed lot of a poor harum-scarum poet, whom Fortune had kept for her particular use, to wreak her temper on whenever she was in ill-humour.

One time I conjectured, that as Fortune is the most capricious jade ever known, she may have taken, not a fit of remorse, but a paroxysm of whim, to raise the poor devil out of the mire, where he had so often and so conveniently served her as a stepping-stone, and given him the most glorious boon she ever had in her gift, merely for the maggot's sake, to see how his fool head and his fool heart will bear it.

At other times, I was vain enough to think that Nature, who has a great deal to say with Fortune, had given the coquettish goddess some such hint as—"Here is a paragon of female excellence, whose equal, in all my former compositions, I never was lucky enough to hit on, and despair of ever doing so again: you have cast her rather in the shades of life. There is a certain poet of my making: among your frolics, it would not be amiss to attach him to this masterpiece of my hand, to give her that immortality among mankind, which no woman of any age ever more deserved, and which few rhymsters of this age are better able to confer."

Evening, Nine o'clock.

I am here—absolutely unfit to finish my letter - pretty hearty, after a bowl which has been constantly plied since dinner till this moment. I have been with Mr. Schetki, the musician, and he has set the song finely.* I have no distinct ideas of anything, but that I have drunk your health twice to-night, and that you are all my soul holds dear in this world.

SYLVANDER.

No. XIII.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

THURSDAY FORENOON, *Jan.* 24, 1788.

SYLVANDER, the moment I waked this morning, I received a summons from Conscience to appear at the Bar of Reason. While I trembled before this sacred throne, I beheld a succession of figures pass before me in awful brightness! Religion, clad in a robe of light, stalked majestically along, her hair dishevelled, and in her hand the Scriptures of Truth, held open at these words—"If you love me, keep my commandments." Reputation followed; her eyes darted indignation, while she waved a beautiful wreath of laurel, intermixed with flowers gathered by Modesty in the Bower of Peace. Consideration held her bright mirror close to my eyes, and made me start at my own image! Love alone appeared as counsel in my behalf. She was adorned with a veil, borrowed from Friendship, which hid her defects, and set off her beauties to advantage. She had no plea to offer, but that of being the sister of Friendship, and the offspring of Charity. But Reason refused to listen to her defence, because she brought no certificate from the Temple of Hymen! While I trembled before her, Reason addressed me in the following manner:—"Return to my paths, which alone are peace; shut your heart against the fascinating intrusion of the passions; take Consideration for your guide, and you will soon arrive at the Bower of Tranquillity."

Sylvander, to drop my metaphor, I am neither well nor happy to-day: my heart reproaches me for last night. If you wish Clarinda to regain her peace, determine against everything but what the strictest delicacy warrants.

I do not blame you, but myself. I must not see you on Saturday, unless I find I can depend on myself acting otherwise. Delicacy, you know, it was which won me to you at once: take care you do not loosen the dearest, most sacred tie that unites us? Remember Clarinda's present and eternal happiness depends upon her adherence to Virtue. Happy Sylvander! that can be attached to Heaven and Clarinda together. Alas! I feel I cannot serve two masters. God pity me!!

THURSDAY NIGHT.

Why have I not heard from you Sylvander? Everything in nature seems tinged with gloom to-day. Ah! Sylvander—

> "The heart 's aye the part aye
> That maks us right or wrang!"

How forcibly have these lines recurred to my thoughts! Did I not tell you what a wretch love rendered me? Affection to the strongest height I am capable of, to a man of Sylvander's merit, if it did not lead me into weaknesses and follies my heart utterly condemns. I am convinced that without the approbation of Heaven and my own mind, existence would be to me a heavy curse. Sylvander, why do not your Clarinda's repeated levities cure the too passionate fondness you express for her? Perhaps it has a little removed esteem. But I dare not touch this string; it would fill up the cup of my present misery. O Sylvander, may the friendship of that God you and I have too much neglected to secure, be henceforth our chief study and delight. I cannot live deprived of the consciousness of this favour. I feel something of this awful state all this day. Nay, while I approached God with my lips, my heart was not fully there.

Mr. Locke's posthumous letter ought to be written in letters of gold. What heartfelt joy does the consciousness of having done well in any one instance confer; and what agony the reverse! Do not be displeased when I tell you I wish our parting was over. At a distance we shall retain the same heartfelt affection and interestedness in each other's concerns; but absence will mellow and restrain those violent heart-agitations which, if continued much longer, would unhinge my very soul, and render me unfit for the duties of life.

You and I are capable of that ardency of love for which the wide creation cannot afford an adequate object. Let us seek to repose it in the bosom of our God. Let us next give a place to those dearest on earth—the tender charities of parent, sister, child! I bid you good-night with this short prayer of Thomson's—

> "Father of Light and Life, thou good Supreme!
> Oh teach us what is good—teach us Thyself!
> Save us from folly, vanity, and vice," &c.

Your letter—I should have liked had it contained a little of the last one's seriousness. Bless me! you must not flatter so; but it 's in a "merry mood," and I make allowances. Part of some of your encomiums, I know I deserve; but you are far out when you enumerate "strength of mind" among them. I have not even an ordinary share of it—every passion does what it will with me; and all my life, I have been guided by the impulse of the moment—unsteady, and weak! I thank you for the letter, though it sticket my prayer. Why did you tell me you drank away Reason, "that Heaven-lighted lamp in man?" When Sylvander utters a calm, sober sentiment, he is never half so charming. I have read several of these in your last letter with vast pleasure. Good night!

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* "Clarinda, mistress of my soul," &c., vol. i. p. 134.

FRIDAY MORNING.

My servant (who is a good soul) will deliver you this. She is going down to Leith, and will return about two or three o'clock. I have ordered her to call then, in case you have ought to say to Clarinda to-day. I am better of that sickness at heart I had yesterday; but there 's a sting remains, which will not be removed till I am at peace with Heaven and myself. Another interview, spent as we ought, will help to procure this. A day when the sun shines gloriously always makes me devout! I hope 'tis an earnest (to-day) of being soon restored to the "light of His countenance," who is the source of love and standard of perfection. Adieu!

CLARINDA.

No. XIX.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

FRIDAY, *January* 25, 1788.

CLARINDA, my life, you have wounded my soul. Can I think of your being unhappy, even though it be not described in your pathetic elegance of language, without being miserable? Clarinda, can I bear to be told from you that "you will not see me to-morrow night—that you wish the hour of parting were come?" Do not let us impose on ourselves by sounds. If, in the moment of fond endearment and tender dalliance, I perhaps trespassed against the *letter* of Decorum's law, I appeal, even to you, whether I ever sinned, in the very least degree, against the *spirit* of her strictest statute? But why, my love, talk to me in such strong terms; every word of which cuts me to the very soul? You know, a hint, the slightest signification of your wish, is to me a sacred command.

Be reconciled, my angel, to your God, yourself, and me; and I pledge you Sylvander's honour—an oath, I dare say, you will trust without reserve—that you shall never more have reason to complain of his conduct. Nay, my love, do not wound our next meeting with any averted looks or restrained caresses. I have marked the line of conduct—a line, I know, exactly to your taste—and which I will inviolably keep; but do not you shew the least inclination to make boundaries. Seeming distrust, where you know you may confide, is a cruel sin against sensibility.

"Delicacy, you know, it was which won me to you at once: take care you do not loosen the dearest, most sacred tie that unites us." Clarinda, I would not have stung *your* soul, I would not have bruised *your* spirit, as that harsh, crucifying "Take care," did *mine;* no, not to have gained heaven! Let me again appeal to your dear self, if Sylvander, even when he seemingly half transgressed the laws of decorum, if he did not shew more chastened, trembling, faltering delicacy, than the many of the world do in keeping these laws?

O Love and Sensibility, ye have conspired against my Peace! I love to madness, and I feel to torture! Clarinda, how can I forgive myself, that I have ever touched a single chord in your bosom with pain! Would I do it willingly? Would any consideration, any gratification, make me do so? Oh, did you love like me, you would not, you could not, deny or put off a meeting with the man who adores you; who would die a thousand deaths before he would injure you; and who must soon bid you a long farewell!

I had proposed bringing my bosom-friend, Mr. Ainslie, to-morrow evening, at his strong request, to see you; as he has only time to stay with us about ten minutes, for an engagement. But I shall hear from you: this afternoon, for mercy's sake! for, till I hear from you, I am wretched. Oh Clarinda, the tie that binds me to thee is intwisted—incorporated with my dearest threads of life!

SYLVANDER.

No. XX.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

SATURDAY, *January* 26, 1788.

I WAS on the way, *my Love*, to meet you (I never do things by halves) when I got your card. Mr. Ainslie goes out of town to-morrow morning to see a brother of his, who is newly arrived from France. I am determined that he and I shall call on you together. So look you, lest I should never see to-morrow, we will call on you to-night. Mary and you may put off tea till about seven, at which time, in the Galloway phrase, "an the beast be to the fore, and the branks bide hale," expect the humblest of your humble servants, and his dearest friend. We propose staying only half an hour—"for ought we ken." I could suffer the lash of misery eleven months in the year, were the twelfth to be composed of hours like yesternight. You are the soul of my enjoyment—all else is of the stuff of stocks and stones!

SYLVANDER.

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No. XXI.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Sunday, *January* 27, 1788.

I have almost given up the Excise idea. I have been just now to wait on a great person, Miss ——'s friend, ——. Why will great people not only deafen us with the din of their equipage, and dazzle us with their fastidious pomp, but they must also be so very dictatorially wise? I have been questioned like a child about my matters, and blamed and schooled for my inscription on Stirling window. Come, Clarinda! "Come, curse me Jacob; come, defy me Israel!"

Sunday Night.

I have been with Miss Nimmo. She is indeed "a good soul," as my Clarinda finely says. She has reconciled me, in a good measure, to the world with her friendly prattle.

Schetki has sent me the song, set to a fine air of his composing. I have called the song "Clarinda:" I have carried it about in my pocket, and hummed it over all day.

Monday Morning.

If my prayers have any weight in heaven, this morning looks in on you and finds you in the arms of peace, except where it is charmingly interrupted by the ardours of devotion. I find so much serenity of mind, so much positive pleasure, so much fearless daring toward the world, when I warm in devotion, or feel the glorious sensation—a consciousness of Almighty friendship—that I am sure I shall soon be an honest enthusiast.

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence!"

I am, my dear Madam, yours,

SYLVANDER.

No. XIV.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

Sunday, 8 Evening, 27*th January*, 1788.

Sylvander, when I think of you as my *dearest* and most attached *friend*, I am highly pleased; but when you come across my mind as my *lover*, something within gives a *sting* resembling that of guilt! Tell me why is this? It must be from the idea that I am another's. What? another's wife! O cruel Fate! I am indeed bound in an "iron chain!" Forgive me, if this should give you pain. You know I must (I told you I *must*) tell you my genuine feelings, or be silent. Last night we were happy! beyond what the bulk of mankind can conceive! Perhaps the "line" you had marked was a *little* infringed—it was really; but, though I *disapprove*, I have not been *unhappy* about it. I am convinced no less of your *discernment* than of your *wish* to make your Clarinda happy. I know you *sincere*, when you profess horror at the idea of what would render her miserable forever. But we must *guard* against going to the *verge* of danger. Ah! my friend, much need had we to "watch and pray!" May these benevolent spirits whose office it is to "save the fall of Virtue, struggling on the brink of vice," be ever present to protect and guide us in right paths!

I had an hour's conversation to-day with my worthy friend Mr. K——p.[*] You'll attribute, perhaps to *this*, the above sentiments. 'Tis true, there's not one on earth has so much influence on me, except Sylvander; *partly* it has forced me to "feel along the mental intelligence." However, I've broke the ice. I confessed I had conceived a tender impression of late—that it was mutual, and that I had wished to unbosom myself to him (as I did), particularly to ask if he thought I should, or not, mention it to my *friend?*[†] I saw he felt for me (for I was in tears); but he bewailed that I had given my *heart*, while in my present state of bondage—wished I had made it friendship *only*—in short, talked to me in the style of a tender Parent, *anxious* for my happiness. He disapproves altogether of my saying a syllable of the matter to my friend; says it could only make him uneasy; and that I'm in no way bound to do it by any one tie. This has eased me of a *load* which has lain upon my mind ever since our intimacy. Sylvander, I wish you and Mr. K——p were acquainted—such worth and sensibility! If you had his piety and sobriety of manners, united to the shining abilities you possess, you'd be "a faultless monster which the world ne'er saw." He too has great talents. His imagination is rich, his feelings delicate, his discernment acute; yet there are *shades* in his, as in all characters: but these it would ill become Clarinda to point out. Alas! I know too many blots in my own!

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[*] The Rev. John Kemp, minister of Tolbooth parish church.

[†] Lord Craig, her cousin, who in various ways had befriended her.

Sylvander, I believe nothing were a more impracticable task than to make you feel a little of genuine Gospel *humility!* Believe me, I wish not to see you deprived of that noble fire of an exalted mind which you eminently possess. Yet a sense of your faults—a *feeling* sense of them! were devoutly to be wished. Tell me, did you ever, or how oft have you smote on your breast, and cried "God be merciful to me a sinner?" I fancy, once or twice, when suffering from the effects of your errors. Pardon me if I be hurting your "intrinsic dignity;" it need not—even "divine Clarinda" has been in this *mortal* predicament.

Pray, what does Mr. Ainslie think of her! was he not astonished to find her merely human? Three weeks ago, I suppose you would have walked into her presence *unshod;* but one must *bury* even divinities when they discover symptoms of mortality! (Let *these* be interred in Sylvander's bosom!)

My dearest friend, there are two wishes uppermost in my heart; to see you think alike with Clarinda on religion; and to see you settled in some creditable line of business. The warm interest I take in both these is perhaps the best proof of the sincerity of my friendship, as well as the earnest of its duration. As to the first, I devolve it over into the hands of the Omniscient! May He raise up friends who will effectuate the other! While I breathe these fervent wishes, think not that anything but pure *disinterested* regard prompts them. They're fond, but chimerical ideas. They are never indulged but in the hour of tender endearment, when

> "Innocence
> Looks gaily smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
> Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
> And pours her cup luxuriant, mantling high
> The sparkling heavenly vintage—Love and Bliss!"

'Tis past ten; and I please myself with thinking Sylvander will be about to retire, and write to Clarinda. I fancy you'll find this *stupid* enough; but I can't be always bright; the *sun* will be *sometimes* under a cloud. Sylvander, I wish our kind feelings were more moderate; why set one's heart upon *impossibilities?* Try me merely as your friend (alas! all I ought to be): believe me, you'll find me most rational. If you'd caress the "mental intelligence" as you do the corporeal frame, indeed, Sylvander, you'd make me a philosopher. I see you fidgetting at this *violently* blasting rationality. I have a headache which brings home those things to the mind. To-morrow I'll hear from you, I hope! This is Sunday, and not a word on our favourite subject. O fy! "divine Clarinda." I intend giving you *my* idea of Heaven in opposition to your heathenish description (which, by the by, was elegantly drawn). Mine shall be founded on Reason and supported by Scripture; but it's too late; my head aches, but my heart is affectionately yours.

MONDAY MORNING.

I am not sorry almost at the Excise affair misgiving. You will be better out of Edinburgh: it is full of temptation to one of your social turn. Providence (if you be wise in future) will order something better for you. I'm half-glad you were schooled about the Inscription; 'twill be a lesson, I hope, in future. Clarinda would have lectured you on it before, "if she durst." Miss N. is a woman after my own heart. You are reconciled to the world by her "friendly prattle!" How can you talk so diminutively of the conversation of a woman of solid sense? what will you say of Clarinda's chit chat? I suppose you will give it a still more insignificant term if you durst; but it is mixed with *something* that makes it more bearable, were it even weaker than it is. Miss N. is right in both her conjectures. Ah, Sylvander! my peace *must* suffer; yours cannot. *You* think, in loving Clarinda, you are doing right; all Sylvander's eloquence cannot convince me that it is so! If I were but at liberty—Oh how I would indulge in all the luxury of *innocent* love! It is, I fear, I fear, too late to talk in this strain after indulging you and myself so much; but would Sylvander shelter his Love in Friendship's *allowed* garb, Clarinda would be much happier!

"To-morrow," did'st thou say? The time is short *now;* is it not *too* frequent? Do not sweetest dainties cloy soonest? Take your chance—come half-past eight. If anything particular occur to render it improper *to-morrow*, I'll send you word, and name another evening. Mr. Kemp is to call to-night, I believe. *He* too "trembles for my peace." Two such worthies to be interested about my foolish ladyship! The Apostle Paul, with all his rhetoric, would not reconcile me to the *great* (little souls) when I think of them and Sylvander together; but I *pity* them.

> "If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
> With any wish so *mean*, as to be great,
> Continue, Heaven, far from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I'd love."

Till we meet, my dear Sylvander, adieu!

CLARINDA.

* * *

No. XXII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

TUESDAY MORNING, 29*th January*, 1788.

I CANNOT go out to-day, my dearest love, without sending you half a line by way of a sin-offering; but, believe me 'twas the sin of ignorance. Could you think that I *intended* to hurt you by anything I said yesternight? Nature has been too kind to you for your happiness, your delicacy, your sensibility. Oh why should such glorious qualifications be the fruitful source of woe! You have "murdered sleep" to me last night. I went to bed impressed with an idea that you were unhappy; and every start I closed my eyes, busy Fancy painted you in such scenes of romantic misery, that I would almost be persuaded you are not well this morning.

> "If I unwitting have offended,
> Impute it not, ...
> But while we live
> But one short hour, perhaps, between us two
> Let there be peace."

If Mary is not gone by the time this reaches you, give her my best compliments. She is a charming girl, and highly worthy of the noblest love.

I send you a poem to read till I call on you this night, which will be about nine. I wish I could procure some potent spell, some fairy charm, that would protect from injury, or restore to rest that bosom chord, "trembling alive all o'er," on which hangs your peace of mind. I thought, vainly I fear I thought, that the devotion of love, love strong as even you can feel, love guarded, invulnerably guarded by all the purity of virtue, and all the pride of honour—I thought such a love might make you happy. Shall I be mistaken? I can no more, for hurry.

SYLVANDER.

No. XV.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

THURSDAY, NOON, *Jan.* 31, 1788.

I HAVE been giving Mary a convoy; the day is a genial one. Mary is a happy woman to-day. Mrs. Cockburn has seen her "Henry," and admired it vastly. She talked of you, told her she saw you, and that her lines even met your applause. Sylvander, I share in the joy of every one; and am ready to "weep with those who weep," as well as "rejoice with those who rejoice." I wish all the human race well, my heart throbs with the large ambitious wish to see them blest; yet I seem sometimes as if born to inflict misery. What a cordial evening we had last night! I only tremble at the ardent manner Mary talks of Sylvander! She knows where his affections lie, and is quite unconscious of the eagerness of her expressions. All night I could get no sleep for her admiration. I like her for it, and am proud of it; but I know how much violent admiration is akin to love.

I go out to dinner, and mean to leave this, in case of one from you to-day. Miss Chalmers's letters are charming. Why did not such a woman secure your heart? O the caprice of human nature! to fix on impossibilities.

I am, however, happy you have such valuable friends. What a pity that those who will be most apt to feel your merit, will be probably among the number who have not the power of serving you! Sylvander, I never was ambitious; but of late I have wished for wealth, with an ardour unfelt before, to be able to say, "Be independent, thou dear friend of my heart!" What exquisite joy! Then "your head would be lifted up above your enemies." Oh, then, what little shuffling, sneaking attentions! Shame upon the world! Wealth and power command its adulation, while real genius and worth, without these, are neglected and contemned.

> "In nature's simplest habit clad,
> No wealth nor power had he;
> Genius and worth were all he had,
> And these were all to me."

Forgive my quoting my most favourite lines. You spoke of being here to-morrow evening. I believe you would be the first to tire of our society; but I tremble for censorious remarks: however, we must be sober in our hours. I am flat to-day—so adieu! I was not so cheerful last night as I wished. Forgive me. I am yours,

CLARINDA.

No. XXIII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

FRIDAY MORNING, 7 O'CLOCK, *Feb.* 1, 1788.

YOUR fears for Mary are truly laughable. I suppose, my love, you and I showed her a scene which, perhaps, made her wish that she had a swain, and one who could love like me; and 'tis a thousand pities that so good a heart as hers should want an aim, an object. I am miserably stupid this morning. Yesterday I dined with a Baronet, and sat pretty late over the bottle. And "who hath woe; who hath sorrow? they that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." Forgive me, likewise, a quotation from my favourite author. Solomon's knowledge of the world is very great. He may be looked on as the "Spectator" or "Adventurer" of his day: and it is, indeed, surprising what a sameness has ever been in human nature. The broken, but strongly characterizing hints, that the royal author gives us of the manners of the court of Jerusalem and country of Israel are, in their great outlines, the same pictures that London and England, Versailles and France, exhibit some three thousand years later. The loves in the "Song of Songs" are all in the spirit of Lady M. W. Montague, or Madame Ninon de l'Enclos; though, for my part, I dislike both the ancient and modern voluptuaries; and will dare to affirm, that such an attachment as mine to Clarinda, and such evenings as she and I have spent, are what these greatly respectable and deeply experienced Judges of Life and Love never dreamed of.

I shall be with you this evening between eight and nine, and shall keep as sober hours as you could wish. I am ever, my dear Madam, yours,

SYLVANDER.

* * *

No. XXIV.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

SUNDAY MORNING, *Feb.* 3, 1788.

I HAVE just been before the throne of my God, Clarinda. According to my association of ideas, my sentiments of love and friendship, I next devote myself to you. Yesternight I was happy—happiness "that the world cannot give." I kindle at the recollection; but it is a flame where "Innocence looks smiling on," and Honour stands by, a sacred guard. Your heart, your fondest wishes, your dearest thoughts, these are yours to bestow: your person is unapproachable, by the laws of your country; and he loves not as I do who would make you miserable.

You are an angel, Clarinda: you are surely no mortal that "the earth owns." To kiss your hand, to live on your smile, is to me far more exquisite bliss than any the dearest favours that the fairest of the sex, yourself excepted, can bestow.

SUNDAY EVENING.

You are the constant companion of my thoughts. How wretched is the condition of one who is haunted with conscious guilt, and trembling under the idea of dreaded vengeance! And what a placid calm, what a charming secret enjoyment is given to one's bosom by the kind feelings of friendship, and the fond throes of love! Out upon the tempest of Anger, the acrimonious gall of fretful Impatience, the sullen frost of lowering Resentment, or the corroding poison of withered Envy! They eat up the immortal part of man! If they spent their fury only on the unfortunate objects of them, it would be something in their favour; but these miserable passions, like traitor Iscariot, betray their lord and master.

Thou Almighty Author of peace, and goodness and love! do Thou give me the social heart that kindly tastes of every man's cup! Is it a draught of joy? warm and open my heart to share it with cordial, unenvying rejoicing! Is it the bitter potion of sorrow? melt my heart with sincerely sympathetic woe! Above all, do Thou give me the manly mind, that resolutely exemplifies in life and manners those sentiments which I would wish to be thought to possess! The friend of my soul—there may I never deviate from the firmest fidelity, and most active kindness! Clarinda, the dear object of my fondest love; there, may the most sacred, inviolate honour, the most faithful, kindling constancy, ever watch and animate my every thought and imagination!

Did you ever meet with the following lines spoken of Religion, your darling topic?

> "'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright;
> 'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night!
> When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,
> When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
> 'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
> Disarms Affliction, or repels its dart;
> Within the breast bids purest rapture rise,
> Bids smiling Conscience spread her cloudless skies."

I met with these verses very early in life, and was so delighted with them that I have them by me, copied at school.

Good night, and sound rest, my dearest Clarinda!

SYLVANDER.

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No. XVI.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, *Nine*, *Feb.* 6, 1788.

THERE is not a sentiment in your last dear letter but must meet the approbation of every worthy discerning mind—except one, "that my heart, my fondest wishes are mine to bestow." True they are not, they cannot be, placed upon him who ought to have had them, but whose conduct (I dare not say more against him) has justly forfeited them. But is it not too near an infringement of the sacred obligations of marriage to bestow one's heart, wishes, and thoughts upon another? Something in my soul whispers that it approaches criminality. I obey the voice. Let me cast every kind feeling into the allowed bond of Friendship. If 'tis accompanied with a shadow of a softer feeling, it shall be poured into the bosom of a merciful God! If a confession of my warmest, tenderest friendship does not satisfy you, duty forbids Clarinda should do more! Sylvander, I never expect to be happy here below! Why was I formed so susceptible of emotions I dare not indulge? Never were there two hearts formed so exactly alike as ours! No wonder our friendship is heightened by the "sympathetic glow." In reading your Life, I find the very first poems that hit your fancy, were those that first engaged mine. While almost a child, the hymn you mentioned, and another of Addison's, "When all thy mercies," &c., were my chief favourites. They are much so to this hour: and I make my boys repeat them every Sabbath day. When about fifteen, I took a great fondness for Pope's "Messiah," which I still reckon one of the sublimest pieces I ever met with.

Sylvander, I believe our friendship will be lasting; its basis has been virtue, similarity of tastes, feelings, and sentiments. Alas! I shudder at the idea of one hundred miles distance. You 'll hardly write me once a month, and other objects will weaken your affection for Clarinda! Yet I cannot believe so. Oh, let the scenes of Nature remind you of Clarinda! In Winter, remember the dark shades of her fate; in Summer, the warmth, the cordial warmth of her friendship; in Autumn, her glowing wishes to bestow plenty on all; and let Spring animate you with hopes, that your friend may live to surmount the wintry blasts of life, and revive to taste a springtime of happiness! At all events, Sylvander, the storms of life "will quickly pass, and one unbounded Spring encircle all." There, Sylvander, I trust we 'll meet. Love *there* is not a crime. I charge you to meet me there. O God! I must lay down my pen.

I repent, almost, flattering your writing talents so much: I can see you know all the merit you possess. The allusion of "the key" is true;* therefore I won't recant it; but I rather was too humble about my own letters, I have met with several who wrote worse than myself, and few, of my own sex, better; so I don't give you great credit for being fashed with them.

Sylvander, I have things with different friends I can't tell to another, yet am not hurt; but I told you of that particular friend: he was, for near four years, the one I confided in. He is very worthy, and answers your description in the "Epistle to J. S." exactly. When I had hardly a friend to care for me in Edinburgh, he befriended me. I saw, too soon, 'twas with him a warmer feeling: perhaps a little infection was the natural effect. I told you the circumstance which helped to eradicate the tender impression in me; but I perceive (though he never tells me so) I see it in every instance, *his* prepossession still remains. I esteem him as a faithful friend; but I can never feel more for him. I fear he 's not convinced of that. He sees no man with me half so often as himself, and thinks I surely am at least partial to no other. I cannot bear to deceive one in so tender a point, and am hurt at his harbouring an attachment I can never return. I have thoughts of owning my intimacy with Sylvander, but a thousand things forbid it. I should be tortured with Jealousy, that "green-eyed monster;" and besides I fear 'twould wound his peace. 'Tis a delicate affair. I wish your judgment on it. O Sylvander, I cannot bear to give pain to any creature, far less to one who pays me the attention of a brother!

I never met with a man congenial, perfectly congenial to myself, but *one*—ask no questions. Is Friday to be the last night? I wish, Sylvander, you 'd steal away—I cannot bear farewell! I can hardly relish the idea of meeting—for the idea! but we will meet again, at least in Heaven, I hope. Sylvander, when I survey myself, my returning weaknesses, I am consoled that my hopes, my immortal hopes, are founded in the complete righteousness of a compassionate Saviour. "In all our afflictions He is afflicted, and the Angel of His Presence guards us."

I am charmed with the lines on Religion, and with you for relishing them. I only wish the world saw you as you appear in your letters to me. Why did you send forth to them the "Holy Fair," &c.? Had Clarinda known you, she would have held you in her arms till she had your promise to suppress them. Do not publish the "Moor-hen:" do not for your sake, and for mine. I wish you vastly to hear my valued friend, Mr. Kemp. Come to hear him on Sunday afternoon. 'Tis the first favour I have asked you: I expect you will not refuse me. You 'll easily get a seat. Your favourite, Mr. Gould, I admired much. His composition is elegant indeed; but 'tis like beholding a beautiful superstructure built on a sandy foundation: 'tis fine to look upon; but one dares not abide in it with safety. Mr. Kemp's language is very good—perhaps not such studied periods as Mr. G.'s; but he is far more animated. He is pathetic in a degree that touches one's soul! and then, 'tis all built upon a rock.

I could chide you for the Parting Song.† You "may reca'," by being wise in future, "your friend as yet." I will be your friend for ever! Good night! God bless you! prays

CLARINDA.

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* See Clarinda's Letters of 16th and 19th January.

† "Clarinda, mistress of my soul," &c. See vol. i. p. 134.

THURSDAY, NOON.

I shall go to-morrow forenoon to Miers alone: 'tis quite a usual thing I hear. Mary is not in town, and I don't care to ask Miss Nimmo, or any body else. What size do you want it about? O Sylvander, if you wish my peace, let *Friendship* be the word between us: I tremble at more. "Talk not of Love," &c. To-morrow I 'll expect you. Adieu!

CLARINDA.

No. XXV.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

THURSDAY NIGHT, *Feb.* 7, 1788.

I CANNOT be easy, my Clarinda, while any sentiment respecting me in your bosom gives you pain. If there is no man on earth to whom your heart and affections are justly due, it may savour of imprudence, but never of criminality, to bestow that heart and those affections where you please. The God of love meant and made those delicious attachments to be bestowed on somebody; and even all the imprudence lies in bestowing them on an unworthy object. If this reasoning is conclusive, as it certainly is, I must be allowed to "talk of Love."

It is, perhaps, rather wrong to speak highly to a friend of his letter; it is apt to lay one under a little restraint in their future letters, and restraint is the death of a friendly epistle; but there is one passage in your last charming letter, Thomson nor Shenstone never exceeded it, nor often came up to it. I shall certainly steal it, and set it in some future poetic production, and get immortal fame by it. 'Tis when you bid the scenes of nature remind me of Clarinda. Can I forget you, Clarinda? I would detest myself as a tasteless, unfeeling, insipid, infamous blockhead! I have loved women of ordinary merit, whom I could have loved for ever. You are the first, the only unexceptionable individual of the beauteous sex that I ever met with; and never woman more entirely possessed my soul. I know myself, and how far I can depend on passions, well. It has been my peculiar study.

I thank you for going to Miers. Urge him, for necessity calls, to have it done by the middle of next week: Wednesday the latest day. I want it for a breast-pin, to wear next my heart. I propose to keep sacred set times, to wander in the woods and wilds for meditation on you. Then, and only then, your lovely image shall be produced to the day, with a reverence akin to devotion.

. . . .

To-morrow night shall not be the last. Good night! I am perfectly stupid, as I supped late yesternight.

SYLVANDER.

No. XXVI.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

WEDNESDAY, *February* 13, 1788.

MY EVER DEAREST CLARINDA—I make a numerous dinner-party wait me while I read yours and write this. Do not require that I should cease to love you, to adore you in my soul; 'tis to me impossible: your peace and happiness are to me dearer than my soul. Name the terms on which you wish to see me, to correspond with me, and you have them. I must love, pine, mourn, and adore in secret: this you must not deny me. You will ever be to me—

> "Dear as the light that visits those sad eyes.
> Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart."

I have not patience to read the Puritanic scrawl. Damned sophistry. Ye heavens, thou God of nature, thou Redeemer of mankind! ye look down with approving eyes on a passion inspired by the purest flame, and guarded by truth, delicacy, and honour; but the half inch soul of an unfeeling, cold-blooded, pitiful Presbyterian bigot cannot forgive anything above his dungeon-bosom and foggy head.

Farewell! I 'll be with you to-morrow evening; and be at rest in your mind. I will be yours in the way you think most to your happiness. I dare not proceed. I love, and will love you; and will, with joyous confidence, approach the throne of the Almighty Judge of men with your dear idea; and will despise the scum of sentiment, and the mist of sophistry.

SYLVANDER.

No. XXVII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

WEDNESDAY, MIDNIGHT, *Feb.* 13, 1788.

MADAM,

AFTER a wretched day, I am preparing for a sleepless night. I am going to address myself to the Almighty Witness of my actions—some time, perhaps very soon, my Almighty Judge. I am not going to be the advocate of Passion: be Thou my inspirer and testimony, O God, as I plead the cause of truth!

I have read over your friend's haughty dictatorial letter: you are only answerable to your God in such a matter. Who gave any fellow-creature of yours (a fellow-creature incapable of being your judge, because not your peer) a right to catechise, scold, undervalue, abuse, and insult, wantonly and unhumanly to insult you thus? I don't wish, not even *wish* to deceive you, Madam. The Searcher of hearts is my witness how dear you are to me; but though it were possible you could be still dearer to me, I would not even kiss your hand at the expense of your conscience. Away with declamation! let us appeal to the bar of common sense. It is not mouthing everything sacred; it is not vague ranting assertions; it is not assuming, haughtily and insultingly assuming, the dictatorial language of a Roman Pontiff, that must dissolve a union like ours. Tell me, Madam, are you under the least shadow of an obligation to bestow your love, tenderness, caresses, affections, heart and soul, on Mr. M'Lehose—the man who has repeatedly, habitually, and barbarously broken through every tie of duty, nature, or gratitude to you? The laws of your country, indeed, for the most useful reasons of policy and sound government, have made your person inviolate; but are your heart and affections bound to one who gives not the least return of either to you? You cannot do it: it is not in the nature of things that you are bound to do it; the common feelings of humanity forbid it. Have you, then, a heart and affections which are no man's right? You have. It would be highly, ridiculously absurd to suppose the contrary. Tell me then, in the name of common sense, can it be wrong, is such a supposition compatible with the plainest ideas of right and wrong, that it is improper to bestow the heart and these affections on another—while that bestowing is not in the smallest degree hurtful to your duty to God, to your children, to yourself, or to society at large?

This is the great test: the consequences; let us see them. In a widowed, forlorn, lonely situation, with a bosom glowing with love and tenderness, yet so delicately situated that you cannot indulge these nobler feelings except you meet with a man who has a soul capable of

. . . .

SYLVANDER.

No. XXVIII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Thursday, 14*th February*, 1788.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan!" I have suffered, Clarinda, from your letter. My soul was in arms at the sad perusal: I dreaded that I had acted wrong. If I have robbed you of a friend, God forgive me! But, Clarinda, be comforted: let us raise the tone of our feelings a little higher and bolder. A fellow-creature who leaves us, who spurns us without just cause, though once our bosom friend—up with a little honest pride—let them go! How shall I comfort you, who am the cause of the injury? Can I wish that I had never seen you? that we had never met? No, I never will! But have I thrown you friendless? there is almost distraction in the thought. Father of mercies! against Thee often have I sinned: through Thy grace I will endeavour to do so no more. She who, Thou knowest, is dearer to me than myself—pour Thou the balm of peace into her past wounds, and hedge her about with Thy peculiar care, all her future days and nights. Strengthen her tender, noble mind firmly to suffer, and magnanimously to bear! Make me worthy of that friendship—that love she honours me with. May my attachment to her be pure as devotion, and lasting as immortal life. O Almighty Goodness, hear me! Be to her, at all times, particularly in the hour of distress or trial, a Friend and Comforter, a Guide and Guard.

> "How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
> How sure is their defence!
> Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
> Their help Omnipotence."

Forgive me, Clarinda, the injury I have done you. To-night I shall be with you, as indeed I shall be ill at ease till I see you.

SYLVANDER.

No. XXIX.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Thursday, 2 o'clock, *Feb.* 14, 1788.

I just now received your first letter of yesterday, by the careless negligence of the penny post. Clarinda, matters are grown very serious with us: then seriously hear me, and hear me Heaven!

I met you, my dear Clarinda, by far the first of womankind, at least to me. I esteemed, I loved you at first sight, both of which attachments you have done me the honour to return. The longer I am acquainted with you, the more innate amiableness and worth I discover in you. You have suffered a loss, I confess, for my sake; but if the firmest, steadiest, warmest friendship; if every endeavour to be worthy of your friendship; if a love, strong as the ties of nature, and holy as the duties of religion; if all these can make anything like a compensation for the evil I have occasioned you; if they be worth your acceptance, or can in the least add to your enjoyments—so help Sylvander, ye Powers above, in his hour of need, as he freely gives these all to Clarinda!

I esteem you, I love you as a friend; I admire you, I love you as a woman, beyond any one in all the circle of creation. I know I shall continue to esteem you, to love you, to pray for you, nay, to pray for myself for your sake.

Expect me at eight; and believe me to be ever, my dearest Madam, yours most entirely,

SYLVANDER.

No. XXX.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Friday, *February* 15, 1788.

When matters, my love, are desperate, we must put on a desperate face;

> "On Reason build resolve,
> That column of true majesty in man."

or, as the same author finely says in another place—

> "Let thy soul spring up,
> And lay strong hold for help on Him that made thee."

I am yours, Clarinda, for life. Never be discouraged at all this. Look forward; in a few weeks I shall be somewhere or other out of the possibility of seeing you: till then I shall write you often, but visit you seldom. Your fame, your welfare, your happiness are dearer to me than any gratification whatever. Be comforted, my love! the present moment is the worst; the lenient hand of Time is daily and hourly either lightening the burden, or making us insensible to the weight. None of these friends, I mean Mr. —— and the other gentlemen, can hurt your worldly support: and for their friendship, in a little time you will learn to be easy, and, by and by, to be happy without it. A decent means of livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conscience, and one firm trusty friend—can anybody that has these be said to be unhappy? These are yours.

To-morrow evening I shall be with you about eight, probably for the last time, till I return to Edinburgh. In the meantime, should any of these two unlucky friends question you respecting me, whether I am *the Man*, I do not think they are entitled to any information. As to their jealousy and spying, I despise them. Adieu! my dearest Madam.

SYLVANDER.

No. XXXI.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Glasgow,* Monday Evening, 9 o'clock,
February 18, 1788.

The attraction of Love, I find, is in an inverse proportion to the attraction of the Newtonian philosophy. In the system of Sir Isaac, the nearer objects are to one another, the stronger is the attractive force. In my system, every milestone that marked my progress from Clarinda, awakened a keener pang of attachment to her. How do you feel, my love? Is your heart ill at ease? I fear it. God forbid that these persecutors should harass that peace, which is more precious to me than my own! Be assured I shall ever think of you, muse on you, and, in my moments of devotion, pray for you. The hour that you are not in all my thoughts, "be that hour darkness; let the shadows of death cover it; let it not be numbered in the hours of the day!"

> "When I forget the darling theme,
> Be my tongue mute! my fancy paint no more!
> And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!"

I have just met with my old friend, the ship Captain,† guess my pleasure! to meet you could alone have given me more. My brother William, too, the young saddler, has come to Glasgow to meet me; and here are we three spending the evening.

I arrived here too late to write by post; but I 'll wrap half a dozen sheets of blank paper together, and send it by the Fly, under the name of a parcel. You shall hear from me next post town. I would write you a longer letter, but for the present circumstances of my friend.

Adieu, my Clarinda! I am just going to propose your health by way of grace-drink.

SYLVANDER.

No. XVII.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

Edinburgh, Tuesday Evening, 9 o'clock,
19*th February*, 1788.

Mr. ——— has just left me, after half an hour's most pathetic conversation. I told him of the usage I had met with on Sunday night, which he condemned much, as unmanly and ungenerous. I expressed my thanks for his call; but he told me it was "merely to hide the change in his friendship from the world." Think how I was mortified! I was indeed; and affected so, as hardly to restrain tears. He did not name you, but spoke in terms that showed plainly he knew. Would to God he knew my Sylvander as I do! then might I hope to retain his friendship still; but I have made my choice, and you alone can ever make me repent it. Yet, while I live, I must regret the loss of such a man's friendship. My dear generous friend of my soul does so too. I love him for it! Yesterday I thought of you, and went over to Miss Nimmo, to have the luxury of talking of you. She was most kind; and praised you more than ever, as a man of worth, honour, genius. O how I could have listened to her for ever! She says she is afraid our attachment will be lasting. I stayed tea, was asked kindly, and did not choose to refuse, as I stayed last time when you were of the party. I wish you were here to-night to comfort me. I feel hurt and depressed; but to-morrow I hope for a cordial from your dear hand! I must bid you good night. Remember your Clarinda. Every blessing be yours!

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* Burns was now on his way from Edinburgh to Ayrshire.

† Mr. Richard Brown mentioned in the Poet's autobiography.

Your letter this moment. Why did you write before to-day? Thank you for it. I figure your heartfelt enjoyment last night. O to have been of the party! Where was it! I 'd like to know the very spot. My head aches, so I can't write more; but I have kissed your dear lines over and over. Adieu! I 'll finish this to-morrow. Your

CLARINDA.

WEDNESDAY, 11 A.M.

Mary was at my bedside by eight this morning. We had much chat about you. She is an affectionate, faithful soul. She tells me her defence of you was so warm, in a large company where you were blamed for some trivial affair, that she left them impressed with the idea of being in love. She laughs, and says, "'tis a pity to have the skaith, and nothing for her pains."

My spirits are greatly better to-day. I am a little anxious about Willie; his leg is to be lanced this day, and I shall be fluttered till the operation is fairly over. Mr. Wood thinks he will soon get well, when the matter lodged in it is discussed. God grant it! Oh, how can I ever be ungrateful to that good Providence who has blest me with so many undeserved mercies, and saved me often from the ruin I courted! The heart that feels its continual dependence on the Almighty is bound to keep His laws, by a tie stronger and tenderer than any human obligation. The feeling of Honour is a noble and powerful one; but can we be honourable to a fellow creature, and basely unmindful of our Bountiful Benefactor to whom we are indebted for life and all its blessings; and even for those very distinguishing qualities, Honour, Genius, and Benevolence?

I am sure you enter into these ideas; did you think with me in all points I should be too happy; but I 'll be silent. I may wish and pray, but you shall never again accuse me of presumption. My dear, I write this to Mauchline, to be waiting you. I hope, nay I am sure, 'twill be welcome.

You are an extravagant prodigal in more essential things than affection. To-day's post would have brought me yours, and saved you sixpence. However, it pleased me to know that, "though absent in body, you were present with me in spirit."

Do you know a Miss Nelly Hamilton in Ayr, daughter to Captain John Hamilton of the Excise cutter? I stayed with her at Kailzie, and love her. She is a dear, amiable, romantic girl. I wish much to write to her, and will enclose it for you to deliver personally if agreeable. She raved about your poems in summer, and wished to be acquainted. Let me know if you have any objections. She is an intimate of Miss Nimmo too. I think the streets look deserted-like since Monday; and there 's a certain insipidity in good kind of folks I once enjoyed not a little. You who are a casuist, explain these deep enigmas. Miss Wardrope supped here on Monday. She once named you, which kept me from falling asleep. I drank your health in a glass of ale (as the lasses do at Hallowe'en) "in to mysel'."

Happy Sylvander! to meet with the dear charities of brother, sister, parent! whilst I have none of these, and belong to nobody. Yes, I have my children, and my heart's friend, Sylvander—the only one I have found capable of that nameless, delicate attachment, which none but noble, romantic minds can comprehend. I envy you the Captain's society. Don't tell him of the "Iron Chain," lest he call us both fools. I saw the happy trio in my mind's eye. So absence increases your fondness, 'tis ever so in great souls. Let the poor worldlings enjoy—*possess*, I mean, for they can't enjoy—their golden dish; we have each of us an estate, derived from the Father of the universe, into whose hands I trust we 'll return it, cultivated so as to prove an inexhaustible treasure through the endless ages of eternity!

AFTERNOON.

Mr. Wood has not come, so the affair is not over. I hesitate about sending this till I hear further; but I think you said you 'd be at Mauchline on Thursday: at any rate you 'll get this on your arrival.

Farewell! may you ever abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Yours,

CLARINDA.

No. XXXII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Kilmarnock, Friday, *Feb.* 22, 1788.

I wrote you, my dear Madam, the moment I alighted in Glasgow. Since then I have not had opportunity: for in Paisley, where I arrived next day, my worthy, wise friend, Mr. Pattison, did not allow me a moment's respite. I was there ten hours; during which time I was introduced to nine men worth six thousands; five men worth ten thousands; his brother, richly worth twenty thousands; and a young weaver, who will have thirty thousands good, when his father, who has no more children than the said weaver, and a Whig kirk, dies. Mr. P. was bred a zealous Antiburgher; but, during his widowerhood, he has found their strictness incompatible with certain compromises he is often obliged to make with those Powers of darkness—the devil, the world, and the flesh: so he, good, merciful man! talked privately to me of the absurdity of eternal torments; the liberality of sentiment in indulging the honest instincts of nature; the mysteries of . . . &c. He has a son, however, that, at sixteen, has repeatedly minted at certain privileges only proper for sober, staid men, who can use the good things of this life without abusing them; but the father's parental vigilance has hitherto hedged him in, amid a corrupt and evil world.

His only daughter, who, "if the beast be to the fore, and the branks bide hale," will have seven thousand pounds when her old father steps into the dark Factory-office of Eternity with his well-thummed web of life, has put him again and again in a commendable fit of indignation, by requesting a harpsichord. "O! these boarding-schools!" exclaims my prudent friend. "She was a good spinner and sewer, till I was advised by her foes and mine to give her a year of Edinburgh!"

After two bottles more, my much-respected friend opened up to me a project, a legitimate child of Wisdom and Good Sense; 'twas no less than a long thought-on and deeply-matured design to marry a girl, fully as elegant in her form as the famous priestess whom Saul consulted in his last hours, and who had been second maid of honour to his deceased wife. This, you may be sure, I highly applauded, so I hope for a pair of gloves by and by. I spent the two bypast days at Dunlop House with that worthy family to whom I was deeply indebted early in my poetic career; and in about two hours I shall present your "twa wee sarkies" to the little fellow. My dearest Clarinda, you are ever present with me; and these hours, that drawl by among the fools and rascals of this world, are only supportable in the idea, that they are the forerunners of that happy hour that ushers me to "the mistress of my soul." Next week I shall visit Dumfries, and next again return to Edinburgh. My letters, in these hurrying dissipated hours, will be heavy trash; but you know the writer. God bless you.

SYLVANDER.

No. XVIII.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

Edinburgh, Friday Evening, *Feb.* 22, 1788.

I wish you had given me a hint, my dear Sylvander, that you were to write to me only once in a week. Yesterday I looked for a letter; to-day never doubted it; but both days have terminated in disappointment. A thousand conjectures have conspired to make me most unhappy. Often have I suffered much disquiet from forming the idea of such an attention, on such and such an occasion, and experienced quite the reverse. But in you, and you alone, I have ever found my highest demands of kindness accomplished; nay, even my fondest wishes, not gratified only, but anticipated! To what then can I attribute your not writing me one line since Monday?

God forbid that your nervous ailment has incapacitated you for that office from which you derived pleasure singly; as well as that most delicate of all enjoyments, pleasure reflected. To-morrow I shall hope to hear from you. Hope, blessed Hope, thou balm of every woe, possess and fill my bosom with thy benign influence!

I have been solitary since the tender farewell till to-night. I was solicited to go to Dr. Moyes's Lecture with Miss Craig and a gallant of hers, a student; one of the many stupid animals, knowing only in the Science of Puppyism, or "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." With what sovereign contempt did I compare his trite, insipid frivolity with the intelligent, manly observation which ever marks the conversation of Sylvander. He is a glorious piece of Divine workmanship, Dr. Moyes. The subject to-night was the origin of minerals, springs, lakes, and the ocean. Many parts were far beyond my weak comprehension, and indeed that of most women. What I understood delighted me, and altogether raised my thoughts to the infinite wisdom and boundless goodness of the Deity. The man himself marks both. Presented with a universal blank of Nature's works, his mind appears to be illuminated with Celestial light. He concluded with some lines of the Essay on Man:—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole," &c., a passage I have often read with sublime pleasure.

Miss Burnet sat behind me. What an angelic girl! I stared at her, never having seen her so near. I remember you talking of her, &c. What felicity to witness her "softly speak and sweetly smile!" How could you celebrate any other Clarinda! O I would have adored you, as Pope of exquisite taste and refinement, had you loved, sighed, and written upon her for ever! breathing your passion only to the woods and streams. But Poets, I find, are not quite incorporeal, more than others. My dear Sylvander, to be serious, I really wonder you ever admired Clarinda after beholding Miss Burnet's superior charms. If I don't hear to-morrow, I shall form dreadful reasons. God forbid! Bishop Geddes was within a foot of me too. What field for contemplation—both! Good night. God bless you! prays

CLARINDA.

* * *

No. XXXIII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Mossgiel, Saturday, 23rd *Feb.*, 1788.

I have just now, my ever dear Madam, delivered your kind present to my sweet little Bobbie, whom I find a very fine fellow. Your letter was waiting me. Your interview with Mr. Kemp opens a wound, ill-closed, in my breast; not that I think his friendship of so much consequence to you, but because you set such a value on it.

Now for a little news that will please you. I, this morning, as I came home, called for a certain woman.* I am disgusted with her—I cannot endure her! I, while my heart smote me for the profanity, tried to compare her with my Clarinda: 'twas setting the expiring glimmer of a farthing taper beside the cloudless glory of the meridian sun. *Here* was tasteless insipidity, vulgarity of soul, and mercenary fawning; *there* polished good sense, Heaven-born genius, and the most generous, the most delicate, the most tender passion. I have done with her, and she with me.

I set off to-morrow for Dumfries-shire. 'Tis merely out of compliment to Mr. Miller; for I know the Indies must be my lot. I will write you from Dumfries, if these horrid postages don't frighten me.

"Whatever place, whatever land I see,
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to 'Clarinda' turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthen'd chain."

I just stay to write you a few lines, before I go to call on my friend, Mr. Gavin Hamilton. I hate myself as an unworthy sinner, because these interviews of old dear friends make me, for half a moment, almost forget Clarinda.

Remember to-morrow evening, at eight o'clock, I shall be with the Father of Mercies, at that hour on your own account. Farewell! If the post goes not to-night, I 'll finish the other page to-morrow morning.

SYLVANDER.

P.S.—Remember.

* * *

No. XXXIV.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Cumnock, 2*nd March*, 1788.

I hope, and am certain, that my generous Clarinda will not think my silence, for now a long week, has been in any degree owing to my forgetfulness. I have been tossed about through the country ever since I wrote you; and am here returning from Dumfries-shire, at an inn, the post-office of the place, with just so long time as my horse eats its corn, to write you. I have been hurried with business and dissipation, almost equal to the insidious import of the Persian Monarch's mandate, when he forbade asking petition of God or man for forty days. Had the venerable prophet been as throng as I, he had not broken the decree; at least not thrice a day.

I am thinking my farming scheme will yet hold. A worthy intelligent farmer, my father's friend and my own, has been with me on the spot; he thinks the bargain practicable. I am myself, on a more serious review of the lands, much better pleased with them. I won't mention this in writing to anybody but you and Mr. Ainslie. Don't accuse me of being fickle; I have the two plans of life before me, and I wish to adopt the one most likely to procure me independence.

I shall be in Edinburgh next week. I long to see you; your image is omnipresent to me; nay, I am convinced I would soon idolatrize it most seriously; so much do absence and memory improve the medium through which one sees the much-loved object. To-night, at the sacred hour of eight, I expect to meet you at the Throne of Grace. I hope, as I go home to-night, to find a letter from you at the post-office in Mauchline; I have just once seen that dear hand since I left Edinburgh; a letter, indeed, which much affected me. Tell me, first of womankind, will my warmest attachment, my sincerest friendship, my correspondence—will they be any compensation for the sacrifices you make for my sake? If they will, they are yours. If I settle on the farm I propose, I am just a day and a half's ride from Edinburgh. We shall meet: don't you say, "Perhaps, too often!"

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* His Jean, in three months afterwards Mrs. Burns!

Farewell, my fair, my charming Poetess! May all good things ever attend you. I am ever, my dearest Madam, yours,

SYLVANDER.

No. XIX.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

EDINBURGH, *March* 5, 1788.

I RECEIVED yours from Cumnock about an hour ago; and to show you my good-nature sit down to write to you immediately. I fear, Sylvander, you overvalue my generosity; for, believe me, it will be some time ere I can cordially forgive you the pain your silence has caused me! Did you ever feel that sickness of heart which arises from "hope deferred?" That—the cruellest of pains—you have inflicted on me for eight days by-past. I hope I can make every reasonable allowance for the hurry of business and dissipation. Yet had I been ever so engrossed, I should have found one hour out of the twenty-four to write to you. No more of it. I accept of your apologies; but am hurt that any should have been necessary betwixt us on such a tender occasion.

I am happy that the farming scheme promises so well. There 's no fickleness, my dear Sir, in changing for the better. I never liked the Excise for you; and feel a sensible pleasure in the hope of your becoming a sober, industrious farmer. My prayers in this affair are heard I hope, so far: may they be answered completely! The distance is the only thing I regret; but whatever tends to your welfare over-weighs all other considerations. I hope ere then to grow wiser, and to lie easy under six weeks' silence. I had begun to think that you had fully experienced the truth of Sir Isaac's philosophy.

I have been under unspeakable obligations to your friend, Mr. Ainslie. I had not a mortal to whom I could speak of your name but him. He has called often; and, by sympathy, not a little alleviated my anxiety. I tremble lest you should have devolved what you used to term your "folly," upon Clarinda: more 's the pity. 'Tis never graceful but on the male side; but I shall learn more wisdom in future. Example has often good effects.

I got both your letters from Kilmarnock and Mauchline, and would, perhaps, have written to you unbidden, had I known anything of the geography of the country; but I knew not whether you would return by Mauchline or not, nor could Mr. Ainslie inform me. I have met with several little rubs that hurt me the more that I had not a bosom to pour them into—

> "On some fond breast the feeling soul relies."

Mary, I have not once set eyes on, since I wrote to you. O that I should be formed susceptible of kindness, never, never to be fully, or at least, habitually returned! "Trim (said my uncle Toby), I wish, Trim, I were dead."

Mr. Ainslie called just now to tell me he had heard from you. You would see, by my last, how anxious I was, even then, to hear from you. 'Tis the first time I ever had reason to be so: I hope 'twill be the last. My thoughts were yours both Sunday nights at eight. Why should my letter have affected you? You know I count all things (Heaven excepted) but loss that I may win and keep you. I supped at Mr. Kemp's on Friday. Had you been an invisible spectator with what perfect ease I acquitted myself, you would have been pleased, highly pleased with me.

Interrupted by a visit from Miss R———. She was inquiring kindly for you. I delivered your compliments to her. She means (as you once said) all the kindness in the world, but she wants that "finer chord." Ah! Sylvander, happy, in my mind, are they who are void of it. Alas! it too often "thrills with anguish."

I hope you have not forgotten to kiss the little cherub for me. Give him fifty, and think Clarinda blessing him all the while. I pity his mother sincerely, and wish a certain affair happily over. My Willie is in good health, except his leg, which confines him close since it was opened; and Mr. Wood says it will be a very tedious affair. He has prescribed sea-bathing as soon as the season admits. I never see Miss Nimmo. Her indifference wounds me; but all these things make me fly to the Father of Mercies, who is the inexhaustible Fountain of all kindness. How could you ever mention "postages?" I counted on a crown at least; and have only spent one poor shilling. If I had but a shilling in the world, you would have sixpence; nay, eightpence, if I could contrive to live on a groat. I am avaricious only in your letters; you are so indeed. Farewell. Yours,

CLARINDA.

No. XXXV.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

MAUCHLINE, *6th March*, 1788.

I OWN myself guilty, Clarinda: I should have written you last week. But when you recollect, my dearest Madam, that yours of this night's post is only the third I have from you, and that this is the fifth or sixth I have sent to you, you will not reproach me with a good grace for unkindness. I have always some kind of idea, not to sit down to write a letter, except I have time and possession of my faculties so as to do some justice to my letter; which at present is rarely my situation. For instance, yesterday I dined at a friend's at some distance; the savage hospitality of this country spent me the most part of the night over the nauseous potion in the bowl. This day, sick—head-ache—low spirits—miserable—fasting, except for a draught of water or small beer. Now, eight o'clock at night—only able to crawl ten minutes' walk into Mauchline to wait the post, in the pleasurable hope of hearing from the mistress of my soul.

But, truce with all this! When I sit down to write to you, all is harmony and peace. A hundred times a day do I figure you, before your taper, your book or work laid aside, as I get within the room. How happy have I been! and how little of that scantling portion of time, called the life of man, is sacred to happiness, much less transport.

I could moralize to-night, like a death's head.

> "O, what is life, that thoughtless wish of all!
> A drop of honey in a draught of gall."

Nothing astonishes me more, when a sickness clogs the wheels of life, than the thoughtless career we run in the hour of health. "None saith, where is God, my Maker, that giveth songs in the night: who teacheth us more knowledge than the beasts of the field, and more understanding than the fowls of the air?"

Give me, my Maker, to remember Thee! Give me to act up to the dignity of my nature! Give me to feel "another's woe;" and continue with me that dear-loved friend that feels with mine!

The dignifying and dignified consciousness of an honest man, and the well grounded trust in approving Heaven, are two most substantial foundations of happiness.

. . . .

I could not have written a page to any mortal except yourself. I 'll write you by Sunday's post. Adieu. Good night.

SYLVANDER.

No. XXXVI.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

MOSSGIEL, *7th March*, 1788.

CLARINDA, I have been so stung with your reproach for unkindness, a sin so unlike me, a sin I detest more than a breach of the whole Decalogue, fifth, sixth, seventh, and ninth articles excepted, that I believe I shall not rest in my grave about it, if I die before I see you. You have often allowed me the head to judge, and the heart to feel, the influence of female excellence: was it not blasphemy then, against your own charms, and against my feelings, to suppose that a short fortnight could abate my passion! You, my Love, may have your cares and anxieties to disturb you; but they are the usual occurrences of life: your future views are fixed, and your mind in a settled routine. Could not you, my ever dearest Madam, make a little allowance for a man, after long absence, paying a short visit to a country full of friends, relations, and early intimates? Cannot you guess, my Clarinda, what thoughts, what cares, what anxious forebodings, hopes and fears, must crowd the breast of the man of keen sensibility, when no less is on the tapis than his aim, his employment, his very existence, through future life?

To be overtopped in any thing else, I can bear; but in the lists of generous love, I defy all mankind; not even the tender, the fond, the loving Clarinda! she whose strength of attachment, whose melting soul, may vie with Eloise and Sappho, not even she can overpay the affection she owes me!

Now that, not my apology, but my defence is made, I feel my soul respire more easily. I know you will go along with me in my justification—would to heaven you could in my adoption too! I mean an adoption beneath the stars—an adoption where I might revel in the immediate beams of her

> "the bright sun of all her sex."

I would not have you, my dear Madam, so much hurt at Miss Nimmo's coldness. 'Tis placing yourself below her, an honour she by no means deserves. We ought, when we wish to be economists in happiness, we ought, in the first place, to fix the standard of our own character; and when, on full examination, we know where we stand, and how much ground we occupy, let us contend for it as property; and those who seem to doubt, or deny us what is justly ours, let us either pity their prejudices, or despise their judgment. I know, my dear, you will say this is self-conceit; but I call it self-knowledge; the one is the overweening opinion of a fool, who fancies himself to be, what he wishes himself to be thought: the other is the honest justice that a man of sense, who has thoroughly examined the subject, owes to himself. Without this standard, this column in our own mind, we are perpetually at the mercy of the petulance, the mistakes, the prejudices, nay, the very weakness and wickedness of our fellow-creatures.

I urge this, my dear, both to confirm myself in the doctrine, which, I assure you, I sometimes need; and because I know that this causes you often much disquiet. To return to Miss Nimmo: she is certainly a most worthy soul, and equalled by very, very few, in goodness of heart. But, can she boast more goodness of heart than Clarinda? not even prejudice will dare to say so; for penetration and discernment, Clarinda sees far beyond her. To wit, Miss Nimmo dare make no pretence: to Clarinda's wit scarce any of her sex dare make pretence. Personal charms—it would be ridiculous to run the parallel: and for conduct in life, Miss Nimmo was never called out, either much to do, or to suffer; Clarinda has been both, and has performed her part, where Miss Nimmo would have sunk at the bare idea.

Away then with these disquietudes? Let us pray with the honest weaver of Kilbarchan, "Lord send us a gude conceit o' oursel'!" or, in the words of the auld sang,

> "Who does me disdain, I can scorn him again,
> And I 'll never mind any such foes."

There is an error in the commerce of intimacy. . . .

. . . .

Happy is our lot, indeed, when we meet with an honest merchant who is qualified to deal with us on our own terms; but this is a rarity. With almost everybody, we must pocket our pearls, less or more; and learn in the old Scots phrase, "to gie siclike as we get." For this reason, we should try to erect a kind of bank or storehouse in our own minds; or, as the Psalmist recommends, "commune with our own hearts, and be still." This is exactly the[*]

. . . .

I wrote you yesternight, which will reach you long before this can. I may write Mr. Ainslie before I see him, but I am not sure. Farewell! and remember

SYLVANDER.

No. XX.

CLARINDA TO SYLVANDER.

EDINBURGH, *8th March*, 1788.

I WAS agreeably surprised by your answer to mine of Wednesday evening this morning. I thought it always took two days, a letter from this to Mauchline, and did not expect yours sooner than Monday. This is the fifth from you, and the fourth time I am now writing you. I hate calculating them; like some things, they don't do to be numbered. I wish you had written from Dumfries as you promised; but I do not impute it to any cause but hurry of business, &c. I hope I shall never live to reproach you with unkindness. You never ought to put off till you "have time to do justice to your letters." I have sufficient memorials of your abilities in that way; and last week, two lines to have said "How do ye, my Clarinda?" would have saved me days and nights of cruel disquietude—"A word to the wise" you know. I know human nature better than to expect always fine flights of fancy, or exertions of genius, and feel in myself the effects of this "crazy mortal coil" upon its glorious inhabitant. To-day I have a clogging headache; but however stupid, I know (at least I hope) a letter from your heart's friend will be acceptable. It will reach you to-morrow, I hope.

Shocking custom! one can't entertain with hospitality, without taxing their guests with the consequences you mention. Your reflections upon the effects which sickness has on our retrospect of ourselves, are noble. I see my Sylvander will be all I wish him, before he leaves this world. Do you remember that simple eulogium I pronounced on you, when Miss Nimmo asked what I thought of you? "He 's ane of God's ain; but his time 's no come yet." It was like a speech from your worthy mother, whom I revere. She would have joined me with a heartfelt sigh, which none but mothers know. It is rather a bad picture of us, that we are most prone to call upon God in trouble. Ought not the daily blessings of health, peace, competence, friends—ought not these to awaken our constant gratitude to the Giver of all? I imagine that the heart which does not occasionally glow with filial love in the hours of prosperity, can hardly hope to feel much comfort in flying to God in the time of distress. O my dear Sylvander! that we may be enabled to set Him before us, as our witness, benefactor, and judge at all times, and on all occasions!

In the name of wonder, how could you spend ten hours with such a heathen as Mr. Pattison?[†] What a despicable character! Religion! he knows only the name; none of her real votaries ever wished to make any such shameful compromises. But 'tis Scripture verified; the demon of avarice, his original devil, finding him empty, called in other seven more impure spirits, and so completely infernalized him. Destitute of discernment to perceive your merit, or taste to relish it, my astonishment at his fondness of you is only surpassed by your more than Puritanic patience in listening to his shocking nonsense! I hope you received his certificate. I was told it was in a tattered condition some months ago, and that then he proposed putting it on parchment by way of preserving it. Don't call me severe: I hate all who would "turn the grace of God into licentiousness;" 'tis commonly the weaker part of mankind who attempt it.

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[*] The latter part of this letter has been torn and defaced.

[†] "O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

"Religion, thou the soul of happiness."

Yesterday morning in bed I happened to think of you. I said to myself—"My bonnie Lizzie Baillie," &c., and laughed; but I felt a delicious swell of heart, and my eyes swam in tears. I know not if your sex ever feel this burst of affection; 'tis an emotion indescribable. You see I 'm grown a fool since you left me. You know I was rational when you first knew me; but I always grow more foolish the farther I am from those I love: by and by I suppose I shall be insane altogether.

I am happy your little lamb is doing so well. Did you execute my commission? You had a great stock in hand; and if any agreeable customers came in the way, you would dispose of some of them, I fancy, hoping soon to be supplied with a fresh assortment. For my part, I can truly say I have had no demand. I really believe you have taught me dignity, which, partly through good nature, and partly by misfortune, had been too much laid aside; but which now I will never part with. Why should I not keep it up? Admired, esteemed, beloved, by one of the first of mankind! Not all the wealth of Peru could have purchased these. O Sylvander, I am great in my own eyes when I think how high I am in your esteem! You have shown me the merit I possess; I knew it not before. Even Joseph* trembled t'other day in my presence. "Husbands looked mild, and savages grew tame!" Love and cherish your friend Mr. Ainslie, he is your friend indeed. I long for next week; happy days, I hope, yet await us. When you meet young Beauties, think of Clarinda's affection, of her situation, of how much her happiness depends on you. Farewell till we meet. God be with you!

CLARINDA.

P.S.—Will you take the trouble to send for a small parcel left at Dunlop and Wilson's, Booksellers, Trongate, Glasgow, for me, and bring it with you in the Fly?

No. XXXVII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Edinburgh, Monday, Noon, 17*th March*, 1788.

I will meet you to-morrow, Clarinda, as you appoint. My Excise affair is just concluded, and I have got my order for instructions: so far good. Wednesday night I am engaged to sup among some of the principals of the Excise; so can only make a call for you that evening; but next day, I stay to dine with one of the Commissioners, so cannot go till Friday morning.

Your hopes, your fears, your cares, my love, are mine; so don't mind them. I will take you in my hand through the dreary wilds of this world, and scare away the ravening bird or beast that would annoy you. I saw Mary in town to-day, and asked her if she had seen you. I shall certainly bespeak Mr. Ainslie as you desire.

Excuse me, my dearest angel, this hurried scrawl and miserable paper; circumstances make both. Farewell till to-morrow!

SYLVANDER.

No. XXXVIII.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Edinburgh, Tuesday Morning,
18*th March*, 1788.

I am just hurrying away to wait on the Great Man, Clarinda; but I have more respect to my own peace and happiness than to set out without waiting on you; for my imagination, like a child's favourite bird, will fondly flutter along with this scrawl, till it perch on your bosom. I thank you for all the happiness bestowed on me yesterday. The walk—delightful; the evening—rapture. Do not be uneasy to-day, Clarinda; forgive me. I am in rather better spirits to-day, though I had but an indifferent night. Care, anxiety, sat on my spirits; and all the cheerfulness of this morning is the fruit of some serious important ideas that lie, in their realities, beyond "the dark and the narrow house," as Ossian, prince of poets, says. The Father of Mercies be with you, Clarinda! and every good thing attend you!

SYLVANDER.

No. XXXIX.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Wednesday Morning, 19*th March*, 1788.

Clarinda, will that envious night-cap hinder you from appearing at the window as I pass? "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning; fair as the sun, clear as the moon, terrible as an army with banners?"

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* Who "Joseph" was is not known. She had no son of that name.

Do not accuse me of fond folly for this line; you know I am a cool lover. I mean by these presents greeting, to let you to wit, that arch-rasc—, Cr—ch, has not done my business yesternight, which has put off my leaving town till Monday morning. To-morrow, at eleven, I meet with him for the last time; just the hour I should have met far more agreeable company.

You will tell me this evening whether you cannot make our hour of meeting to-morrow one o'clock. I have just now written Creech such a letter, that the very goose-feather in my hand shrunk back from the line, and seemed to say, "I exceedingly fear and quake!" I am forming ideal schemes of vengeance. O for a little of my will on him! I just wished that he loved as I do—as glorious an object as Clarinda—and that he were doomed. Adieu, and think on

SYLVANDER.

No. XL.

SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

Friday, 9 o'clock, Night, 21*st March*, 1788.

I am just now come in, and have read your letter. The first thing I did was to thank the Divine Disposer of events, that he has had such happiness in store for me as the connexion I have with you. Life, my Clarinda, is a weary, barren path; and woe be to him or her that ventures on it alone! For me, I have my dearest partner of my soul: Clarinda and I will make out our pilgrimage together. Wherever I am, I shall constantly let her know how I go on, what I observe in the world around me, and what adventures I meet with. Will it please you, my love, to get, every week, or at least, every fortnight, a packet, two or three sheets, full of remarks, nonsense, news, rhymes, and old songs?

Will you open, with satisfaction and delight, a letter from a man who loves you, who has loved you, and who will love you to death, through death, and for ever? Oh Clarinda! what do I owe to Heaven for blessing me with such a piece of exalted excellence as you! I call over your idea, as a miser counts over his treasure! Tell me, were you studious to please me last night? I am sure you did it to transport. How rich am I who have such a treasure as you! You know me; you know how to make me happy, and you do it most effectually. God bless you with

"Long life, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend!"

To-morrow night, according to your own direction, I shall watch the window: 'tis the star that guides me to Paradise. The great relish to all is—that Honour—that Innocence—that Religion, are the witnesses and guarantees of our happiness. "The Lord God knoweth," and perhaps "Israel he shall know," my love and your merit. Adieu, Clarinda! I am going to remember you in my prayers.

SYLVANDER.

No. XLI.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.*

Ellisland, *March* 9, 1789.

Madam,

The letter you wrote me to Heron's carried its own answer in its bosom; you forbade me to write you, unless I was willing to plead guilty to a certain indictment that you were pleased to bring against me. As I am convinced of my own innocence, and, though conscious of high imprudence and egregious folly, can lay my hand upon my breast, and attest the rectitude of my heart, you will pardon me, Madam, if I do not carry my complaisance so far as humbly to acquiesce in the name of "Villain," merely out of compliment to your opinion, much as I esteem your judgment, and warmly as I regard your worth.

I have already told you, and I again aver it, that, at the period of time alluded to, I was not under the smallest mortal tie to Mrs. Burns; nor did I, nor could I then know, all the powerful circumstances that omnipotent necessity was busy laying in wait for me. When you call over the scenes that have passed between us, you will survey the conduct of an honest man struggling successfully with temptations, the most powerful that ever beset humanity, and preserving untainted honour in situations where the austerest virtue would have forgiven a fall; situations that, I will dare to say, not a single individual of all his kind, even with half his sensibility and passion, could have encountered without ruin; and I leave you to guess, Madam, how such a man is likely to digest an accusation of "perfidious treachery."

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* No more Letters to Mrs. M'Lehose as *Clarinda*. The spell is broken. See Life, pp. lxiii., lxxvi., lxxvii.

Was I to blame, Madam, in being the distracted victim of charms which, I affirm, no man ever approached with impunity? Had I seen the least glimmering of hope that these charms could ever have been mine; or even had not iron Necessity —— But these are unavailing words.

I would have called on you when I was in town, indeed I could not have resisted it, but that Mr. Ainslie told me you were determined to avoid your windows while I was in town, lest even a glance of me should occur in the street.

When I shall have regained your good opinion, perhaps I may venture to solicit your friendship; but, be that as it may, the first of her sex I ever knew shall always be the object of my warmest good wishes.

R. B.

No. XLII.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.

Ellisland, *February*, 1790.

I have indeed been ill, Madam, the whole winter. An incessant headache, depression of spirits, and all the truly miserable consequences of a deranged nervous system, have made dreadful havoc of my health and peace. Add to all this, a line of life into which I have lately entered obliges me to ride, upon an average, at least two hundred miles every week. However, thank Heaven, I am now greatly better in health. . . .

I could not answer your last letter but one. When you in so many words tell a man that you look on his letters with a smile of contempt, in what language, Madam, can he answer you? Though I were conscious that I had acted wrong—and I am conscious I have acted wrong—yet would I not be bullied into repentance.

I cannot, will not, enter into extenuatory circumstances; else I could show you how my precipitate, headlong, unthinking conduct, leagued with a conjuncture of unlucky events to thrust me out of a possibility of keeping the path of rectitude, to curse me by an irreconcilable war between my duty and my nearest wishes, and to damn me with a choice only of different species of error and misconduct.

I dare not trust myself farther with the subject. The following song is one of my latest productions, and I send it you, as I would do any thing else, because it pleases myself:—

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn," &c.*

R. B.

No. XLIII.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, LAMOND'S LAND, EDINBURGH.

Leadhills, Thursday Noon, *August*, 1791.

I have received both your letters, Madam, and ought, and would have answered the first, long ago; but on what subject could I write you? How can you expect a correspondent should write you, when you declare that you mean to preserve his letters with a view, sooner or later, to expose them on the pillory of derision, and the rack of criticism? This is gagging me completely as to speaking the sentiments of my bosom; else, Madam, I could perhaps too truly

"Join grief with grief, and echo sighs to thine."

I have perused your most beautiful, but most pathetic poem—do not ask me how often, or with what emotions. You know that "I dare to *sin*, but not to *lie!*" Your verses wring the confession from my inmost soul—I will say it, expose it as you please—that I have more than once in my life, been the victim of a damning conjuncture of circumstances; and that to me you must be ever

"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes."

I have just, since I had yours, composed the following stanzas. Let me know your opinion of them.

"Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my Friend, canst truly tell," &c. †

I have one other piece in your taste; but I have just a snatch of time.

"Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree," &c. ‡

Such, my dearest Nancy, were the words of the amiable but unfortunate Mary. Misfortune seems to take a peculiar pleasure in darting her arrows against "honest men and bonnie lassies." Of this you are too, too just a proof; but may your future fate be a bright exception to the remark! In the words of Hamlet,

"Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me."

R. B.

No. XXI.

TO MR. ROBERT BURNS.

November, 1791.

Sir,

I take the liberty of addressing a few lines in behalf of your old acquaintance, Jenny Clow, who, to all appearance, is at this moment dying. Obliged, from all the symptoms of a rapid decay, to quit her service, she is gone to a room almost without common necessaries, untended and unmourned. In circumstances so distressing, to whom can she so naturally look for aid as to the father of her child, the man for whose sake she has suffered many a sad and anxious night, shut from the world, with no other companions than guilt and solitude? You have now an opportunity to evince you indeed possess these fine feelings you have delineated, so as to claim the just admiration of your country. I am convinced I need add nothing farther to persuade you to act as every consideration of humanity as well as gratitude must dictate. I am, Sir, your sincere well-wisher,

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* See vol. i. p. 158.

† See vol. i. p. 192.

‡ See vol. i. p. 185.

A. M.

* * *

No. XLIV.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.

DUMFRIES, 23*rd November*, 1791.

It is extremely difficult, my dear Madam, for me to deny a lady anything; but to a lady whom I regard with all the endearing epithets of respectful esteem and old friendship, how shall I find the language of refusal? I have, indeed, a shade of the lady, which I keep, and shall ever keep in the *sanctum sanctorum* of my most anxious care. That lady, though an unfortunate and irresistible conjuncture of circumstances has lost me her esteem, yet she shall be ever, to me

"Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart."

I am rather anxious for her sake, as to her voyage. I pray God my fears may be groundless. By the way, I have this moment a letter from her, with a paragraph or two conceived in so stately a style, that I would not pardon it in any created being except herself; but, as the subject interests me much, I shall answer it to you, as I do not know her present address. I am sure she must have told you of a girl, a Jenny Clow, who had the misfortune to make me a father, with contrition I own it, contrary to the laws of our most excellent constitution, in our holy Presbyterian hierarchy.

Mrs. M—— tells me a tale of the poor girl's distress that makes my very heart weep blood. I will trust that your goodness will apologize to your delicacy for me, when I beg of you, for Heaven's sake, to send a porter to the poor woman—Mrs. M., it seems, knows where she is to be found—with five shillings in my name; and, as I shall be in Edinburgh on Tuesday first, for certain, make the poor wench leave a line for me, before Tuesday, at Mr. Mackay's, White Hart Inn, Grassmarket, where I shall put up; and, before I am two hours in town, I shall see the poor girl, and try what is to be done for her relief. I would have taken my boy from her long ago, but she would never consent.

I shall do myself the very great pleasure to call for you when I come to town, and repay you the sum your goodness shall have advanced. . . . . and most obedient,

R. B.

* * *

No. XLV.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.

DUMFRIES, 15*th December*, 1791.

I HAVE some merit, my ever dearest of women, in attracting and securing the heart of Clarinda. In her I met with the most accomplished of all womankind, the first of all God's works; and yet I, even I, had the good fortune to appear amiable in her sight.

By the by, this is the sixth letter that I have written you since I left you; and if you were an ordinary being, as you are a creature very extraordinary —an instance of what God Almighty in the plenitude of his power, and the fulness of his goodness, can make!—I would never forgive you for not answering my letters.

I have sent in your hair, a part of the parcel you gave me, with a measure, to Mr. Bruce the jeweller in Prince's Street, to get a ring done for me. I have likewise sent in the verses "On Sensibility" altered to

"Sensibility how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell," &c.

to the Editor of the "Scots Songs," of which you have three volumes, to set to a most beautiful air; out of compliment to the first of women, my ever-beloved, my ever-sacred Clarinda. I shall probably write you to-morrow. In the meantime, from a man who is literally drunk, accept and forgive!

R. B.

* * *

No. XLVI.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.

DUMFRIES, 27*th December*, 1791.

I HAVE yours, my ever dearest Madam, this moment. I have just ten minutes before the post goes; and these I shall employ in sending you some songs I have just been composing to different tunes, for the "Collection of Songs," of which you have three volumes, and of which you shall have the fourth.

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever," &c. *

"Behold the hour, the boat arrive!
My dearest Nancy, O fareweel," &c. †

"Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care," &c. ‡

The rest of this song is on the wheels. Adieu. Adieu.

R. B.

No. XXII.

TO MR. ROBERT BURNS.

25th January, 1792.

Agitated, hurried to death, I sit down to write a few lines to you, my ever dear, dear friend! We are ordered abroad on Saturday—to sail on Sunday. And now, my dearest Sir, I have a few things to say to you, as the last advice of her, who could have lived or died with you! I am happy to know of your applying so steadily to the business you are engaged in; but, oh remember, this life is a short, passing scene! Seek God's favour—keep His commandments—be solicitous to prepare for a happy eternity! There, I trust, we will meet, in perfect and never-ending bliss. Read my former letters attentively: let the religious tenets there expressed sink deep into your mind; meditate on them with candour, and your accurate judgment must be convinced that they accord with the words of Eternal Truth! Laugh no more at holy things, or holy men: remember, "without holiness, no man shall see God." Another thing, and I have done: as you value my peace, do not write me to Jamaica, until I let you know you may with safety. Write Mary often. She feels for you! and judges of your present feelings by her own. I am sure you will be happy to hear of my happiness: and I trust you will—soon. If there is time, you may drop me a line ere I go, to inform me if you get this, and another letter I wrote you, dated the 21st, which I am afraid of having been neglected to be put into the office.

So it was the Roselle you were to have gone in! I read your letter to-day, and reflected deeply on the ways of Heaven! To us they oft appear dark and doubtful; but let us do our duty faithfully, and sooner or later we will have our reward, because "the Lord God Omnipotent reigns:" every upright mind has here cause to rejoice. And now, adieu. May Almighty God bless you and yours! take you into His blessed favour here, and afterwards receive you into His glory! Farewell. I will ever, ever remain your *real* friend,

A. M.

No. XLVII.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE, EDINBURGH.

Autumn of 1792.

I suppose, my dear Madam, that by your neglecting to inform me of your arrival in Europe—a circumstance that could not be indifferent to me, as, indeed, no occurrence relating to you can—you meant to leave me to guess and gather that a correspondence I once had the honour and felicity to enjoy, is to be no more. Alas! what heavy-laden sounds are these—"No more!" The wretch who has never tasted pleasure, has never known woe; what drives the soul to madness, is the recollection of joys that are "no more!" But this is not language to the world: they do not understand it. But come, ye few—the children of Feeling and Sentiment! ye whose trembling bosom-chords ache to unutterable anguish, as recollection gushes on the heart! ye who are capable of an attachment, keen as the arrow of Death, and strong as the vigour of immortal being—come! and your ears shall drink a tale——But, hush! I must not, can not tell it; agony is in the recollection, and frenzy in the recital!

But, Madam, to leave the paths that lead to madness, I congratulate your friends on your return; and I hope that the precious health, which Miss P. tells me is so much injured, is restored, or restoring. There is a fatality attends Miss Peacock's correspondence and mine. Two of my letters, it seems, she never received; and her last came while I was in Ayrshire, was unfortunately mislaid, and only found about ten days or a fortnight ago, on removing a desk of drawers.

I present you a book: may I hope you will accept of it. I daresay you will have brought your books with you. The fourth volume of the "Scots Songs" is published; I will presume to send it you. Shall I hear from you?

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* See vol. i. p. 192. † See vol. ii. p. 56. ‡ See vol. i. p. 193.

But first hear me. No cold language—no prudential documents: I despise advice, and scorn control. If you are not to write such language, such sentiments as you know I shall wish, shall delight to receive, I conjure you, by wounded pride! by ruined peace! by frantic, disappointed passion! by all the many ills that constitute that sum of human woes, a broken heart!!!—to me be silent for ever. . . . .

R. B.

No. XLVIII.

TO MRS. M'LEHOSE.

1793.

Before you ask me why I have not written you, first let me be informed by you *how* I shall write you? "In friendship," you say; and I have many a time taken up my pen to try an epistle of "friendship" to you; but it will not do: 'tis like Jove grasping a pop-gun, after having wielded his thunder. When I take up the pen, recollection ruins me. Ah! my ever dearest Clarinda! Clarinda! What a host of memory's tenderest offspring crowd on my fancy at that sound! But I must not indulge that subject. You have forbid it.

I am extremely happy to learn that your precious health is re-established, and that you are once more fit to enjoy that satisfaction in existence, which health alone can give. My old friend Ainslie has indeed been kind to you. Tell him that I envy him the power of serving you. I had a letter from him a while ago, but it was so dry, so distant, so like a card to one of his clients, that I could scarce bear to read it, and have not yet answered it. He is a good honest fellow, and *can* write a friendly letter, which would do equal honour to his head and his heart, as a whole sheaf of his letters which I have by me will witness; and though Fame does not blow her trumpet at my approach *now*, as she did *then*, when he first honoured me with his friendship, yet I am as proud as ever; and when I am laid in my grave, I wish to be stretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground I have a right to.

You would laugh were you to see me where I am just now. Would to Heaven you were here to laugh with me, though I am afraid that crying would be our first employment. Here am I set, a solitary hermit, in the solitary room of a solitary inn, with a solitary bottle of wine by me, as grave and as stupid as an owl, but like that owl, still faithful to my old song; in confirmation of which, my dear Mrs. Mac, here is your good health. May the hand-waled benisons o' Heaven bless your bonnie face; and the wratch wha skellies at your welfare, may the auld tinkler deil get him to clout his rotten heart! Amen.

You must know, my dearest Madam, that these now many years, wherever I am, in whatever company, when a married lady is called as a toast, I constantly give you; but, as your name has never passed my lips, even to my most intimate friend, I give you by the name of Mrs. Mac. This is so well known among my acquaintances, that when any married lady is called for, the toast-master will say—"O, we need not ask him who it is: here 's Mrs. Mac!" I have also, among my convivial friends, set on foot a round of toasts, which I call a round of Arcadian Shepherdesses; that is, a round of favourite ladies, under female names celebrated in ancient song; and then you are my Clarinda. So, my lovely Clarinda, I devote this glass of wine to a most ardent wish for your happiness.

> "In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
> Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear:
> Above that world on wings of love I rise,
> I know its worst, and can that worst despise.
> 'Wrong'd, injured, shunned, unpitied, unredrest;
> The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,'
> Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
> Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all."

I have been rhyming a little of late, but I do not know if they are worth postage.

Tell me what you think of the following monody.

. . . .

The subject of the foregoing is a woman of fashion in this country, with whom at one period I was well acquainted.* By some scandalous conduct to me, and two or three other gentlemen here as well as me, she steered so far to the north of my good opinion, that I have made her the theme of several ill-natured things. The following epigram struck me the other day as I passed her carriage.

. . . .

R. B.

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* Mrs. Riddell. See vol. i. p. 210.

BURNS' FIRST COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry, &c., by Robert Burness; a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping it; but was, however, a man of some sense, a great deal of honesty, and unbounded goodwill to every creature rational or irrational. As he was but little indebted to scholastic education, and bred at a ploughtail, his performances must be strongly tinctured with his unpolished, rustic way of life; but as I believe they are really his own, it may be some entertainment to a curious observer of human nature to see how a Ploughman thinks and feels, under the pressure of Love, Ambition, Anxiety, Grief, with the like cares and passions, which, however diversified by the Modes and Manners of life, operate pretty much alike, I believe, in all the Species.

> "There are numbers in the world who do not want sense to make a figure, so much as an opinion of their own abilities to put them upon recording their observations, and allowing them the same importance which they do to those which appear in print."—Shenstone.

> "Pleasing, when youth is long expired, to trace
> The forms our pencil, or our pen, designed!
> Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face,
> Such the soft image of our youthful mind."—Ibid.

April, 1783.—Notwithstanding all that has been said against Love, respecting the folly and weakness it leads a young unexperienced mind into; still I think it, in a great measure, deserves the highest encomiums that have been passed upon it. If any thing on earth deserves the name of rapture or transport it is the feelings of green eighteen in the company of the mistress of his heart, when she repays him with an equal return of affection.

August.—There is certainly some connection between Love, and Music, and Poetry; and therefore, I have always thought it a fine touch of Nature, that passage in a modern love composition—

> "As towards her cot he jogg'd along,
> Her name was frequent in his song."

For my own part I never had the least thought or inclination of turning Poet till I got once heartily in Love, and then Rhyme and Song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart. The following composition was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity; unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her then—but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at an end.

> "O once I lov'd a bonnie lass
> Ay and I love her still," &c.[*]

Lest my works should be thought below Criticism; or meet with a Critic who, perhaps, will not look on them with so candid and favourable an eye; I am determined to criticise them myself.

The first distich of the first stanza is quite too much in the flimsy strain of our ordinary street ballads; and on the other hand, the second distich is too much in the other extreme. The expression is a little awkward, and the sentiment too serious. Stanza the second I am well pleased with; and I think it conveys a fine idea of that amiable part of the Sex—the agreeables; or what in our Scotch dialect we call a sweet sonsy lass. The third stanza has a little of the flimsy turn in it; and the third line has rather too serious a cast. The fourth stanza is a very indifferent one; the first line is, indeed, all in the strain of the second stanza, but the rest is mostly an expletive. The thoughts in the fifth stanza come finely up to my favourite idea, a sweet sonsy lass; the last line, however, halts a little. The same sentiments are kept up with equal spirit and tenderness in the sixth stanza; but the second and fourth lines ending with short syllables hurts the whole. The seventh stanza has several minute faults; but I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts, and my blood sallies at the remembrance.

September.—I entirely agree with that judicious philosopher Mr. Smith in his excellent Theory of Moral Sentiments, that Remorse is the most painful sentiment that can embitter the human bosom. Any ordinary pitch of fortitude may bear up tolerably well under those calamities, in the procurement of which we ourselves have had no hand; but when our own follies or crimes have made us miserable and wretched, to bear up with manly firmness, and at the same time have a proper penitential sense of our misconduct—is a glorious effort of Self-command.

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[*] See vol. i. p. 1.

"Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace;
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish," &c.*

March, 1784.—A penitential thought, in the hour of Remorse, intended for a tragedy—

"All devil as I am, a damned wretch;
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting villain," &c. †

I have often observed in the course of my experience of human life, that every man, even the worst, have something good about them, though very often nothing else than a happy temperament of constitution inclining them to this or that virtue; on this likewise depend a great many, no man can say how many of our vices; for this reason no man can say in what degree any person besides himself can be, with strict justice, called wicked. Let any of the strictest character for regularity of conduct among us, examine impartially how many of his virtues are owing to constitution and education; how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance, but from want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance intervening; how many of the weaknesses of mankind he has escaped because he was out of the line of such temptation; and, what often, if not always, weighs more than all the rest—how much he is indebted to the world's good opinion, because the world does not know all: I say, any man who can thus think, will scan the failings, nay the faults and crimes of mankind around him, with a brother's eye.

I have often coveted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of *Blackguards*, sometimes farther than was consistent with the safety of my character; those who by thoughtless prodigality, or headstrong passions, have been driven to ruin. Though disgraced by follies, nay sometimes "stained with guilt, and crimsoned o'er with crimes;" I have yet found among them, not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues, Magnanimity, Generosity, disinterested Friendship, and even Modesty, in the highest perfection.

March, 1784.—There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broke by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy: in this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the Willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed the following:—

"O Thou Great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know," &c. ‡

April.—As I am what the men of the world, if they knew of such a man, would call a whimsical Mortal; I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment which are, in a manner, peculiar to myself, or some here and there such other out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of Winter, more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast; but there is something even in the—

"Mighty tempest and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,"

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity, favourable to every thing great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I don't know if I should call it pleasure, but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear a stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving o'er the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is rapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, "walks on the wings of the wind." In one of these seasons, just after a tract of misfortunes, I composed the following:—

"The wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw," &c. *

April.—The following Song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification; but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over.

"My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O!
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O," &c.†

April.—Shenstone observes finely that love-verses writ without any real passion, are the most nauseous of all conceits; and I have often thought that no man can be a proper critic of Love composition, except he himself, in one or more instances, have been a warm votary of this passion. As I have been all along a miserable dupe to Love, and have been led into a thousand weaknesses and follies by it, for that reason I put the more confidence in my critical skill in distinguishing *foppery* and *conceit* from real *passion* and *nature*. Whether the following song will stand the test, I will not pretend to say, because it is *my own;* only I can say it was, at the time, *real*.

"Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O," &c. ‡

April.—I think the whole species of young men may be naturally enough divided in two grand classes, which I shall call the *grave* and the *merry;* though, by the bye, these terms do not with propriety enough express my ideas. There are, indeed, some exceptions; some part of the species who, according to my ideas of these divisions, come under neither of them; such are those individuals whom Nature turns off her hand, oftentimes, very like *blockheads*, but generally, on a nearer inspection, have some things surprisingly clever about them. They are more properly men of conceit than men of genius; men whose heads are filled, and whose faculties are engrossed by some whimsical notions in some art or science; so that they cannot think, nor speak with pleasure, on any other subject. Besides this pedantic species, Nature has always produced some mere insipid blockheads, who may be said to live a vegetable life in this world.

The *Grave* I shall cast into the usual division of those who are goaded on by the love of money; and those whose darling wish is to make a figure in the world. The *Merry* are the men of pleasure of all denominations, the jovial lads who have too much fire and spirit to have any settled rule of action; but without much deliberation, follow the strong impulses of nature: the thoughtless, the careless, the indolent; and in particular *he* who, with a happy sweetness of natural temper, and a cheerful vacancy of thought, steals through life—generally, indeed, in poverty and obscurity; but poverty and obscurity are only evils to him who can sit gravely down and make a repining comparison between his own situation and that of others; and lastly, to grace the quorum, such are, generally, the men whose heads are capable of all the towering of genius, and whose hearts are warmed with the delicacy of feeling.

August.—The foregoing was to have been an elaborate dissertation on the various species of men; but as I cannot please myself in the arrangement of my ideas on the subject, I must wait till farther experience and nicer observations throw more light on the subject. In the mean time I shall set down the following fragment, which, as it is the genuine language of my heart, will enable any body to determine which of the classes I belong to:—

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* See vol. i. p. 19. † See vol. i. p. 4. ‡ See vol. i. p. 9.

* See vol. i. p. 8. † See vol. i. p. 12. ‡ See vol. i. p. 16.

> "There 's nought but care on ev'ry han'
> In every hour that passes, O," &c. *

As the grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to whom we owe life, with every enjoyment that renders life delightful; and to maintain an integritive conduct towards our fellow creatures; that so by forming *piety* and *virtue* into habit, we may be fit members for that society of the pious and the good, which reason and revelation teach us to expect beyond the grave—I do not see that the turn of mind, and pursuits of such a one as the above verses describe—one who spends the hours and thoughts which the vocations of the day can spare with Ossian, Shakespeare, Thomson, Shenstone, Sterne, &c., or as the maggot takes him, a gun, a fiddle, or a song to make or mend; and at all times some heart's-dear bonnie lass in view—I say I do not see that the turn of mind and pursuits of such a one are in the least more inimical to the sacred interests of piety and virtue, than the even lawful bustling and straining after the world's riches and honours; and I do not see but he may gain Heaven as well, which, by the bye, is no mean consideration, who steals through the vale of life, amusing himself with every little flower that fortune throws in his way, as he, who straining strait forward, perhaps spattering all about him, gains some of life's little eminences, where, after all, he can only see and be seen a little more conspicuously, than what, in the pride of his heart, he is apt to term the poor, idolent, devil he has left behind him.

August.—A prayer, when fainting fits, and other alarming symptoms of a pleurisy or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threaten me, first put Nature on the alarm:—

> "O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
> Of all my hope and fear," &c. †

August.—Misgivings in the hour of *Despondency* and prospect of *Death*.

> "Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
> Have I so found it full of pleasing charms," &c. ‡

Sept.—SONG.—(*Tune*, "Invercauld's Reel—Strathspey.")

> "Yestreen I met you on the moor,
> Ye spak na, but gaed by like stour," &c. §

September.—SONG.—(*Tune*, "Black Jock.")

> "My girl she 's airy, she 's buxom and gay;
> Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms in May," &c. ‖

June, 1785.—John Barleycorn—A Song, to its own Tune.

I once heard the old song that goes by this name sung; and being very fond of it, and remembering only two or three verses of it, viz., the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, with some scraps which I have interwoven here and there in the following piece——

> "There was three kings into the east,
> Three kings both great and high," &c. ¶

June.—The death and dying words o' poor Mailie—my ain pet ewe—an unco mournfu' tale.

> "As Mailie and her lambs thegither
> Were ae day nibbling on the tether," &c. *

June.—A letter sent to John Lapraik, near Muirkirk, a true, genuine, Scottish Bard.

> "While briars an' woodbines budding green,
> And paitricks scraichin loud at e'en," &c. †

On receiving an answer to the above I wrote the following—

> "While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
> An' pownies reek at pleugh or brake, &c. ‡

August.—A SONG—(*Tune*, "Peggy Bawn.")

> "When chill November's surly blast
> Made fields and forests bare," &c. §

August.—However I am pleased with the works of our Scotch Poets, particularly the excellent Ramsay, and the still more excellent Ferguson, yet I am hurt to see other places of Scotland, their towns, rivers, woods, haughs, &c., immortalized in such celebrated performances, whilst my dear native country, the ancient bailieries of Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham, famous both in ancient and modern times for a gallant and warlike race of inhabitants; a country where civil, and particularly religious liberty have ever found their first support, and their last asylum; a country, the birthplace of many famous philosophers, soldiers, and statesmen, and the scene of many important events recorded in Scottish History, particularly a great many of the actions of the GLORIOUS WALLACE, the SAVIOUR of his country: yet, we have never had one Scotch Poet of any eminence, to make the fertile banks of Irvine, the romantic woodlands and sequestered scenes on Ayr, and the healthy, mountainous source, and winding sweep of Doon, emulate Tay, Forth, Ettrick, Tweed, &c. This is a complaint I would gladly remedy, but, alas! I am far unequal to the task, both in native genius and education.

Obscure I am, and obscure I must be, though no young poet nor young soldier's heart ever beat more fondly for fame than mine.

> "And if there is no other scene of being
> Where my insatiate wish may have its fill;
> This something at my heart that heaves for room,
> My best, my dearest part, was made in vain."

August.—A Fragment—(*Tune*, "I had a horse, and I had nae mair.")

> "When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
> My mind it was nae steady," &c. ‖

August.—Hairst—A Fragment—(*Tune*, Foregoing).

> "Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns
> Bring Autumn's pleasant weather," &c. ¶

September.—There is a certain irregularity in the old Scotch Songs, a redundancy of syllables with respect to that exactness of accent and measure that the English poetry requires, but which glides in, most melodiously, with the respective tunes to which they are set. For instance, the fine old song of "The Mill, Mill, O," to give it a plain prosaic reading, it halts prodigiously out of measure; on the other hand, the song set to the same tune in Bremner's collection of Scotch songs, which begins "To Fanny fair could I impart," &c., it is most exact measure, and yet, let them be both sung before a real critic, one above the biasses of prejudice, but a thorough judge of nature—how flat and spiritless will the last appear, how trite, and lamely methodical, compared with the wild-warbling cadence, the heart-moving melody of the first. This particularly is the case with all those airs which end with a hypermetrical syllable. There is a degree of wild irregularity in many of the compositions and fragments which are daily sung to them by my compeers, the common people—a certain happy arrangement of old Scotch syllables—and yet, very frequently, nothing, not even *like* rhyme, or sameness of jingle at the ends of the lines. This has made me sometimes imagine that, perhaps, it might be possible for a Scotch poet, with a nice judicious ear, to set compositions to many of our most favourite airs, particularly that class of them mentioned above, independent of rhyme altogether.

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* See vol. i. p. 17. † See vol. i. p. 10. ‡ See vol. i. p. 11.
§ See vol. i. p. 3. ‖ See vol. i. p. 23. ¶ See vol. i. p. 13.

* See vol. i. p. 13. † See vol. i. p. 33. ‡ See vol. i. p. 34.
§ See vol. i. p. 24. ‖ See vol. i. p. 23. ¶ See vol. i. p. 1.

There is a noble sublimity, a heart-melting tenderness in some of these ancient fragments, which show them to be the work of a masterly hand; and it has often given me many a heartache to reflect that such glorious old bards—bards who, very probably, owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the meltings of love with such fine strokes of nature, and, O mortifying to a bard's vanity, their very names are "buried 'mongst the wreck of things which were."

O ye illustrious names unknown! who could feel so strongly and describe so well! the last, the meanest of the *Muses' train*—one who, though far inferior to your flights, yet eyes your path, and with trembling wing would sometimes soar after you—a poor, rustic *Bard unknown*, pays this sympathetic pang to your memory! Some of you tell us, with all the charms of verse, that you have been unfortunate in the world—unfortunate in love; he, too, has felt all the unfitness of a poetic heart for the struggle of a busy, bad world; he has felt the loss of his little fortune, the loss of friends, and worse than all, the loss of the woman he adored! Like you, all his consolation was his Muse: she taught him in rustic measures to complain. Happy could he have done it with your strength of imagination and flow of verse! May the turf rest lightly on your bones! And may you now enjoy that solace and rest which this world rarely gives to the heart tuned to all the feelings of poesy and love!

September.—The following fragment is done something in imitation of the manner of a noble old Scottish piece called "M'Millan's Peggy," and sings to the tune of "Galla Water." My "Montgomerie's Peggy" was my deity for six or eight months. She had been bred, though, as the world says, without any just pretence for it, in a style of life rather elegant; but as Vanburgh says in one of his comedies, my "dam'd star found me out" there too; for though I began the affair merely in a *gaieté de cœur*, or to tell the truth, what would scarcely be believed, a vanity of showing my parts in courtship, particularly my abilities at a *billet-doux*, which I always piqued myself upon, made me lay siege to her; and when, as I always do in my foolish gallantries, I had battered myself into a very warm affection for her, she told me, one day in a flag of truce, that her fortress had been for some time before the rightful property of another; but, with the greatest friendship and politeness, she offered me every alliance, except actual possession. I found out afterwards that what she told me of a pre-engagement was really true; but it cost some heartaches to get rid of the affair.

I have even tried to imitate, in this extempore thing, that irregularity in the rhyme, which, when judiciously done, has such a fine effect on the ear.

"Although my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie," &c. *

September.—Another fragment in imitation of an old Scotch song, well known among the country ingle sides—I cannot tell the name, neither of the song nor the tune, but they are in fine unison with one another. By the way, these old Scottish airs are so nobly sentimental that when one would compose to them, to "sowth the tune," as our Scotch phrase is, over and over, is the readiest way to catch the inspiration, and raise the bard into that glorious enthusiasm so strongly characteristic of our old Scotch poetry. I shall here set down one verse of the piece mentioned above, both to mark the song and tune I mean, and likewise as a debt I owe to the author, as the repeating of that verse has lighted up my flame a thousand times.

Alluding to the misfortunes he feelingly laments before this verse—

"When clouds in skies do come together
To hide the brightness of the sun,
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' thir storms are past and gone."

"Though fickle Fortune has deceived me,
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill," &c. †

The above was an extempore under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. It was just at the close of that dreadful period mentioned page 314; and though the weather has brightened up a little with me, yet there has always been since a "tempest brewing round me in the grim sky" of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will some time or other, perhaps ere long, overwhelm me, and drive me into some doleful dell to pine in solitary, squallid wretchedness. However, as I hope my poor country Muse, who, all rustic, awkward, and unpolished as she is, has more charms for me than any other of the pleasures of life beside—as I hope she will not then desert me, I may even then learn to be, if not happy, at least easy, and *sowth* a sang to sooth my misery.

'Twas at the same time I set about composing an air in the old Scotch style. I am not musical scholar enough to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, and perhaps 'tis no great matter; but the following were the verses I composed to suit it:—

"O raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low," &c. ‡

The tune consisted of three parts, so that the above verses just went through the whole air.

October, 1785.—If ever any young man, on the vestibule of the world, chance to throw his eye over these pages, let him pay a warm attention to the following observations; as I assure him they are the fruit of a poor devil's dear bought experience. I have literally, like that great poet and great gallant, and, by consequence, that great fool, Solomon, "turned my eyes to behold madness and folly." Nay I have, with all the ardour of a lively, fanciful, and whimsical imagination, accompanied with a warm, feeling, poetic heart—shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship.

In the first place, let my pupil, as he tenders his own peace, keep up a regular, warm intercourse with the Deity, . . .

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* See vol. i. p. 5. † See vol. i. p. 11. ‡ See vol. i. p, 11.

BURNS' SECOND COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

[Until quite recently only a few extracts from this Common-place Book were believed to have been preserved (see vol. ii. p. 128), but in 1879, a few months after the death of the late Rev. George Gilfillan, it was announced that the entire journal had been for upwards of twenty years in the possession of Alexander Macmillan, Esq., publisher, London. It appeared during the year in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and we are now enabled, by the kind permission of the owner, to give it here in a complete form. As it consists to a considerable extent of transcripts of songs, &c., already given in this edition, we have only inserted their titles, with references to the pages where they are printed in full, except wher they contain important variations.]

Edinburgh, *April* 9, 1787.

As I have seen a good deal of human life in Edinburgh, a great many characters which are new to one bred up in the shades of life as I have been, I am determined to take down my remarks on the spot. Gray observes, in a letter of his to Mr. Palgrave, that "half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection." I don't know how it is with the world in general, but with me, making remarks is by no means a solitary pleasure. I want some one to laugh with me; some one to be grave with me; some one to please me and help my discrimination with his or her own remark; and at times, no doubt, to admire my acuteness and penetration. The world are so busied with selfish pursuits, ambition, vanity, interest, or pleasure, that very few think it worth their while to make any observation on what passes around them; except where that observation is a sucker or branch of the darling plant they are rearing in their fancy. Nor am I sure, notwithstanding all the sentimental flights of novel writers, and the sage philosophy of moralists, if we are capable of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship as that one of us may pour out his bosom, his every thought and floating fancy, his very inmost soul, with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect man demands from man; or, from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repenting his confidence.

For these reasons I am determined to make these pages my *Confidant.* I will sketch every character that anyway strikes me, to the best of my observation, with unshrinking justice; I will take down insert anecdotes and take down remarks, in the old law phrase, without feud or favour: where I hit on anything clever my own applause will in some measure feast my vanity; and (begging Patroclus' and Achates's pardon) I think a lock and key a security at least equal to the bosom of any friend whatever.

My own private story likewise, my amours, my rambles, the smiles and frowns of fortune on my bardship, my poems and fragments, that must never see the light, shall be occasionally inserted—in short, never did four shillings purchase so much friendship, since Confidence went first to market, or Honesty was set to sale.

To these seemingly invidious, but too just ideas of human friendship, I shall cheerfully and truly make one exception—the connection between two persons of different sex, when their interests are united or absorbed by the sacred tie of love—

"When thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

There confidence—confidence that exalts them the more in one another's opinion—confidence that endears them the more to one another's heart, unreservedly and luxuriantly "reigns and revels." But this is not my lot; and in my situation, if I am wise (which, by the bye, I have no great chance of being) my fate should be cast with the Psalmist's sparrow, "to watch alone on the house-tops." Oh, the pity!!!

A FRAGMENT—(*Tune,* " Daintie Davie.")*

There was a birkie born in Kyle,
But what na day o' what na style,
I doubt it 's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Davie.
Leeze me on thy curly pow,
Bonnie Davie, daintie Davie;
Leeze me on thy curly pow,
Thou 'se aye my daintie Davie.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five an' twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Davie.
Leeze me, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives 'll see the proof,
This walie boy will be nae coof,
I think we 'll ca' him Davie.
Leeze me, &c.

He 'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He 'll gie his daddie's name a blaw,
We 'll a' be proud o' Davie.
Leeze me, &c.

But sure as three times three maks nine,
I see by ilka score an' line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Davie.
Leeze me, &c.

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* See vol. i. p. 38 for another version.

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt you, Sir,
Ye 'll gar the lasses lie aspar,
But twenty faults ye may hae waur,
So blessins on thee, Davie.
Leeze me, &c.

There are few of the sore evils under the sun give me more uneasiness and chagrin than the comparison how a man of genius—nay, avowed worth—is everywhere received with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of Fortune, meets. Imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving that "honour to whom honour is due;" he meets at a great man's table a Squire Something, or a Sir Somebody; he knows the noble landlord at heart gives the bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes beyond any at table perhaps; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an eight-penny tailor, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice that are forgot to the son of Genius and Poverty?

The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention—engrossing attention one day to the only blockhead, as there was none but his lordship, the dunderpate, and myself, that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance; but he shook my hand and looked so benevolently good at parting—God bless him! though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues.

With Dr. Blair I am more at ease. I never respect him with humble veneration; but when he kindly interests himself in my welfare, or, still more, when he descends from his pinnacle, and meets me on equal ground, my heart overflows with what is called *liking*. When he neglects me for the mere carcase of greatness, or when his eye measures the difference of our points of elevation, I say to myself with scarcely any emotion—What do I care for him or his pomp either?

It is not easy forming an exact-judging judgment of any one: but, in my opinion, Dr. Blair is merely an astonishing proof what industry and application can do. Natural parts like his are frequently to be met with—his vanity is proverbially known among his acquaintances—but he is justly at the head of what may be called fine writing; and a critic of the first—the very first rank in prose; even in poesy, a good bard of Nature's making can only take the *pas* of him. He has a heart, not of the finest water, but far from being an ordinary one. In short, he is a truly worthy and most respectable character.

Mr. Greenfield is of a superior order. The bleedings of humanity, the generous resolve, a manly disregard of the paltry subjects of vanity, virgin modesty, the truest taste, and a very sound judgment, characterize him. His being the first speaker I ever heard is perhaps half owing to industry. He certainly possesses no small share of poetic abilities; he is a steady, most disinterested friend, without the least affectation of seeming so; and as a companion, his good sense, his joyous hilarity, his sweetness of manners and modesty, are most engagingly charming.

The most perfect character I ever saw is Mr. Stewart. An exalted judge of the human heart, and of composition. One of the very first public speakers, and equally capable of generosity as humanity. His principal discriminating feature is—from a mixture of benevolence, strength of mind, and manly dignity, he not only at heart values, but in his deportment and address bears himself to all the actors, high and low, in the drama of life, simply as they merit in playing their parts. Wealth, honours, all that is extraneous of the man, have no more influence with him than they will have at the Last Day. His wit, in the hour of social hilarity, proceeds almost to good-natured waggishness; and in telling a story he particularly excels.

The next character I shall mention—my worthy bookseller, Mr. Creech—is a strange, multiform character. His ruling passions of the left hand kind are extreme vanity, and something of the more harmless modifications of selfishness. The one, mixed as it often is with great goodness of heart, makes him rush into all public matters, and take every instance of unprotected merit by the hand, provided it is in his power to hand it into public notice; the other quality makes him, amid all the embarras in which his vanity entangles him, now and then to cast half a squint at his own interest. His parts as a man, his deportment as a gentleman, and his abilities as a scholar, are much above mediocrity. Of all the Edinburgh literati and wits he writes the most like a gentleman. He does not awe you with the profoundness of the philosopher, or strike your eye with the soarings of genius; but he pleases you with the handsome turn of his expression, and the polite ease of his paragraph. His social demeanour and powers, particularly at his own table, are the most engaging I have ever met with. On the whole he is, as I said before, a multiform, but an exceedingly respectable, worthy character.

The following poem is the work of some hapless unknown son of the Muses who deserved a better fate. There is a great deal of "The Voice of Cona" in his solitary, mournful notes; and had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone's language they would have been no discredit even to that elegant poet.

ELEGY.

"Strait is the spot and green the sod,
From whence my sorrows flow:
And soundly rests the ever dear
Inhabitant below.

Pardon my transport, gentle Shade,
While o'er this turf I bow!
Thy earthly house is circumscrib'd,
And solitary now!

Not one poor stone to tell thy name,
Or make thy virtues known;
But what avails to me, to thee,
The sculpture of a stone?

I 'll sit me down upon this turf,
And wipe away this tear:
The chill blast passes swiftly by,
And flits around thy bier.

Dark is the dwelling of the Dead,
And sad their house of rest:
Low lies the head by Death's cold arm
In aweful fold embrac'd.

I saw the grim Avenger stand
Incessant by thy side;
Unseen by thee, his deadly breath
Thy lingering frame destroy'd.

Pale grew the roses on thy cheek,
And wither'd was thy bloom,
Till the slow poison brought thy youth
Untimely to the tomb.

Thus wasted are the ranks of men,
Youth, Health, and Beauty fall;
The ruthless ruin spreads around,
And overwhelms us all.

Behold where round thy narrow house
The graves unnumber'd lie!
The multitudes that sleep below
Existed but to die.

Some, with the tottering steps of Age,
Trode down the darksome way:
And some, in youth's lamented prime,
Like thee were torn away.

Yet these, however hard their fate,
Their native earth receives;
Amid their weeping friends they died,
And fill their father's graves.

From thy loved friends where first thy breath
Was taught by Heaven to flow:
Far, far removed, the ruthless stroke
Surprised and laid thee low.

At the last limits of our Isle,
Washed by the western wave,
Touched by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely on thy grave.

Pensive he eyes, before him spread,
The deep outstretch'd and vast;
His mourning notes are borne away
Along the rapid blast.

And while, amid the silent Dead,
Thy hapless fate he mourns;
His own long sorrows freshly bleed,
And all his grief returns.

Like thee cut off in early youth
And flower of beauty's pride,
His friend, his first and only joy,
His much loved Stella died.

Him too, the stern impulse of Fate
Resistless bears along;
And the same rapid tide shall whelm
The Poet and the Song.

The tear of pity which he shed,
He asks not to receive;
Let but his poor remains be laid
Obscurely in the grave.

His grief-worn heart, with truest joy,
Shall meet the welcome shock;
His airy harp shall lie unstrung
And silent on the rock.

O my dear maid, my Stella, when
Shall this sick period close,
And lead thy solitary Bard,
To his beloved repose?

◆

Ellisland, 14*th June*, 1788—*Sunday*.

This is now the third day I have been in this country. Lord, what is man! what a bustling little bundle of passions, appetites, ideas, and fancies! and what a capricious kind of existence he has here! If legendary stories be true, there is, indeed, an *elsewhere*, where, as Thomson says, "virtue sole survives."

> "Tell us ye Dead,
> Will none of you in pity disclose the secret
> What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?
> . . . . a little time
> Will make us learn'd as you are, and as close."

I am such a coward in life, so tired of the service, that I would almost at any time, with Milton's Adam,

> ". . . gladly lay me in my Mother's lap,
> And be at peace;"

but a wife and children—in poetics, "the fair partner of my soul, and the little dear pledges of our mutual love"—these bind me to struggle with the stream, till some chopping squall overset the silly vessel, or, in the listless return of years, its own craziness drive it a wreck. Farewell now to those giddy follies, those varnished vices, which though half sanctified by the bewitching levity of Wit and Humour, are at best but thriftless idling with the precious current of existence—nay, often poisoning the whole that, like the plains of Jericho, "the water is naught, and the ground barren;" and nothing short of a supernaturally gifted Elisha can ever after heal the evils.

Wedlock, the circumstance that buckles me hardest to care, if virtue and religion were to be anything with me but mere names—was what in a few seasons I must have resolved on; in the present case it was unavoidably necessary. Humanity, generosity, honest vanity of character, justice to my own happiness for after life, so far as it could depend (which it surely will a great deal) on internal peace—all these joined their warmest suffrages, their most powerful solicitations, with a rooted attachment, to urge the step I have taken. Nor have I any reason on her part to rue it. I can fancy *how*, but have never seen *where*, I could have made it better. Come then, let me return to my favourite motto, that glorious passage in Young—

> "On Reason build Resolve—
> That column of true majesty in man."

June 16, 1788.—Copy of a letter to Lord Buchan, in answer to a bombast epistle he sent me when I went first to Edinburgh.*

To the Earl of Eglinton on receiving ten guineas as his Lordship's subscription money.†

◆

WRITTEN IN CARSE HERMITAGE.

"Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed," &c.‡

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* See vol. ii. p. 123. † See vol. ii. p. 121.
‡ See vol. i. pp. 142, 148.

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS.

The everlasting surliness of a lion, Saracen's head, &c., or the unchanging blandness of the landlord welcoming a traveller, on some sign-posts, would be no bad similes of the constant affected fierceness of a bully, or the eternal simper of a Frenchman or a fiddler.

. . . . . He looked
Just as your Sign-post lions do,
As fierce, and quite as harmless too.

Patient Stupidity.

So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the Sign-post stands the stupid Ox.

His face with smile eternal drest,
Just like the landlord to his guest,
High as they hang with creaking din,
To index out the Country Inn.

A head, pure, sinless, quite of brain or soul,
The very image of a Barber's Poll;
Just shows a human face and wears a wig,
And looks, when well friseur'd, too amazing big.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, OF FINTRY, Esq.

With a request for an Excise Division.—Ellisland, Sept. 8, 1788.

" When Nature her great master-piece designed,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind," &c.[*]

CASTLE GORDON—intended to be sung to "Morag."

" Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains," &c.[†]

SCOTS BALLAD—(*Tune*, "Mary weep no more for me.")

" My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea," &c.[‡]

SONG—(*Tune*, "Captain O'Kean.")

" The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale," &c.[§]

EXTEMPORE—TO MR. GAVIN HAMILTON.

" To you, sir, this summons I 've sent,
Pray whip till the pownie is fraething." &c.[||]

TO THE NIGHTINGALE—ON HER LEAVING E. C., 1784.

BY MRS. DR. HUNTER, LONDON.

" Why from these shades, sweet bird of eve,
Art thou to other regions wildly fled?
Thy pensive song would oft my cares relieve,
Thy melancholy softness oft would shed
Peace on my weary soul, return again,
Return, and sadly sweet, in soothing notes complain.

At the still hour I 'll come alone,
And listen to thy lovelorn trembling lay,
Or by the moon's beam on some mossy stone
I 'll sit, and watch thy wing from spray to spray;
Then when the swelling cadence slow shall rise,
I 'll join the plaintive strain in lowly murmuring sighs.

Ah, simple bird, where art thou flown!
What distant woodland now receives thy nest?
What distant echo answers to thy moan?
What distant thorn supports thy panting breast?
Who e'er shall feel thy melting woes like me,
Or pay thee for thy song with such true sympathy?"

A SONNET IN THE MANNER OF PETRARCH.

BY THE SAME.

" Come tender thoughts, with twilight's pensive gloom,
Soften remembrance, mitigate despair,
And cast a gleam of comfort o'er the tomb.

Methinks again the days and years return
When joy was young, and careless fancy smiled,
When hope with promises the heart beguiled
When love illumed the world, and happiness was born.
Where are ye fled, dear moments of delight!
And thou, O best beloved! alas, no more
The future can the faded past restore,
Wrapped in the shades of Time's eternal night.
For me remains alone, through ling'ring years,
The melancholy Muse, companion of my tears."

ON SEEING A FELLOW WOUND A HARE WITH A SHOT.—*April*, 1789.[*]

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes or verdant plains
To thee a home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek mangled innocent, some wonted form,
That wonted form, alas! thy dying bed;
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom warm.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe;
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow?

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[*] See vol. i. p. 145. [†] See vol. i. p. 127. [‡] See vol. i. p. 124. [§] See vol. i. p. 141. [||] See vol. i. p. 99.

[*] The above was sent to Mr. Alexander Cunningham, accompanied by a letter. See **General Correspondence**, vol. ii. p. 192. See vol. i. p. 154 for another version.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I 'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the worthless wretch, and mourn thy hapless fate.

ON SEEING A FELLOW WOUND A HARE—SPRING, 1789.

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed;
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe;
The playful pair espy thee o'er the plain;
Ah hapless nurslings! who will now sustain
Your little lives, or shield you from the foe!

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I 'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

ON BEING APPOINTED TO MY EXCISE DIVISION.

' I call no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns," &c. [*]

SONG—(*Tune*, "Ewe buchts, Marion.")

" Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia's shore?" &c. [†]

ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

" O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meike devil wi' a woodie," &c. [‡]

EPITAPH ON ROBERT FERGUSSON.

" No pageant bearings here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn nor animated bust," &c. [§]

TO THE HONOURABLE THE BAILIES OF THE CANONGATE, EDINBURGH. [‖]

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[*] See vol i. p. 191. [†] See vol. ii. p. 25. [‡] See vol i. p. 178.
[§] See vol. i. p. 115. [‖] See vol. ii. p. 124.

REMARKS

ON

SCOTTISH SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE MORE INTERESTING OF THE REMARKS WRITTEN BY BURNS IN AN INTERLEAVED COPY OF JOHNSON'S MUSICAL MUSEUM, PRESENTED BY HIM TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL OF GLENRIDDEL.

The Highland Queen.—(*Museum No.* 1.)

Both music and poetry were composed by a Mr. M'Vicar, purser of the Solway man of war. This I had from Dr. Blacklock.

Bess the Gawkie.—(*Museum No.* 4.)

The song shows that the Scottish Muses did not all leave us when we lost Ramsay and Oswald, as I have good reason to believe that the verses and music are both posterior to the days of these two gentlemen. It is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions —I mean the pastoral of Nature—that are equal to this.

Lord Gregory.—(*Museum No.* 5.)

It is somewhat singular that, in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kircudbright, and Dumfries Shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of, these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few; as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, "The Lass o' Lochroyan," which I take to be Lochroyan in Galloway.

The Banks of the Tweed.—(*Museum No.* 6.)

This song is one of the many attempts that English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of Anglo-Scottish productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.

The Beds of Sweet Roses.—(*Museum No.* 7.)

This song, as far as I know, for the first time appears here *in* print. When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air.

Roslin Castle.—(*Museum No.* 8.)

These verses were the production of Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr. Blacklock, to whom I am indebted for the anecdote, kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the tune. Tytler, in his amusing history of Scots music, gives the air to Oswald; but in Oswald's own collection of Scots tunes, where he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.

Saw Ye Johnnie Comin? Quo She.—(*Museum No.* 9.)

This song, for genuine humour in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.

Saw Ye Nae My Peggy.—(*Museum No.* 11.)

This charming song is much older, and indeed superior to, Ramsay's verses "The Toast," as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but though it has a very great deal of merit it is not quite ladies' reading.

The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear.

"Saw ye my Maggie, saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie linkin' o'er the lea?
High kilted was she, high kilted was she,
High kilted was she, the coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie? what mark has your Maggie?
What mark has your Maggie, that I may ken her by?" &c.

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fireside circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.

The Flowers of Edinburgh.—(*Museum No.* 13.)

This song is one of the many effusions of Scots Jacobitism. The title, "The Flowers of Edinburgh," has no manner of connexion with the present verses; so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains.

By the bye, it is singular enough that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites. I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one single stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyrical reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick; while there are hundreds satirizing them. This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots poets; but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said that my heart ran before my head—and surely the gallant though unfortunate house of Stewart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than . . .

Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' Strae.—(*Museum No.* 16.)

It is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of Nature, and poetry, particularly songs, are less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day, among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:—

"Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae:
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.
Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae:
An' gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae."

The Lass o' Livingston.—(*Museum No.* 17.)

The old song, in three eight-line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour; but is rather unfit for insertion. It begins:—

"The bonnie Lass o' Liviston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract,
To lie her lane, to lie her lane."

The last time I came o'er the Moor.—(*Museum No.* 18.)

Ramsay found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.

The Lass o' Patie's Mill.—(*Museum No.* 20.)

In Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland this song is localized (a verb I must use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the North of Scotland, and it is likewise claimed by Ayrshire. The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it from the last John, Earl of Loudoun. The then Earl of Loudoun—father to the Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudoun, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near Newmills, at a place yet called "Patie's Mill," they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudoun Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.

The Highland Laddie.—(*Museum No.* 21.)

As this was a favourite theme with our later Scottish Muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest is to be found in this "Museum" (No. 332), beginning "I hae been at Crookie-den." One reason for my thinking so is that Oswald has it in his collection by the name of "The Auld Highland Laddie." It is also known by the name of "Jinglin John," which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be earlier than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is little known to the peasantry by the name of "Highland Laddie;" while every body knows "Jinglin Johnnie." That song begins:—

"Jinglin John, the meikle man,
He met a lass was blythe and bonnie."

Another "Highland Laddie" is also in the "Museum," vol. v. (No. 467), which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus, "O my bonnie Highland lad," &c. It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus, and has humour in its composition. It is an excellent, but somewhat licentious song, beginning:—

"As I cam o'er the Cairney Mount,
And down among the blooming heather."

This air, and the common "Highland Laddie," seem to be only different sets.

Another "Highland Laddie," also in the "Museum," vol. v. (No. 468), is the tune of several Jacobite fragments. One of these old songs to it only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines:—

"Whare hae ye been a' day,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?
Down the back o' Bell's brae,
Courtin Maggie, courtin Maggie."

Another of this name is Dr. Arne's beautiful air (No. 22, vol. ii.), called the "New Highland Laddie."

The Turnimspike.—(*Museum No.* 23.)

There is a stanza in this excellent song for local humour, omitted in this set—where I have placed the asterisms (between the ninth and tenth verses).

"They tak the horse then by the head,
And there they make him stand, man;
Me tell them, me hae seen the day
They no had sic command, man."

A tradition is mentioned in "The Bee," that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say, that if he was going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way as to hear "Clout the Caldron" played.

I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune,

"Ha'e ye ony pots or pans,
Or ony broken chandlers,"

was composed on one of the Kenmure family in the cavalier times; and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of "The Blacksmith and his apron," which, from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune.

Auld Lang Syne.—(*Museum No.* 25.)

Ramsay here, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song, and the first line, from the old fragment, which will appear in the "Museum," vol. v.

Johnnie's Grey Breeks.—(*Museum No.* 26.)

To sing such a beautiful air to such execrable verses (as "The Gentle Swain") is downright prostitution of common sense! The Scots verses indeed are tolerable.

Though this has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune and song in the north of Ireland, called "The Weaver and his shuttle, O," which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very same tune.

He stole my tender heart away.—(*Museum No.* 28.)

This is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.

Fairest of the Fair.—(*Museum No.* 32.)

It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song. I was not acquainted with the Editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.

The Blathrie O't.—(*Museum No.* 33.)

The following is a set of this song, which was the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked up every word at first hearing.

O Willy, weel I mind, I lent you my hand,
To sing you a song which you then did demand;
But my memory 's so bad, I had a'maist forgot,
That you called it "the gear an' the blathrie o't."

I 'll sing not of confusion, delusion, or pride,
I 'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
And preferable to gear an' the blathrie o't.

Tho' my lassie hae nae scarlets nor silks to put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon a throne;
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she cam in her smock,
Than a princess wi' the gear an' the blathrie o't.

Tho' we hae nae horses nor menyie at command
We will toil on our fit, and we 'll work wi' our hand;
And when wearied, then our rest will be sweet in any spot,
And we 'll value not the gear and the blathrie o't.

If we hae ony babies, we 'll reckon them as lent;
Hae we less, hae we mair, we will aye be content;
For the cottar has mair pleasure in the winnin o' a groat,
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blathrie o't.

We' ll fash not the affairs o' the kirk or the queen,
They 're nae matters for a sang, let them sink, let them swim;
On your kirk I 'll ne'er encroach, but I 'll hold it still remote,
Sae take this for "the gear and the blathrie o't."

Dainty Davie.—(*Museum No.* 34.)

This song, tradition says, and the composition itself confirms it, was composed on the Rev. David Williamson's getting the daughter of Lady Cherrytrees with child, while a party of dragoons were searching the house to apprehend him for being an adherent to the solemn league and covenant. The pious woman had put a lady's night-cap on him, and had laid him a-bed with her own daughter, and passed him to the soldiery as a lady, her daughter's bed-fellow. A mutilated stanza or two are to be found in Herd's collection, but the original song consists of five or six stanzas, and were their delicacy equal to their wit and humour, they would merit a place in any collection. The first stanza is—

"Being pursued by the dragoons,
Within my bed he was laid down;
And weel I wat, he was worth his room,
For he was my dainty Davie."

Ramsay's song "Lucky Nancy," though he calls it an old song with additions, seems to be all his own except the chorus—

"I was aye telling you,
Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,
Auld springs wad ding the new
But ye would never trow me."

which I should conjecture to be part of a song prior to the affair of Williamson.

May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.—(*Museum No.* 35.)

"Kate of Aberdeen" is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, desires a recital. A fat dignitary of the church coming past Cunningham on Sunday as the poor poet was plying a fishing rod in some stream near Durham, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manner which was his peculiar characteristic, replied that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, "as he had no dinner to eat but what lay at the bottom of that pool." This, Mr. Woods the player, who knew Cunningham well and esteemed him much, assured me was true.

Tweedside.—(*Museum No.* 36.)

In Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany," he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentleman of his acquaintance; which songs are marked with the letters D. C., &c. Old Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee, the worthy and able defender of the beauteous Queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C. in the "Tea-table," were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Auchinames, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France. As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsay, I think the anecdote may be depended on. Of consequence the beautiful song of "Tweedside" is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honour to his poetical talents. He was a Robert Crawford; the Mary he celebrates was a Mary Stewart, of the Castle-Milk family, afterwards married to a Mr. Ritchie.

I have seen a song, calling itself the "Original Tweedside," and said to have been composed by a Lord Yester. It consisted of two stanzas, of which I recollect the first:—

"When Maggie and I was acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' high;
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,
Nor gowdspink so happy as I;
But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed;
I woo'd, but I cam nae great speed;
So now I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed."

Mary's Dream.—(*Museum No.* 37.)

The Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss Mary M‘Ghie, daughter to the Laird of Airds, in Galloway. The poet was a Mr. (John) Lowe, who likewise wrote another beautiful song, called "Pompey's Ghost." I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North America, where he now is, or lately was, addressed to a lady in Scotland. By the strain of the verses it appeared that they allude to some love disappointment.

The Maid that tends the Goats.—(*Museum No.* 40.)

Mr. Dudgeon (the author of this song) is a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire.

I wish my Love were in a Mire.—(*Museum No.* 41.)

I never heard more of the words of this old song than the title.

Allan Water.—(*Museum No.* 43.)

This Allan Water (which the composer of the music has honoured with the name of the air), I have been told, is Allan Water in Strathallan. (See vol. ii. p. 51).

There 's nae luck about the House.—(*Museum No.* 44.)

This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any language. The lines

"And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak!"

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by anything I ever heard or read; and the lines,

"The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw,"

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771, or 1772, it came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.

Tarry Woo.—(*Museum No.* 45.)

This is a very pretty song; but I fancy that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words.

Gramachree.—(*Museum No.* 46.)

This song was composed by Mr. Poe, a counsellor-at-law in Dublin. This anecdote I had from a gentleman who knew the lady—the "Molly"—who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr. Poe sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than

"How can she break that honest heart, that wears her in its core!"

but as the song is Irish, it had nothing to do in this collection.

The Collier's Bonnie Lassie.—(*Museum No.* 47.)

The first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay. The old words began thus:—

"The collier has a dochter, and O she 's wonder-bonnie!
A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money;
She wadna hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady;
But she wad hae a collier, the colour o' her daddie."

My ain kind Deary, O.—(*Museum No.* 49.)

The old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than those inserted, which were mostly composed by poor Fergusson, in one of his merry humours. The old words began thus:—

"I 'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary, O,
I 'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary, O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I 'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary, O."

Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty.—(*Museum No.* 51.)

The old words, all that I remember, are—

"Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
'Tis a cauld winter night;
It rains, it hails, it thunders,
The moon she gi'es nae light;
It 's for the sake o' sweet Betty,
That e'er I tint my way;
Sweet, let me lie beyond thee,
Until the break o' day.

O Betty will bake my bread,
And Betty will brew my ale,
And Betty will be my love,
When I come over the dale:
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me,
And while I hae life, dear lassie,
My ain sweet Betty thou 'se be."

The Blythsome Bridal.—(*Museum No.* 58.)

I find the "Blythsome Bridal" in James Watson's collection of Scots poems, printed at Edinburgh in 1716. This collection, the publisher says, "is the first of its nature which has been published in our native Scots dialect." It is now extremely scarce.

Tradition, in the western parts of Scotland, tells us that the old song, "An the Kirk wad let me be" (of which there are still two stanzas extant), once saved a covenanting clergyman out of a scrape. It was a little prior to the Revolution—a period when being a Scots Covenanter was being a felon—that one of the clergy who was at that time hunted by the merciless soldiery, fell in, by accident, with a party of the military. The soldiers were not exactly acquainted with the person of the reverend gentleman of whom they were in search; but from some suspicious circumstances they fancied that they had got one of that cloth and opprobrious persuasion among them, in the person of this stranger. *Mass John*, to extricate himself, assumed a freedom of manners very unlike the gloomy strictness of his sect; and, among other convivial exhibitions, sung (and some traditions say *composed* on the spur of the occasion) "Kirk wad let me be" with such effect, that the soldiers swore he was a d——d honest fellow, and that it was impossible he could belong to those hellish conventicles; and so gave him his liberty.

The first stanza of this song, a little altered, is a favourite kind of dramatic interlude acted at country weddings, in the south-west parts of the kingdom. A young fellow is dressed up like an old beggar; a peruke, commonly made of carded tow, represents the hoary locks; an old bonnet; a ragged plaid, or surtout, bound with a straw-rope for a girdle; a pair of old shoes, with straw-ropes twisted round the ancles, as is done by shepherds in snowy weather; his face they disguise as like wretched old age as they can: in this plight he is brought into the wedding-house, frequently to the astonishment of strangers who are not in the secret, and begins to sing—

"I am a silly old man,
My name is Auld Glenae," &c.

He is asked to drink, and by and by to dance, which, after some uncouth excuses, he is prevailed on to do, the fiddler playing the tune (which here is commonly called "Auld Glenae;") in short, he is all the time so plied with liquor that he is understood to get intoxicated, and with all the ridiculous gesticulations of an old drunken beggar, he dances and staggers until he falls on the floor; yet still in all his riot, nay, in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with one or other drunken motion of his body, he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out *dead drunk*.

Sae merry as we twa hae been.—(*Museum No.* 59.)

This song is beautiful. The chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn anything of its author.

"Sae merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been;
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we hae seen."

John Hay's Bonnie Lassie.—(*Museum No.* 67.)

She was the daughter of John Hay, Earl, or Marquis of Tweeddale, and late Countess-dowager of Roxburgh. She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, sometime between the years of 1720 and 1740.

The Bonnie Brucket Lassie.—(*Museum No.* 68.)

The idea of this song is to me very original; the first two lines are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the "Museum" marked T, are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of "Balloon Tytler," from his having projected a balloon; a mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God and Solomon-the-Son-of-David; yet that same unknown, drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclopedia Britannica, which he composed at half a guinea a week.

Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow.—(*Museum No.* 73.)

Mr. Robertson, in his statistical account of the parish of Selkirk, says that Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, was descended from the Dryhope, and married into the Harden family. Her daughter was married to a predecessor of the present Sir Francis Elliot of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, as it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times. The father-in-law agrees to keep his daughter for some time after the marriage; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas moon!

Down the Burn, Davie.—(*Museum No.* 74.)

I have been informed that the tune of "Down the burn, Davie," was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough hounds belonging to the Laird of Riddell, in Tweeddale.

The Bush aboon Traquair.—(*Museum No.* 80.)

This is another beautiful song of Mr. Crawford's composition. In the neighbourhood of Traquair, tradition still shows the "Old Bush," which, when I saw it in the year 1787, was composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near by, which he calls the "New Bush."

She rose and let me in.—(*Museum No.* 83.)

The old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this; but somebody (I believe it was Ramsay) took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.

Go to the Ewe-bughts, Marion.—(*Museum No.* 85.)

I am not sure if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or of the North of Scotland. There is a song, apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts, Marion," which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North. It begins thus:—

> "The Lord o' Gordon had three dochters,
> Mary, Marget, and Jean,
> They wad na stay at bonnie Castle Gordon,
> But awa to Aberdeen."

Lewis Gordon.—(*Museum No.* 86.)

This air is a proof how one of our Scots tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one of the earliest copies of the song, and it has prefixed—"Tune of Tarry Woo;" of which tune a different set has insensibly varied into a different air. To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line,

> "Tho' his back be at the wa',"

must be very striking. It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song. The supposed author of the song was a Mr. Geddes, priest at Shenval, in the Ainzie.

The Waukin' o' the Fauld.—(*Museum No.* 87.)

There are two stanzas still sung to this tune which I take to be the original song, whence Ramsay composed his beautiful song of that name in the Gentle Shepherd. It begins—

> "O will ye speak at our town.
> As ye come frae the fauld."

I regret that, as in many of our old songs, the delicacy of the old fragment is not equal to its wit and humour.

Oh ono Chrio.—(*Museum No.* 89.)

Dr. Blacklock informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe.

I'll never Leave Thee.—(*Museum No.* 91.)

This is another of Crawford's songs, but I do not think in his happiest manner. What an absurdity to join such names as Adonis and Mary together!

Corn Rigs are Bonnie.—(*Museum No.* 93.)

All the old words that ever I could meet with to this air were the following, which seem to have been an old chorus.

> "O corn rigs and rye rigs,
> O corn rigs are bonnie;
> And whene'er you meet a bonnie lass,
> Preen up her cockernony."

The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.—(*Museum No.* 86.)

The chorus of this song is old; the rest is the work of "Balloon Tytler."

Bide ye Yet.—(*Museum No.* 97.)

There is a beautiful song to this tune beginning "Alas! my son, you little know," which is the composition of a Miss Jenny Graham, of Dumfries.

Tranent Muir.—(*Museum No.* 102.)

Composed by a Mr. Skirving, a very worthy, respectable farmer, near Haddington. I have heard the anecdote often that Lieutenant Smith, whom he satirises in the ninth stanza, came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirving to meet him there, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in the song. "Gang awa back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a leuk o' him; and if I think I 'm fit to fecht him, I 'll fecht him; and if no, I 'll do as he did—I 'll rin awa!"

To the Weaver's gin ye go.—(*Museum No.* 103.)

The chorus of this song is old, the rest of it is mine. Here, once for all, let me apologise for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words; in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together anything near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent.

I'm o'er Young to Marry yet.—(*Museum No.* 107.)

The chorus of this song is old. The rest of it—such as it is—is mine. (See vol. ii. p. 9).

Love is the cause of my Mourning.—(*Museum No.* 109.)

The words of "The Shepherd's Complaint" are by a Mr. R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

My Jo, Janet.—(*Museum No.* 111.)

Johnson, the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza of this humorous balled, which Ramsay printed entire in the "Tea-table Miscellany:"—

> "My spinnin wheel is auld and stiff,
> The rock o 't winna stand, sir;
> To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
> Requires right aft my hand, sir;
> Mak the maist o 't that ye can,
> Janet, Janet,
> But like it never wale a man,
> My Jo, Janet!"

The Birks of Aberfeldy.—(*Museum No.* 113.)

I composed these stanzas, standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, at or near Moness. (See vol. i. p. 122).

The Highland Lassie, O.—(*Museum No.* 117.)

This was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My "Highland Lassie" was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the Banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.

Were na my heart light, I would die.—(*Museum No.* 121.)

Lord Hailes, in his notes to his collection of Scots poems, says that this song was the composition of a Lady Grisell Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie of Jerviswood.

The Young Man's Dream.—(*Museum No.* 126.)

This song is a composition of "Balloon Tytler."

Strathallan's Lament.—(*Museum No.* 132.)

This air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living, Allan Masterton, Schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But to tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle.*

What will I do gin my Hoggie die?—(*Museum No.* 133.)

Dr. Walker, who was Minister in Moffat in 1772, and is now (1791) Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, told the following anecdote concerning this air. He said that some gentlemen, riding a few years ago through Liddesdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Mosspaul (in Ewesdale); when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock at her door, was singing. All she could tell concerning it was, that she was taught it when a child, and it was called "What will I do gin my Hoggie die?" No person, except a few females at Mosspaul, knew this fine old tune; which in all probability would have been lost, had not one of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down. (See vol. ii. p. 9).

Up in the Morning Early.—(*Museum No.* 140.)

The chorus of this is old; the two stanzas are mine. (See vol. ii. p. 9).

The Tears of Scotland.—(*Museum No.* 141.)

Dr. Blacklock told me that Smollet, who was at bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic verses on the infamous depredations of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden.

I Dream'd I lay where Flowers were Springing.—(*Museum No.* 146.)

These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen; they are among the oldest of my printed pieces. (See vol. i. p. 4).

The Banks of the Devon.—(*Museum No.* 157.)

These verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon. I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for the work. (See vol. i. p. 132).

Waly, Waly, up yon bank.—(*Museum No.* 158.)

In the west country I have heard a different edition of the second stanza. Instead of the four lines beginning with "When cockle shells," &c., the other way ran thus:—

"O wherefore need I busk my head?
  Or wherefore need I kame my hair?
Sin' my fause Luve has me forsook,
  And says he 'll never loe me mair."

Duncan Gray.—(*Museum No.* 160.)

Dr. Blacklock informed me that he had often heard the tradition that this air was composed by a carman in Glasgow.

Dumbarton Drums.—(*Museum No.* 161.)

This is the last of the West Highland Airs; and from it, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweedside, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland. The oldest Ayrshire reel is "Stewarton Lasses," which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, *alias* Lord Lysle, since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty. "Johnnie Faa" is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the extensive district of Ayrshire.

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.—(*Museum No.* 162.)

This song is by the Duke of Gordon. The old verses are:—

"There 's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
  And castocks in Strathbogie;
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,
  Then fye, gie me my coggie.
    My coggie, sirs, my coggie, sirs,
      I canna want my coggie;
    I wadna gie my three-girr'd caup
      For e'er a quean in Bogie.

There 's Johnnie Smith has got a wife
  That scrimps him o' his coggie;
If she were mine, upon my life,
  I 'd douk her in a bogie.
    My coggie, sirs," &c.

For lack of Gold.—(*Museum No.* 163.)

The country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line "She me forsook for a great Duke," say, "For Athole's Duke she me forsook," which I take to be the original reading.

These words were composed by the late Dr. Austin, physician in Edinburgh. He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to be married; but the Duke of Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted of, and she "jilted the Doctor."

Here 's a Health to my true love.—(*Museum No.* 166.)

This song is Dr. Blacklock's. He told me that tradition gives the air to our James IV. of Scotland.

Hey tutti taitie.—(*Museum No.* 170.)

I have met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn.

Raving winds around her blowing.—(*Museum No.* 173.)

I composed these verses on Miss Isabella Macleod of Rasa, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudoun, who shot himself out of sheer heart-break at some mortifications he suffered owing to the deranged state of his finances. (See vol. i. p. 137).

Since robbed of all that charmed my view.—(*Museum No.* 176.)
Tune—"Miss Hamilton's Delight."

The old name of this air is "The blossom o' the Raspberry." The song is Dr. Blacklock's.

Musing on the Roaring Ocean.—(*Museum No.* 179.)

I composed these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. M'Lachlan, whose husband is an Officer in the East Indies. (See vol. i. p. 139).

Blythe was she.—(*Museum No.* 180.)

I composed these verses while I stayed at Ochtertyre with Sir William Murray. The lady, who was also at Ochtertyre at the same time, was a well-known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, who was called, and very justly, "The Flower of Strathmore." (See vol. i. p. 129).

Johnnie Faa, the Gipsey Laddie.—(*Museum No.* 181.)

The people in Ayrshire begin this song—"The Gypsies cam to Lord Cassilis' yett." They have a great many more stanzas in this song than I ever saw in any printed copy. The castle is still remaining at Maybole, where his Lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life in confinement.

To Daunton me.—(*Museum No.* 182.)

The two following old stanzas to this tune have some merit:

"To daunton me, to daunton me,
O ken ye what it is that 'll daunton me?
There 's eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' that I hae born sinsyne;
There 's cess and press and Presbytrie,
I think it will do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what it is that wad wanton me?
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
And banishment among the Whigs,
And right restored where right sud be,
I think it wad do meikle for to wanton me."

Polwarth on the Green.—(*Museum No.* 183.)

The author is Captain John Drummond M'Grigor, of the family of Bochaldie.

I had a horse and I had nae mair.—(*Museum No.* 185.)

This story is founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family, who live in a place in the parish (I think) of Galston, called Barr-mill, was the luckless hero that "had a horse and had nae mair." For some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West Highlands, where he "feed himself to a Highland laird," for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard. The present Mr. Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great grandchild to our hero.

Up and waur them a', Willie.—(*Museum No.* 188.)

This edition of the song I got from *Tam Neil*, of facetious fame in Edinburgh. The proper expression is "Up and warn a', Willie," alluding to the Crantara, or warning of a Highland Clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders in the west and south say, "Up and *waur* them a', Willie."

Hooly and Fairly.—(*Museum No.* 191.)

It is remark-worthy that the song of "Hooly and Fairly," in all the old editions of it, is called "The Drucken Wife o' Galloway," which localizes it to that country-side.

Rattlin', roarin' Willie.—(*Museum No.* 194.)

The last stanza of this song is mine; it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Chrochallan corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments. (See vol. i. p. 115).

Cromlet's Lilt.—(*Museum No.* 199.)

The following interesting account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddel by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee:—"In the latter end of the 16th century, the eldest son of Chisholm of Cromleck (an estate now possessed by the Drummonds) was much attached to a daughter of Stirling of Ardoch, commonly called Fair Helen of Ardoch. At that period most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or a grave, in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad was induced to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay brother of the monastery of Dunblane, in that neighbourhood. This man, unfortunately, became himself deeply attached to Helen, and by keeping up letters and messages entrusted to him, and by telling her stories to the disadvantage of Cromlus, he managed to irritate both of the lovers, and all connection was broken off betwixt them.

"Helen was inconsolable, and Cromlus retired to a hermitage where he composed the "Lilt" which is identified with his name; and when the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover. Helen was obdurate; but at length, overcome by her brother's persuasions, she submitted, rather than consented to the marriage, but there her compliance ended. When forcibly put to bed, she started from it quite frantic, and screaming out that she heard three taps on the wainscot at the bed-head, with these words in the voice of Cromlus—'Helen, Helen, mind me!' Soon thereafter Cromlus arrived at home, and discovered the treachery of the confident—the fraudulent marriage was disannulled, and Helen became Lady Cromleck.

"N.B.—Helen's brother, above referred to, was the father of thirty-one children, his wife Margaret Murray, being a daughter of Murray of Struan, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the 'Tutor of Ardoch,' died in 1715, aged 111 years."

The Marquis of Huntly's Reel.—(*Museum No.* 201.)

The song was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, nonjuror clergyman at Linshart, near Peterhead.—He is likewise the author of "Tullochgorum," "Ewie wi' the crooked horn," "John o' Badenyond," &c., and what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind. He is also the author of an ecclesiastical history of Scotland. The air is by Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, the first composer of Strathspeys in the age. I have been told by somebody who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces—"Marquis of Huntly's Reel," his "Farewell," and "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel"—from the old air, "The German Lairdie."

Gil Morrice.—(*Museum No.* 203.)

This plaintive ballad ought to have been called "Child Maurice," and not "Gil Morrice." In its present dress it has gained immortal honour from Mr. Home's taking from it the ground-work of his fine tragedy of "Douglas." But I am of opinion that the present ballad is a modern composition; perhaps not much above the age of the middle of last century; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to 1650. That it was taken from an old ballad, called "Child Maurice," now lost, I am inclined to believe; but the present one may be classed with "Hardycanute" (first printed in 1719), "Kenneth," "Duncan," the "Laird of Woodhouselee," "Lord Livingston," "Binnorie," "The Death of Monteith," and several other modern productions, which have been swallowed by many readers, as ancient fragments of old poems.

"This beautiful, plaintive tune was composed by Mr. M'Gibbon, the selector of a collection of Scots tunes."—ROBT. RIDDELL.

In addition to the observations on "Gil Morrice," I add, that of the ballads which Captain Riddell mentions, "Kenneth" and "Duncan" are juvenile compositions of Mr. M'Kenzie, the "Man of Feeling." Mr. M'Kenzie's father shewed them in MSS. to Dr. Blacklock, as the productions of his son, from which the Doctor rightly prognosticated that the young poet would make, in his more advanced years, a respectable figure in the world of letters. This I had from Blacklock.

When I upon thy Bosom lean.—(*Museum No.* 205.)

This song was the work of a very worthy, facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, *The Ayr Bank.* He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting over their misfortunes.

Tibbie Dunbar.—(*Museum No.* 207.)

This tune is said to be the composition of John M'Gill, fiddler in Girvan. He called it after his own name.

My Harry was a Gallant gay.—(*Museum No.* 209.)

The oldest title I ever heard to this air was "The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland." The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine. (See vol. i. p. 167).

The Highland Character.—(*Museum No.* 210.)

This tune was the composition of General Reid, and called by him "The Highland, or 42nd Regiment's March." The words ("In the garb of old Gaul") are by Sir Harry Erskine.

Leaderhaughs and Yarrow.—(*Museum No.* 211.)

There is, in several collections, the old song of this name. It seems to have been the work of one of our itinerant minstrels, as he calls himself, at the conclusion of his song "Minstrel Burn."

The Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.—(*Museum No.* 212.)

This air is the march of the Corporation of Tailors. The second and fourth stanzas are mine. (See vol. i. p. 137).

Beware o' Bonnie Anne.—(*Museum No.* 215.)

I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Allan Masterton, the author of the air "Strathallan's Lament," and two or three others in this work. (See vol. i. p. 169).

This is no my ain House.—(*Museum No.* 216.)

The first half-stanza is old, the rest is Ramsay's. The tune is an old Highland air, called "Shuan truish willighan." The old words are:—

"O this is no my ain house, my ain house, my ain house,
This is no my ain house, I ken by the biggin' o't.
There 's bread and cheese are my door-cheeks, my door-cheeks, &c.,
There 's bread and cheese are my door-cheeks, an' pancakes the riggin' o't.

This is no my ain wean, my ain wean, my ain wean,
This is no my ain wean, I ken by the greetie o't,
I 'll tak' my curchie aff my head, aff my head, aff my head,
I 'll tak' my curchie aff my head, an' row't about the feetie o't."

Laddie, lie near me.—(*Museum No.* 218.)

This song ("Hark the loud tempest shakes") is by Blacklock.

The Gardener wi' his paidle.—(*Museum No.* 220.)

The air is the "Gardener's March." The title of the song only is old; the rest is mine. (See vol. i. p. 167).

The Day returns, my Bosom burns.—(*Museum No.* 224.)

I composed this song out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world—Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life. (See vol. i. p. 143).

The Gaberlunzie Man.—(*Museum No.* 226.)

This song is supposed to commemorate an intrigue of James the V. Mr. Callander of Craigforth published, some years ago, an edition of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and the "Gaberlunzie Man," with notes critical and historical. James the V. is said to have been fond of Gosford, in Aberlady Parish, and it was suspected by his contemporaries that in his frequent excursions to that part of the country he had other purposes in view besides golfing and archery.

Three favourite ladies, Sandilands, Weir, and Oliphant, (one of whom resided at Gosford, and the others in the neighbourhood), were occasionally visited by their royal and gallant admirer, which gave rise to the following satirical advice to his Majesty, from Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount; Lord Lyon:—

"Sow not your seed on Sandy lands,
Spend not your strength in Weir,
And ride not on an Elephant,
For spoiling o' your gear."

The Black Eagle.—(*Museum No.* 228.)

This song is by Dr. Fordyce, whose merits as a prose writer are well known.

Johnnie Cope.—(*Museum No.* 234.)

This satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Prestonpans in 1745, when he marched against the Clans. The air was the tune of an old song, of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was "Will ye go to the coals in the morning."

I love my Jean.—(*Museum No.* 235.)

This air is by Marshall, the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. N.B.—It was during the honeymoon. (See vol. i. p. 141).

The Mill, Mill, O.—(*Museum No.* 242.)

The original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's, is still extant. It runs thus:—

"As I cam' down yon water side,
And by yon sheelin-hill, O,
There I spied a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And a lass that I loed right weel, O.
The mill, mill, O, and the kill, kill, O,
And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel, O,
The sack and the sieve, an' a' she did leave,
For dancin' the miller's reel, O."

Auld Robin Gray.—(*Museum No.* 247.)

This air was formerly called "The Bridegroom greets when the sun gangs down."

Tak' your auld cloak about you.—(*Museum No.* 250.)

A part of this old song, according to the English set of it, is quoted in Shakspeare. (*In the Drinking scene in Othello*).

Donald and Flora.—(*Museum No.* 252.)

This is one of those few Gaelic tunes, preserved from time immemorial in the Hebrides; they seem to be the ground-work of many of our finest Scots pastoral tunes. The words of this song were written to commemorate the unfortunate expedition of General Burgoyne in America, in 1777.

O were I on Parnassus Hill.—(*Museum No.* 255.)

This air is Oswald's: the song I made out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. (See vol. i. p. 142).

There 's a Youth in this city.—(*Museum No.* 258.)

This air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it his "Lament for his Brother." The first half-stanza of the song is old; the rest is mine. (See vol. i. p. 128).

Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes.—(*Museum No.* 264.)

This beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were in print before. (See vol. ii. p. 11).

The Bridal o't.—(*Museum No.* 269.)

This song is the work of Mr. Alexander Ross, late Schoolmaster at Lochee; and author of a beautiful Scots poem, called "The Fortunate Shepherdess."

The Bob o' Dumblane.—(*Museum No.* 270.)

Ramsay, as usual, has modernized this song. The original, which I learned on the spot, from my old hostess in the principal Inn there, is:—

"Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I 'll lend you my thripplin-kame;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we 'll gae dance the bob o' Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood—three came hame;
An it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An it be na weel bobbit, we 'll bob it again."

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated. In the evening of the day of the battle of Dunblane (Sheriff-muir) when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army, observed to his Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that *they* had gotten the victory. "Weel, weel," answered his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, "if they think it be nae well bobbit, we 'll bob it again.'

A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son.—(*Museum No.* 271.)

This most beautiful tune is, I think, the happiest composition of that bard-born genius, John Riddell, of the family of Glengarnock at Ayr. The words were composed to commemorate the much lamented and premature death of James Ferguson, Esq., junior, of Craigdarroch. (See vol. i. p. 146).

The Braes o' Ballochmyle.—(*Museum No.* 276.)

This air is the composition of my friend Allan Masterton, in Edinburgh. I composed the verses on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes had obliged him to sell the estate. (See vol. i. p. 42).

The Shepherd's Preference.—(*Museum No.* 278.)

This song is Blacklock's. I don't know how it came by the name, but the oldest appellation of the air was "Whistle and I 'll come to you, my lad." It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name.

We ran, and they ran.—(*Museum No.* 282.)

The author was a Rev. Mr. Murdoch M'Lennan, minister at Crathie, Deeside.

The Bonnie Banks of Ayr.—(*Museum No.* 284.)

I composed this song as I conveyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. I meant it as my farewell Dirge to my native land. (See vol. i. p. 105).

A Waukrife Minnie.—(*Museum No.* 288).

I picked up this old song and tune from a country girl at Nithsdale. I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland.

The Braes o' Killiecrankie.—(*Museum No.* 292.)

The battle of Killiecrankie was the last stand made by the Clans for James, after his abdication. Here the gallant Lord Dundee fell in the moment of victory, and with him fell the hopes of the party. General M'Kay, when he found the Highlanders did not pursue his flying army, said, "Dundee must be killed, or he never would have overlooked this advantage." A great stone marks the spot where Dundee fell. (See vol. ii. p. 11).

Craigieburn Wood.—(*Museum No.* 301.)

It is remarkable of this air, that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c., we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigieburn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of antiquity.

The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born in Craigieburn Wood. The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad. (See vol. i. p. 195).

Frae the Friends and Land I love.—(*Museum No.* 302.)

I added the four last lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is. (See vol. i. p. 194).

Hughie Graham.—(*Museum No.* 303.)

There are several editions of this ballad. This, here inserted, is from an oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song. It originally had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten.

A Southland Jenny.—(*Museum No.* 308.)

This is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before. It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this collection, was written down from Mrs. Burns' voice.

My Tocher 's the Jewel.—(*Museum No.* 312.)

This tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow. It is notoriously taken from "The Muckin o' Geordie's Byre." It is also to be found, long prior to Nathaniel Gow's era, in Aird's selection of Airs and Marches, the first edition, under the name of "The Highway to Edinburgh." (See vol. i. p. 194).

Then Gudewife count the lawin.—(*Museum No.* 313.)

The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect:—

> "Every day my wife tells me
> That ale and brandy will ruin me;
> But if gude liquor be my dead,
> This shall be written on my head—
> Landlady, count the lawin," &c.

(See vol. ii. p. 13).

There 'll never be Peace till Jamie comes hame.—(*Museum No.* 315.)

This tune is sometimes called "There are few gude fellows when Willie 's awa." But I never have been able to meet in with anything else of the song than the title. (See vol. i. p. 186).

I do confess thou art so fair.—(*Museum No.* 321.)

This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. The poem is to be found in "Watson's collection of Scots Poems," the earliest collection printed in Scotland. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress. (See vol. i. p. 198).

The Sodger Laddie.—(*Museum No.* 323.)

The first verse of this is old; the rest is by Ramsay. The tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called "Jackey Hume's Lament," or "The Hollin Buss," or "Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?"

Galloway Tam.—(*Museum No.* 325.)

I have seen an interlude acted at a wedding, to this tune, called "The Wooing of the Maiden." These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz., "Sully puir Auld Glenae," and this one, "The Wooing of the Maiden."

As I cam' down by yon castle wa'.—(*Museum No.* 326.)

This is a very popular Ayrshire song.

Lord Ronald, my Son.—(*Museum No.* 327.)

This air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of "Lochaber." In this manner most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel composed the simple, artless, original air; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.

O'er the moor amang the heather.—(*Museum No.* 328.)

This song is the composition of a Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a wh—, but also a thief; and in one or other character has visited most of the Correction Houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard.

To the Rosebud.—(*Museum No.* 330.)

"All hail to thee, thou balmy bud."

This song is the composition of a Mr. Johnson, a joiner in the neighbourhood of Belfast. The tune is by Oswald, altered evidently from "Johnnie's Grey Breeks."

Yon wild mossy mountains.—(*Museum No.* 331.)

This tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know. (See vol. i. p. 197).

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face.—(*Museum No.* 333.)

These words were originally English verses; I gave them their Scots dress. (See vol. ii. p. 13).

Thou art gane away frae me, Mary.—(*Musum No.* 338.)

This tune is the same with "Haud awa frae me, Donald."

The tears I shed must ever fall.—(*Museum No.* 340.)

This song of genius was composed by a Miss Cranstoun. It wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the first four of the last stanza.

The tither morn.—(*Museum No.* 345.)

This tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song. (See vol. ii. p. 12).

A Posie to my ain dear May.—(*Museum No.* 373.)

It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his "Roslin Castle" on the modulation of this air. In the second part of Oswald's, in the first three bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the first three bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was sung, when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice, had no great merit.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me.—(*Museum No.* 448.)

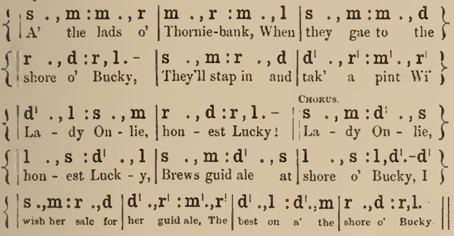
This was composed on an amour of Charles II. when sculking in the North, about Aberdeen, in the time of the Usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the House of Portletham, who was "the lass that made the bed" to him. (See vol. i. p. 142).

OLD SCOTTISH SONGS

IMPROVED BY BURNS.

LADY ONLIE.

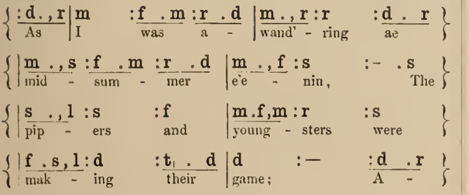
Key D.—Lively. Tune—'The Ruffian's Rant.'

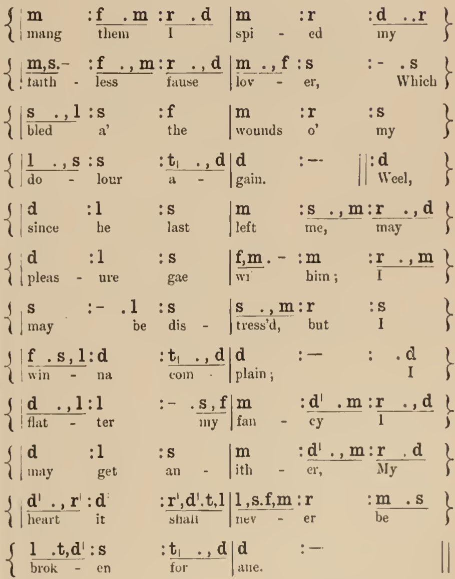

A' the lads o' Thornie-bank, When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll stap in and tak' a pint Wi'
Chorus.
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky! Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky, I wish her sale for her guid ale, The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky!
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky, &c.

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

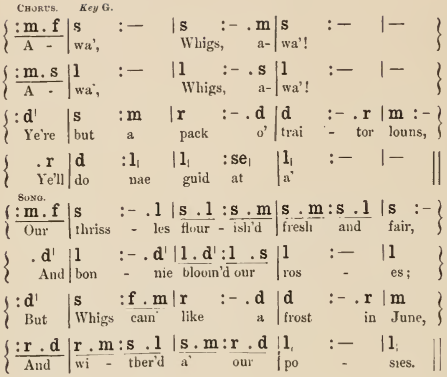
Key F.—Plaintive. Tune—Gaelic Air.


As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin, The
pipers and youngsters were makin their game; A-


mang them I spied my faithless fause lover, Which
bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again. Weel,
since he last left me, may pleasure gae wi' him; I
may be distress'd, but I winna complain; I
flatter my fancy I may get anither, My
heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleepin' till dawin' for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, oh! love forsaken 's a tormenting pain.
Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win:
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'.


Chorus. Key G.
A - wa', Whigs, a- wa'!
A - wa', Whigs, a- wa'!
Ye're but a pack o' trai - tor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'
Song.
Our thriss - les flour - ish'd fresh and fair,
And bon - nie bloom'd our ros - es;
But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,
And wi - ther'd a' our po - sies.

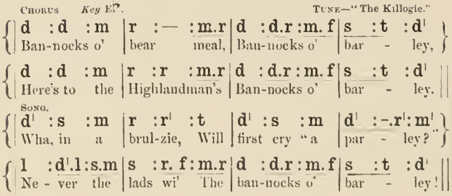
Our ancient crown 's fa'en in the dust—
  Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't!
An' write their names in his black beuk,
  Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
    Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
  Surpasses my descriving:
The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,
  An' we hae done wi' thriving.
    Awa', Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,
  But we may see him waukin':
Guid help the day when Royal heads
  Are hunted like a maukin!
    Awa', Whigs, &c.

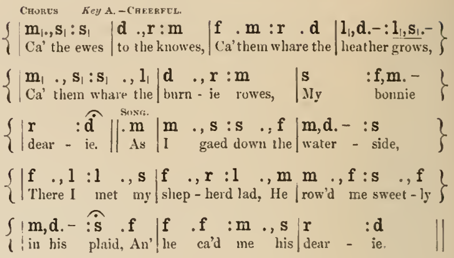
BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

Tune—"The Killogie."


Chorus Key E♭.
Ban-nocks o' bear meal, Ban-nocks o' bar - ley,
Here's to the Highlandman's Ban-nocks o' bar - ley.
Song.
Wha, in a brul-zie, Will first cry "a par - ley?"
Ne - ver the lads wi' The ban-nocks o' bar - ley!

Wha, in his wae days,
  Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi' the
  Bannocks o' barley!
    Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.*


Chorus Key A.—Cheerful.
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burn - ie rowes, My bonnie dear - ie.
Song.
As I gaed down the water - side,
There I met my shep - herd lad, He row'd me sweet - ly
in his plaid, An' he ca'd me his dear - ie.

Will ye gang down the water-side
  And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
  The moon it shines fu' clearly?
    Ca' the ewes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
  My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
  And nae body to see me.
    Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
  Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
  And ye sall be my dearie.
    Ca' the ewes, &c.

If ye 'll but stand to what ye 've said,
  I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
  And I sall be your dearie.
    Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea,
  While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
  Ye sall be my dearie.
    Ca' the ewes, &c.

* * *

The following is the original song, which may be compared with the altered version given above.

  Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
  Ca' them where the heather growes,
  Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
  My bonnie dearie.

---

* This is the version as altered by Burns for "Johnson's Museum." The tune here given was taken down from the singing of a gentleman in Aberdeen many years ago. In sending the song to Thomson for his collection Burns entirely remodelled it, as will be seen at page 9, vol. i., and page 67, vol. ii., of the present work.

Will ye gang down yon water side,
That thro' the glen docs saftly glide,
And I sall row thee in my plaid,
My bonnie dearie?
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ye sall hae rings and ribbons meet,
Calf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my bosom ye sall sleep,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

I was brought up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
Nor sit the livelong day in dool,
Lanely and irie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yon yowes and lammies on the plain,
Wi' a' the gear my dad did hain,
I'se gie thee, if thou 'lt be mine ain,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Come weel, come wae, whate'er betide,
Gin ye 'll prove true, I'se be your bride,
And ye sall row me in your plaid,
My winsome dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Key G.—ALLEGRETTO. TUNE "Up in the Morning early"

:m$_1$ | l$_1$:— :t$_1$ | d :— :r | m :-.fe: s | s$_1$:—
Cauld | blaws the wind frae | east to west,

:s$_1$ | l$_1$:-.t$_1$: d.r | m :-.r :d.t$_1$ | l$_1$:— :— | m :—
The | drift is driv - ing | sair - ly;

:m$_1$ | l$_1$:— :t$_1$ | d :— :r | m :-.fe: s | s$_1$:—
Sae | loud and shrill I | hear the blast,

:s$_1$ | l$_1$:-.t$_1$: d.r | m :-.r :d.t$_1$ | l$_1$:— :— | m :— :— ||
I'm | sure it's win - ter | fair - ly.

CHORUS.

d :-.r :d | d :— :d | r :-.m:r | r :— :—
Up in the morn - ing's | no for me,

m :-.f:s | l :— :s.f | m :— :— | s :—
Up in the morn - ing | ear - ly;

:d | d :-.r :d | d :— :d | r :m :s | l :—
When | a' the hills are | cov - er'd wi' snaw,

:s .f | m :-.r :d | t$_1$:-.l$_1$:se$_1$ | l$_1$:— :— | m :— ||
I'm | sure it's win - ter | fair - ly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn—
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.
Up in the morning 's, &c.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.*

Key G —MODERATO. TUNE—"Coming through the Rye"

| s$_1$.,s$_1$:s$_1$,m.- | r .,d :r,m.- | s$_1$,s$_1$.- :l$_1$.,s$_1$ | d :s$_1$
Com-ing through the rye, poor body, | Coming through the rye, She

| s$_1$. s$_1$:s,m.- | r .,d :r,m.- | s$_1$.,s$_1$:l$_1$,s$_1$.- | d :- . ||
draiglet a' her pet - ti - coat-ie | Com-ing through the rye.

CHORUS.

s .,m :d,m.- | r .,d :r,m.- | s .,m :d.m,s | l : .l
Jen-ny's a' wat, poor body, | Jen-ny's sel-dom dry; She

| s .,m :f ., r | f,m.r,d: r.,m | s$_1$,s$_1$.- :l$_1$.,s$_1$ | d :- . ||
draiglet a' her pet - ti - coat-ie | Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Jenny 's a' wat, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken?
Jenny 's a' wat, &c.

WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T.

Key F.—MODERATO. TUNE—"Whistle owre the lave o't"

| d .,s$_1$:l$_1$,d.- | m .,r :m | s .,l:m .d^1 | r .,d :l$_1$
First when Maggie was my care, | Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;

| d .,s$_1$:l$_1$,d.- | m .,r :m | d,d.- :m .,d | r :d . ||
Now we're married—spier nae mair— | Whistle owre the lave o't.

| s .,l:d^1 .,t | l ., s:m | s .,l:m . d^1 | r .,d :l$_1$
Megwas meek,and Megwas mild, | Bonnie Meg was nature's child;

| d^1 .,t :l . d^1 | s ., l:m | d,d.- :m .,d | r :d . ||
Wiser men than me's begniled— | Whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle owre the lave o't!

---

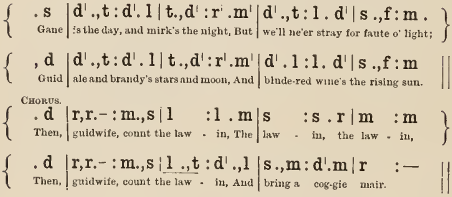
* The above is the modern adaptation of this song. See vol. ii. p. 17 for the song as improved by Burns.

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write—but Meg may see 't—
Whistle owre the lave o t!

* * *

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

Key D—Lively. Tune—"Guidwife, count the Lawin'


Gane 's the day, and mirk's the night, But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light;
Guid ale and brandy's stars and moon, And blude-red wine's the rising sun.
Chorus.
Then, guidwife, count the law - in, The law - in, the law - in,
Then, guidwife, count the law - in, And bring a cog-gie mair.

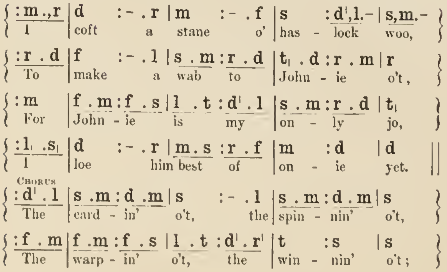
There 's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we 're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that 's drunk 's a lord.
Then, guidwife, &c.

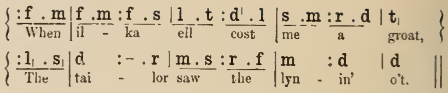
My coggie is a haly pool
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink it a' ye 'll find him out.
Then, guidwife, &c.

* * *

THE CARDIN' O'T, THE SPINNIN' O'T.

Key F. Tune—"Salt Fish and Dumplings."


I coft a stane o' has - lock woo,
To make a wab to John - ie o't,
For John - ie is my on - ly jo,
I loe him best of on - ie yet.
Chorus
The card - in' o't, the spin - nin' o't,
The warp - in' o't, the win - nin' o't;

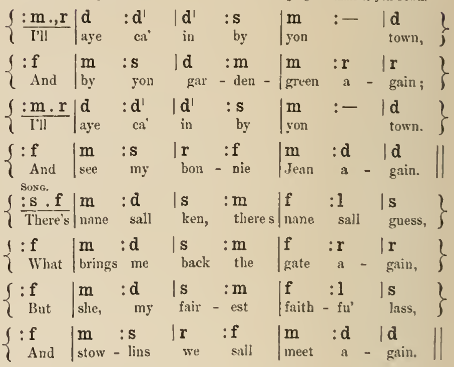

When il - ka ell cost me a groat,
The tai - lor saw the lyn - in' o't.

For though his locks be lyart grey,
And though his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin' o't, &c.

* * *

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

Chorus *Key* E♭.—Lively Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon Town."

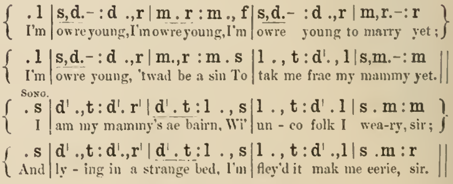

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon gar - den - green a - gain;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town.
And see my bon - nie Jean a - gain.
Song.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate a - gain,
But she, my fair - est faith - fu' lass,
And stow - lins we sall meet a - gain.

She 'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin' time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! she 's doubly dear again.
I 'll aye ca' in, &c.

* * *

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Chorus. *Key* F—Allegretto. Tune—"I'm owre young to marry yet'

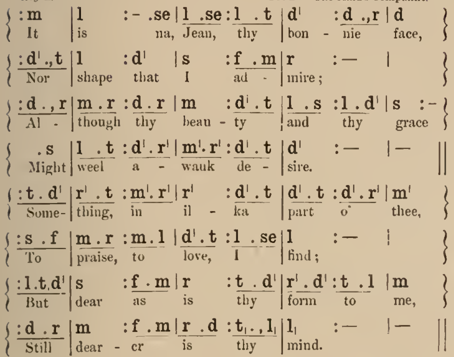

I'm owre young, I'm owre young, I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin To tak me frae my mammy yet.
Song.
I am my mammy's ae bairn, Wi' un - co folk I wea-ry, sir;
And ly - ing in a strange bed, I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir,
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
I'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud an' shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I 'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
I'm owre young, &c.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

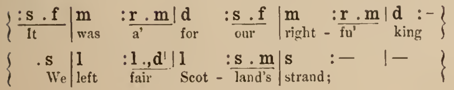
Key E♭. TUNE—"The Maid's Complaint."

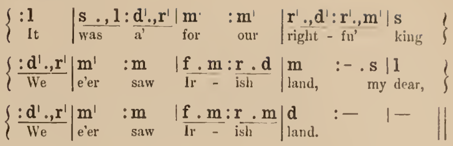

It is na, Jean, thy bon - nie face,
Nor shape that I ad - mire;
Al - though thy beau - ty and thy grace
Might weel a - wauk de - sire.
Some-thing, in il - ka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dear - er is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than, if I canna mak' thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I 'd wish to live,
For thee I 'd bear to die.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

Key D. TUNE—"It was a for our rightfu' King."


It was a' for our right - fu' king
We left fair Scot - land's strand;


It was a' for our right - fu' king
We e'er saw Ir - ish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Ir - ish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

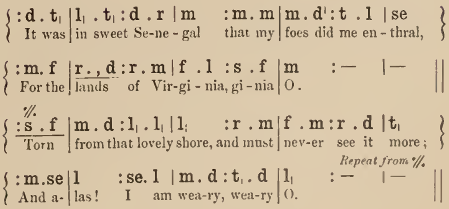
He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle reigns a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
And adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
And I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that 's far awa,
The lee-lang night and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night and weep.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

Key F.—SLOW. TUNE—"The Slave s Lament


It was in sweet Se-ne - gal that my foes did me en - thral,
For the lands of Vir-gi - nia, gi - nia O.
Torn from that lovely shore, and must nev-er see it more;
Repeat from 𝄎
And a- las! I am wea-ry, wea-ry O.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, ginia O:
There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary O:
There streams for ever flow, and the flowers for ever blow,
And alas! I am weary, weary, O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, ginia O;
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary O:
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME

CHORUS. *Key* D.—SLOW. TUNE—"I'll never leave thee"

```
{ m  :-.f:s     |m  :-.r:d   |r   :f.l:s.m   |r   :-   :d   }
{ Ja - mie, come|try     me, |Ja - mie, come |try       me; }

{ m   :-.f :s      |m   :-.r :d   |r.,m:d'.l :s.m }
{ If      thou would|win     my love|Ja -  mie,  come}

                 SONG.
{ r   :—   :d  ||d'   :t    :d'    |r'   :-.t :l.s    }
{ try        me.||If    thou  should|ask      my love,  }

{ l    :-.s :l,s.m|d'.,r':d'.r':m' |l    :-.s :m.d'    }
{ Could    I  de -|ny      thee?    |If      thou would }

{ l.s :f.m :r.d |r.,m:d'.l :s.m |r   :—   :d   ||
{ win   my   love,|Ja - mie,  come|try        me.  ||
```

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou would be my love,
Jamie, come try me.
Jamie, come try me, &c.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

CHORUS. *Key* B♭.—LIVELY. TUNE—"My Wife she dang me."

```
{ :s,.,f,|m,  :s,  |s,   :s,.,l, |ta,  :—   |r,   }
{  O     |aye  my  |wife  she    |dang      me,   }

{ :s,.,f,|m,  :s,  |s,   :d.r  |m    :—   |d    }
{  An'   |aft  my  |wife  she  |bang'd    me,   }

{ :r.m   |f   :s.f |m    :r.m  |f.m :r.d |r     }
{  If ye |gie  a   |wo - man   |a'   her  |will,  }

{ :d.t,  |d     :t,.l, |s,.l, :f,.s, |m,   :—   |d,  ||
{  Guid  |faith! she'll|soon   o'er -|gang       ye  ||

SONG.
{ :m,.r, |d,.r, :m,.f, |s,   :s,.l, |ta,  :f,  |r,    }
{  On    |peace  and   |rest  my    |mind  was |bent, }

{ :t,    |d    :s,  |s,    :d.r |m    :d   |s,    }
{  And,  |fool  I   |was!   I   |mar  -    |ried; }

{ :d     |f   :-.s  |l.s  :f.m |f.m :r.d |r     }
{  But   |ne -  ver |hon - est |man's in -|tent  }

{ :d.t,  |d     :t,.l, |s,.l, :f,.s, |m,   :—   |d,    ||
{  Sae   |curs - ed -  |ly     mis -  |car   -    |ried. ||
```

Some sairie comfort at the last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My "pains o' hell" on earth is past,
I 'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O aye my wife, &c.

O GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS. *Key* D.—LIVELY. TUNE—"The Bottom of the Punch Bowl."

```
{ :m.r |d    :d   |d'   :-.r' |d'   :d.m |s    :—     }
{  O   |guid  ale |comes   and|guid  ale |goes;       }

{ r    :r   |r'.m' :f'.m' |r'   :r   |r    :—   }
{ Guid  ale |gars    me   |sell  my  |hose,     }

{ d    :d   |d'   :-.r' |m'.r' :d'.l |d'   :—   }
{ Sell  my  |hose,   and|pawn   my   |shoon;    }

{ l    :m   |s.l  :s.f |m    :d   |d     ||
{ Guid  ale |keeps  my |heart  a -|boon!  ||

SONG.
{ :d'.r' |m'.r' :d'.l |s    :d'.r' |m'.r':d'.l |d'   :—   }
{  I     |had    sax  |ow  - sen   |in     a   |pleugh,   }

{ l    :—   |s.l  :d'.r' |m'.m':r'  |r'   :d'.r' }
{ And       |they  drew  |a' weel e-|neugh: I    }

{ m'.r' :d'.l |s    :d'.r' |m'.r' :d'.t |d'   :—   }
{ sell'd them |a'    just  |ane    by   |ane;      }

{ l    :m   |s.l  :s.f |m    :d   |d     ||
{ Guid  ale |keeps  the|heart  a -|boon!  ||
```

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae dune—
Guid ale keeps the heart aboon!
O guid ale comes, &c.

O KENMURE 'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

Key F.—WITH SPIRIT.

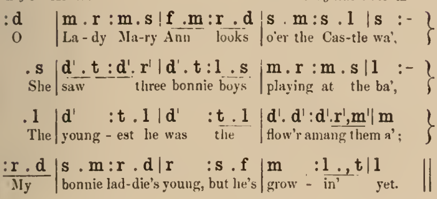
```
{ :m    |d  :-.r:m  |d'  :-.s :m  |s   :—  :—  |f.s :—  }
{  O    |Ken - mure's on  and a - |wa,         Willie,  }

{ :l    |d  :-.r:m  |d'  :-.s :m  |r   :—  :—  |—  :—   }
{  O    |Ken - mure's on  and a - |wa;                  }

{ :m    |d  :-.r:m  |d'  :-.s :m  |s   :-.l:t  |d'  :-.t }
{  An'  |Ken - mure's lord's   the|brav -  est  lord     }

{ :l    |s  :-.f:m  |f   :-.m:r   |d   :—  :—  |—  :—   }
{  That |ev -  er Gall - o - way  |saw.                 }

{ :m'.r'|d' :—  :s  |l   :-.s:m   |s   :—  :—  |s.m':—  }
{  Suc -|cess    to Ken - mure's  |band,        Willie! }

{ :r'   |d' :—  :s  |l.s:—  :m    |r   :—  :—  |—  :—   }
{  Suc -|cess    to Ken -  mure's |band!                }

{ :t    |d' :—  :s  |l.s:—  :m    |s   :-.l:t  |d'  :-.t }
{ There's|no     a   heart   that |fears   a    Whig,    }

{ :l    |s  :-.f:m  |f   :-.m:r   |d   :—  :—  |—  :—  ||
{  That |rides   by Ken - mure's  |band.                ||
```

Here 's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here 's Kenmure's health in wine!
There 's ne'er a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their foes shall ken.

They 'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
They 'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!
Here 's him that 's far awa, Willie!
Here 's him that 's far awa!
And here 's the flower that I loe best,
The rose that s like the snaw.

LADY MARY ANN.

Key C —Slowish. Tune—"Craigstone 's Growin' "


O La-dy Ma-ry Ann looks o'er the Cas-tle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',
The young - est he was the flow'r amang them a';
My bonnie lad-die's young, but he's grow - in' yet.

O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We 'll send him a year to the college yet;
We 'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he 's to marry yet.

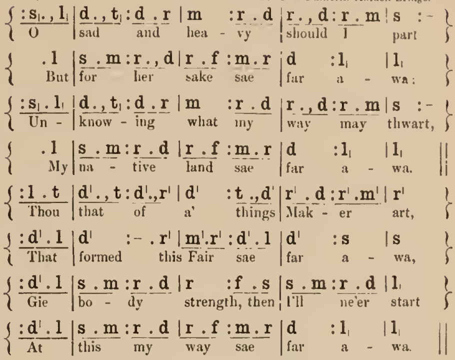
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell and bonnie was its hue,
And the longer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonnie and bloomin' and straight was its make;
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen,
But far better days I trust will come again;
For my bonnie laddie 's young, but he 's growin' yet.

MY NATIVE LAND SAE FAR AWA.

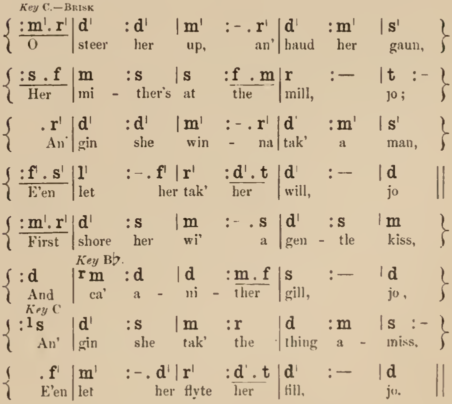
Key G Tune— 'Dalkeith Maiden Bridge.'


O sad and hea - vy should I part
But for her sake sae far a - wa;
Un - know - ing what my way may thwart,
My na - tive land sae far a - wa.
Thou that of a' things Mak - er art,
That formed this Fair sae far a - wa,
Gie bo - dy strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far a - wa.

How true is love to pure desert!
Like mine for her sake far awa';
And nocht shall heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh, she is sae far awa!
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but her's sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the Fair, sae far awa.

O STEER HER UP AN' HAUD HER GAUN.

Key C.—Brisk


O steer her up, an' haud her gaun,
Her mi - ther's at the mill, jo;
An' gin she win - na tak' a man,
E'en let her tak' her will, jo,
First shore her wi' a gen - tle kiss,
Key B♭.
And ca' a - ni - ther gill, jo,
Key C
An' gin she tak' the thing a - miss.
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

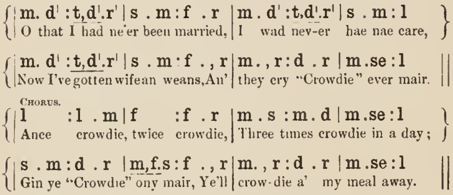
O steer her up, and be na blate,
An' gin she tak' it ill, jo,
Then leave the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo,

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo,
That gin the lassie winna do 't,
Ye 'll find anither will, jo.

* * *

CROWDIE EVER MAIR.

Key E♭.—A Little Lively.

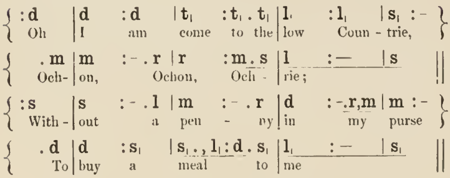

O that I had ne'er been married, I wad nev-er hae nae care,
Now I've gotten wife an' weans, An' they cry "Crowdie" ever mair.
Chorus.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie, Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye "Crowdie" ony mair, Ye'll crow-die a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
Glowrin' by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I 'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, &c.

* * *

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Key G.—Very Slow. Tune—Gaelic Air.


Oh I am come to the low Coun-trie,
Och-on, Ochon, Och-rie;
With-out a pen-ny in my purse
To buy a meal to me

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide,
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

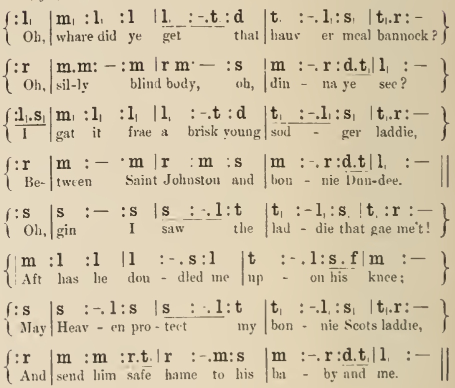
Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon! O Donald, oh!
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me!

* * *

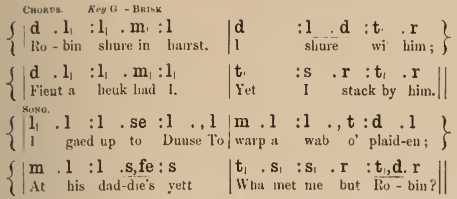
OH, WHARE DID YE GET?

Key B♭.—Slow. Tune—"Adieu, Dundee."


Oh, whare did ye get that hauv-er meal bannock?
Oh, sil-ly blind body, oh, din-na ye see?
I gat it frae a brisk young sod-ger laddie,
Be-tween Saint Johnston and bon-nie Dun-dee.
Oh, gin I saw the lad-die that gae me't!
Aft has he dou-dled me up on his knee;
May Heav-en pro-tect my bon-nie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his ba-by and me.

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'ebree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou 's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
But I 'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
And I 'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak' thee a man like thy daddie dear.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

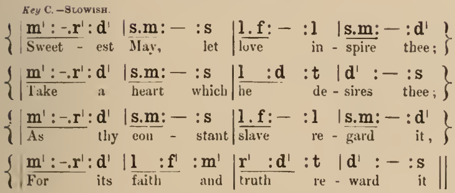

Chorus. Key G - Brisk
Ro - bin shure in hairst. I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I. Yet I stack by him.
Song.
I gaed up to Dunse To warp a wab o' plaid-en;
At his dad-die's yett Wha met me but Ro - bin?

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cottar,
Play'd me sic a trick,
An' me the Eller's dochter!
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Guse-feathers and a whittle!
Robin shure, &c.

* * *

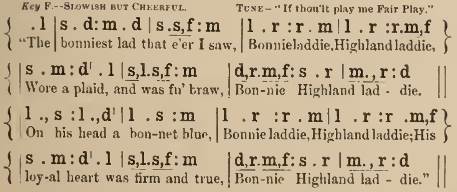
SWEETEST MAY.


Key C.—Slowish.
Sweet - est May, let love in - spire thee;
Take a heart which he de - sires thee;
As thy con - stant slave re - gard it,
For its faith and truth re - ward it

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie,
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken bands can bind it!

* * *

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.


Key F.—Slowish but Cheerful.
Tune—"If thou'lt play me Fair Play."
"The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw, Bon-nie Highland lad - die.
On his head a bon-net blue, Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie; His
loy-al heart was firm and true, Bon-nie Highland lad - die."

"Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie."

"The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go! for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie."

* * *

The following are the verses of the old song of "The Highland Lad and Lawland Lassie." The above will show the share Burns had in remodelling it.

The cannons roar and trumpets sound,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' Charles resound,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

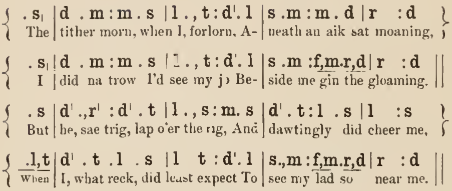
The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere ought thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
My fondness shall no more controul,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Your generous and heroic soul,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Your charms and sense, your noble mind,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
Wou'd make the most abandon'd kind,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
For you and Charles I'd freely fight,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
No object else can give delight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
And when victorious, you shall find,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
A Jenny constant to your mind,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

THE TITHER MORN.

Key F.—LIVELY. TUNE—"The Tither Morn."

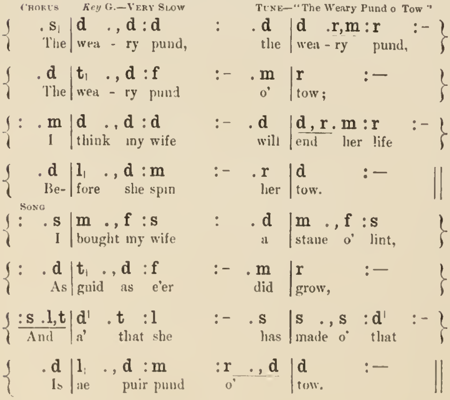

.s₁ |d .m:m.s |l.,t:d'.l |s.m:m.d |r :d
The |tither morn, when I, forlorn, A- |neath an aik sat moaning,
.s₁ |d .m:m.s |l.,t:d'.l |s.m:f,m.r,d |r :d
I |did na trow I'd see my jo Be- |side me gin the gloaming.
.s |d'.,r' :d'.t |l.,s:m.s |d'.t:l .s |l :s
But |he, sae trig, lap o'er the rig, And |dawtingly did cheer me,
.l,t |d'.t.l .s |l t:d'.l |s.,m:f,m.r,d |r :d
When |I, what reck, did least expect To |see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat, wi fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me
Deil tak the war! I late and air
Hae wish d since Jock departed;
But now sae glad I 'm wi my lad,
As short syne broken hearted

Fu' aft at e'en wi' dancing keen,
When a were blythe and merry,
I cared na by sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest, my mind 's at rest,
I 'm happy wi' my Johnnie;
At kirk and fair I 'se aye be there,
And be as canty 's ony.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

CHORUS *Key* G.—VERY SLOW TUNE—"The Weary Pund o Tow"


.s₁ |d .,d:d : .d |d .r,m:r :-
The |wea - ry pund, the |wea - ry pund,
.d |t₁ .,d:f :- .m |r :—
The |wea - ry pund o' |tow;
: .m |d .,d:d :- .d |d,r.m:r :-
I |think my wife will |end her life
.d |l₁ .,d:m :- .r |d :—
Be- |fore she spin her |tow.
SONG
: .s |m .,f:s : .d |m .,f:s
I |bought my wife a |stane o' lint,
: .d |t₁ .,d:f :- .m |r :—
As |guid as e'er did |grow,
:s .l,t |d' .t :l :- .s |s .,s :d' :-
And |a' that she has |made o' that
.d |l₁ .,d:m :r .,d |d :—
Is |ne puir pund o' |tow.

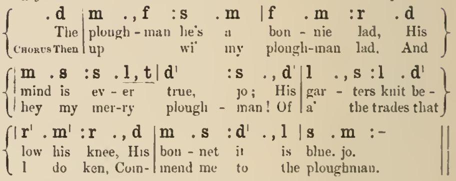
There sat a bottle in a bole,
Ayont the ingle low;
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.
The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brake it o'er my pow
The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see 't!
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,
And or I wad anither jad,
I ll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, &c.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Key F—LIVELY TUNE—"The Ploughman"


.d |m .,f :s .m |f .m :r .d
The |plough - man he's a bon - nie lad, His
CHORUS Then |up wi' my plough-man lad. And
|m .s :s .l,t |d' :s .,d' |l .,s :l .d'
mind is ev - er true, jo; His |gar - ters knit be -
hey my mer-ry plough - man! Of |a' the trades that
|r' .m' :r .,d |m .s :d' .,l |s .m :-
low his knee, His |bon - net it is blue. jo.
I do ken, Com- |mend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He 's aften wat and weary,
Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!
Then up wi' my ploughman, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And will dress his o'erlay;
I will make my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.
Then up wi' my ploughman, &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at St. Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
Then up wi' my ploughman, &c.

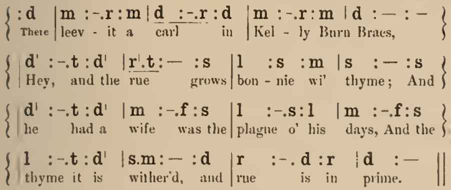
Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head—
And oh, but he was handsome!
Then up wi' my ploughman, &c.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
  And the corn-mou', man;
I never gat my coggie fou,
  Till I met wi' the ploughman.
    Then up wi' my ploughman, &c.

Up wi' my ploughman lad,
  And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
  Commend me to the ploughman.
    Then up wi' my ploughman, &c

KELLY BURN BRAES.

Key E♭.—Lively "Kelly Burn Braes"


:d |m :-.r :m |d :-.r :d |m :-.r :m |d :— :—
There leev - it a carl in Kel - ly Burn Braes,
d' :-.t :d' |r'.t :— :s |l :s :m |s :— :s
Hey, and the rue grows bon - nie wi' thyme; And
d' :-.t :d' |m :-.f :s |l :-.s :l |m :-.f :s
he had a wife was the plague o' his days, And the
l :-.t :d' |s.m :— :d |r :-.d :r |d :—
thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,
He met wi' the Deil, wha said, "How do you fen?"
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I 've got a bad wife, sir, that 's a' my complaint,"
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
"For saving your presence, to her ye 're a saint,"
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"It 's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,"
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
"But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,"
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"O welcome most kindly!" the blythe carl said,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
"But if ye can match her ye 're waur than ye 're ca'd,"
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
And like a poor pedlar he 's carried his pack,
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He 's carried her hame to his ain hallan door,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
Syne bade her gae in for a b—, and a w—,
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,
Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand,
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony wud bear,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
Whae'er she gat hands on cam' ne'er her nae mair,
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa',
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,
"O help, maister, help, or she 'll ruin us a'!"
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife,
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

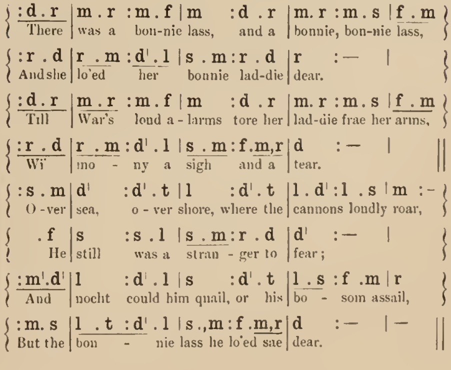
The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n, but in hell,
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
And to her auld husband he 's carried her back,
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I hae been a Deevil the feck o' my life,"
  Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
"But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife,"
  And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

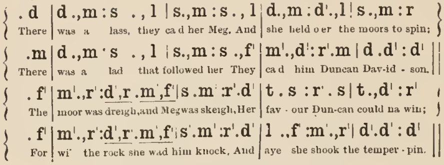
THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

Key F.—Slow.


:d.r |m.r :m.f |m :d.r |m.r :m.s |f.m
There was a bon-nie lass, and a bonnie, bon-nie lass,
:r.d |r.m :d'.l |s.m :r.d |r :— |
And she lo'ed her bonnie lad-die dear.
:d.r |m.r :m.f |m :d.r |m.r :m.s |f.m
Till War's loud a-larms tore her lad-die frae her arms,
:r.d |r.m :d'.l |s.m :f.m,r |d :— |
Wi' mo - ny a sigh and a tear.
:s.m |d' :d'.t |l :d'.t |l.d' :l.s |m :-
O-ver sea, o-ver shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
.f |s :s.l |s.m :r.d |d' :— |
He still was a stran - ger to fear;
:m'.d' |l :d'.l |s :d'.t |l.s :f.m |r
And nocht could him quail, or his bo - som assail,
:m.s |l.t :d'.l |s.,m :f.m,r |d :— |—
But the bon - nie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

DUNCAN DAVIDSON.

Key D.—LIVELY TUNE—'Duncan Davidson.'

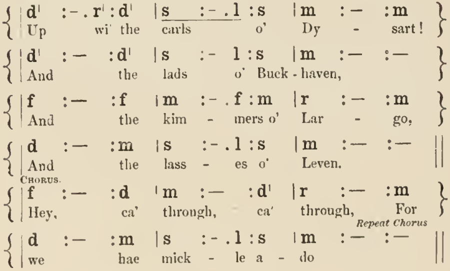

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg. And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that followed her They ca'd him Duncan Dav-id - son.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh, Her fav - our Dun-can could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock, And aye she shook the temper - pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swoor a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn·
Then Meg took up her spinnin'-graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn

We will big a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen;
Sae blythe and merry 's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again!

BOAT SONG—HEY, CA' THROUGH.

Key D.—WITH SPIRIT TUNE—'Hey ca through.'

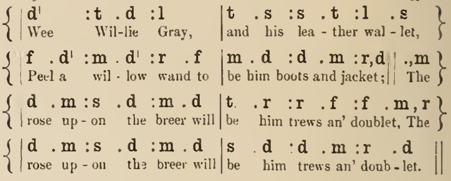

Up wi' the carls o' Dy - sart!
And the lads o' Buck - haven,
And the kim - mers o' Lar - go,
And the lass - es o' Leven.
CHORUS.
Hey, ca' through, ca' through, For
Repeat Chorus
we hae mick - le a - do

We hae tales to tell,
An' we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
An' we hae pints to bring.
Hey, ca' through, &c.

We 'll live a' our days,
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like,
An' spend the gear they win.
Hey, ca' through, &c.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

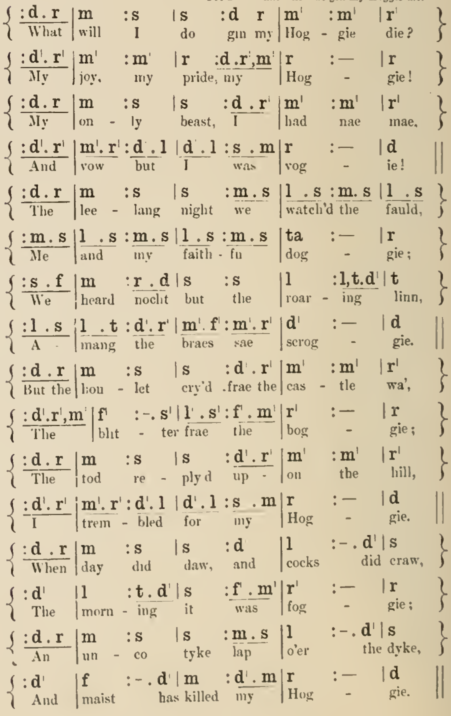
Key G.—A LITTLE LIVELY. TUNE—"Wee Totum Fogg."


Wee Wil-lie Gray, and his lea - ther wal - let,
Peel a wil - low wand to be him boots and jacket; The
rose up - on the breer will be him trews an' doublet, The
rose up - on the breer will be him trews an' doub - let.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

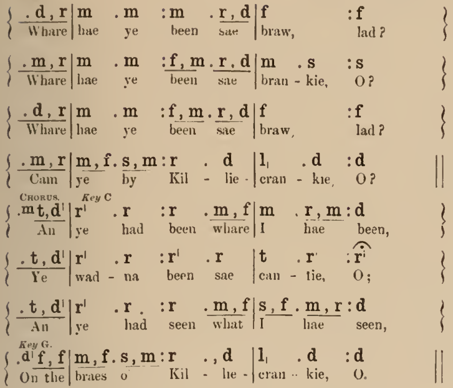
MY HOGGIE.

Key C.—LIVELY TUNE—"What will I do gin my Hoggie die."


What will I do gin my Hog - gie die?
My joy, my pride, my Hog - gie!
My on - ly beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vog - ie!
The lee - lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faith - fu dog - gie;
We heard nocht but the roar - ing linn,
A - mang the braes sae scrog - gie.
But the hou - let cry'd frae the cas - tle wa',
The blit - ter frae the bog - gie;
The tod re - ply'd up - on the hill,
I trem - bled for my Hog - gie.
When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morn - ing it was fog - gie;
An un - co tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my Hog - gie.

WHARE HAE YE BEEN SAE BRAW, LAD?

Key G. Tune—"Killiecrankie."

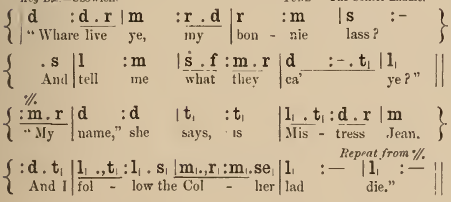

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae bran-kie, O?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Kil-lie-cran-kie, O?
Chorus.
Key C
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad-na been sae can-tie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
Key G.
On the braes o' Kil-lie-cran-kie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my auntie, O;
But I met the devil an' Dundee,
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

Key B♭.—Slowish. Tune—"The Collier Laddie."


"Whare live ye, my bon-nie lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye?"
%
"My name," she says, is Mis-tress Jean.
Repeat from %.
And I fol-low the Col-lier lad-die."

"See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie;
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier laddie.
They a' are mine, &c.

"Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier laddie.
And ane to wait," &c.

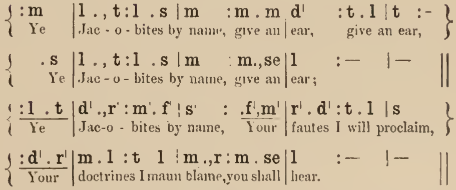
"Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie.
I wad turn my back, &c.

"I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spend it at night fu' brawlie;
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.
And make my bed, &c.

"Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier laddie!
And the warld before me," &c.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Key C.—Slowish.


Ye Jac-o-bites by name, give an ear, give an ear,
Ye Jac-o-bites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jac-o-bites by name, Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame, you shall hear.

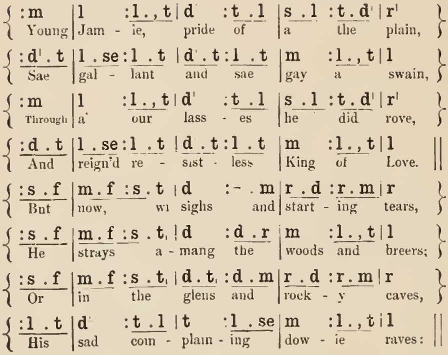
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang, for to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi' bluidie war?

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone, to his fate.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

Key F.—Slowish. Tune—"The Carlin o' the Glen."

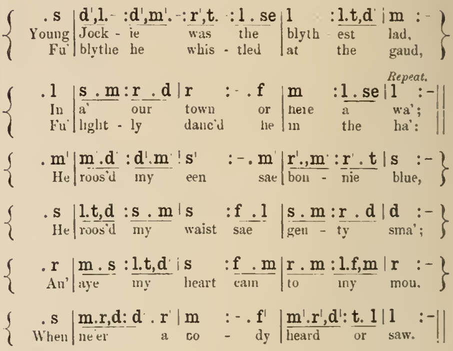

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
Through a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless King of Love.
But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and breers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves:

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear.

"The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornful Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair."

YOUNG JOCKIE WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD

Key C. Tune—"Young Jockie was the blythest Lad."


Young Jockie was the blythest lad,
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Repeat.
In a' our town or here a wa';
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha':
He roos'd my een sae bonnie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma';
An' aye my heart cam to my mou.
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockie toils upon the plain,
  Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
  When Jockie's owsen hameward ca'.
An' aye the night comes round again,
  When in his arms he taks me a';
An' aye he vows he 'll be my ain,
  As lang as he has breath to draw.

THE

CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF BURNS.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN HONOUR OF HIS MEMORY,

21st JULY, 1896.

THE death of ROBERT BURNS, the national poet of his country, took place at Dumfries on the 21st July, 1796. The circumstances surrounding the closing scenes of the poet's life were sad indeed, but his chief comfort and support in his closing hours had been the belief, so pathetically expressed to his sorrowing wife, that his memory and fame were safe for ever in the hearts of his countrymen. It was only natural that, as the centenary of the sad event approached, his admirers—no longer confined to the country of his birth, but to be found wherever men of Scottish race had penetrated—decided to prove to the world the truth of his declaration, that a hundred years after his death the respect of his countrymen would be greater than during his life.

It was fitting that Dumfries, the scene of the poet's death, should become the centre where the most striking demonstrations of homage to his memory should take place. The necessary arrangements were commenced early in the year by the Dumfries Burns Club, and with the help of their chairman, Sir Robert Reid, Q.C., M.P., the valuable co-operation of the Earl of Rosebery was secured, and he undertook the most important part in the functions of the day, becoming president of the association formed for the celebration. The *Honorary Presidents* were:—The Duke of Buccleuch, K.T., Lord Lieutenant of the county; Lord Herries, Lord Lieutenant of Kirkcudbrightshire; The Earl of Stair, K.T., Lord Lieutenant of Wigtownshire; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary of State for Scotland; The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury; and Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., M.P., Grand Master Mason of Scotland. Sir Robert Reid, Q.C., M.P., became *Vice-President*, and the *Honorary Vice-Presidents* were:—Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Walter Besant, Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. Alfred Austin. poet laureate, Mr. Alexander Anderson, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Hon. T. F. Bayard, Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Mr William Black, Rev.

A. K. H. Boyd, D.D., Mr. Hall Caine, Rev. S. R. Crockett, Mr. John Davidson, Mr R. Le Gallienne, Rev. S. Baring Gould, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. M. E. Healey, Mr. Andrew Lang, Emeritus-Professor David Masson, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. W. M. Rosetti, Mr. William Watson, the Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., Sir Mark J. M‘Taggart-Stewart, Bart., M.P., Sir Robert Jardine, Bart., Rt. Hon. Andrew M‘Donald, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Rt. Hon. Sir James Bell, Bart., Lord Provost of Glasgow, Mr. A. C. Trevor, Comptroller of Inland Revenue, Edinburgh, Mr. A. H. Johnstone Douglas, Convener of Dumfriesshire, Mr. W. J. Maxwell, Convener of Kirkcudbrightshire, Mr. R. Vary Campbell, Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway, Hon. Hew Dalrymple, Provincial Grand Master of Galloway, Mr. J. H. Balfour-Brown, Q.C., Mr. G. F. Scott Elliott, F.R.G.S., Newton, Captain Cutlar-Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Mr. R. Gordon, Mr. J. J. Hope Johnstone of Annandale, Mr. W. H. Maxwell of Munches, Mr. Thomas M‘Kie, Moat House, Mr. A. J. Kilpatrick, Chairman of Burns Exhibition, Glasgow, Mr. W. Craibe Angus and Mr. David Sneddon, Joint-Secretaries of Burns Exhibition, Glasgow.

"ALL HAIL! MY OWN INSPIRED BARD"

THE HOUSE IN WHICH BURNS DIED.

The Executive Council consisted of Mr. J. J. Glover, Provost of Dumfries, Chairman ; Sheriff Campion, Messrs. Jonathan E. Blacklock, W. Bowron, J. Clerk, J. Carmont, R. B. Carruthers, S. Charteries, L. M. Dinwiddie, W. A. Dinwiddie, J. Daniel, J. Geddes, H. Sharpe Gordon, secretary of Burns Club, J. Grierson, Town Clerk, J. Hiddleston, Dean of Guild, W. M. Maxwell, T. K. Newbigging, J. Primrose, C. S. Phyn, H. Symons, L. Starkey, T. Watson ; *Hon. Treasurer*, Mr. James Smith ; *Hon. Secretary*, Mr. P. Sulley.

The morning of Tuesday, 21st July, 1896, did not betoken brilliant weather, but every effort had been made by the citizens of Dumfries to show by the decorations, both public and private, the importance attached to the commemoration. The principal streets and public buildings of the town, the house in which Burns breathed his last, and his mausoleum were appropriately decorated with greenery and flags, while here and there appeared lines from the poet's immortal songs. The statue of Burns was surmounted by a canopy of evergreens, judiciously arranged not to obstruct the view of the sculpture. The line of route of the procession, of course, received special attention, venetian masts supporting lines of flags and streamers being largely made use of.

The town had been crowded for some time with visitors from all parts of the country, desiring to witness, if they took no further part in, the tribute of Scotland to her national poet, and from an early hour in the morning of the 21st, special trains began to arrive from all the great centres of population within reasonable distance, while carriages, brakes, and bicycles from the surrounding country continued to swell the throng anxious to do homage to Burns. Dumfries itself was wholly *en fête*. The factories were closed, and from six in the morning the bells rang joyously.

The marshalling of the vast procession, no easy task, was undertaken by Major Carlyle of Waterbeck as chief marshal, and by Mr. Bowron of Marchmount, Captain Carruthers of Lockerbie, Lieutenant Kerr, Dumfries, and Mr. F. C. Gray, Dumfries, each of whom had a number of zealous assistants. The main body of the procession assembled in the Whitesands, and when arranged in order it extended from the New Bridge to the foot of Assembly Street, while the members of Burns Clubs and Municipal and Masonic bodies occupied several additional streets. The procession was headed by the members of the Town Council of Dumfries, who left the Town Hall, preceded by the band of the King's Own Scottish Borderers Militia and some mounted police. Provost Glover, in his official robes, occupied the first carriage, which also bore the wreath to be presented by the Council at Burns' tomb. The magistrates, members of council, and high officials of Dumfries, and the magistrates and town council of Maxwelltown, followed in open carriages. Next came the procession of Burns Clubs, many clubs which were unable to send a deputation having sent memorial wreaths which were carried in the procession. Among these were the Tam o' Shanter Club, Pennsylvania, the St. Andrew Society, Philadelphia, the Caledonian Club, Newark, the Caledonian Club, San Angelo, Texas, The Highland Society, New South Wales, the Thames Burns Club, New Zealand, Brechin Burns Club, Bank Burns Club, Glasgow, and Union Lodge, Carlisle

The members of the Dumfries Burns Club came first, and were followed by representatives of the Burns Howff Club, whose meeting-place was the Globe Inn, and who carried a new banner of the club and a handsome wreath in the form of a plough, presented by the trustees of the late Bailie Scott, ex-president of the club, and were accompanied by cars containing various symbolical representations from the poet's works. Dumfries Mechanics' Burns Club was well represented, and the delegates carried a wreath which was the production of one of the members. Dumfries Bazaar Burns Club, Dumfries Old Cronies' Burns Club, and Maxwelltown Brig En' Burns Club were also represented in force, and the members were accompanied by symbolical cars which lent variety to the procession, and showed the pains which had been taken to do fitting honour to the occasion.

Following the Burns Clubs came the representatives of the Freemasons, of which body Burns had been a member. They assembled at the Masonic Hall in George Street to the number of about three hundred. and marched in full regalia, some of the lodges displaying their banners, headed by the pipe band of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers. The Provincial Grand Lodge of Dumfriesshire was represented by thirty members led by Bro. A. Johnstone Douglas, P.M.G.; Lodge Kilwinning No. 53, Dumfries, by twenty-five members led by Bro. Farrow, R.W.M.; Thistle, Dumfries, by twelve members led by Bro. Bryson, R.W.M.; St. Michael's, Dumfries, by twelve members led by Bro. James Lennox, R.W.M.; St. Mary Magdalene, Lochmaben, No. 100, by twenty members led by Bro. Dr. Sanders, R.W.M; Eskdale, Langholm, No. 107, by twelve members led by Bro. H. Graham; Caledonian, Annan, No. 238, by twenty-four members led by Bro. W. Murray, R.W.M.; St. John's, Thornhill, No. 252, by fourteen members led by Bro. M'Nay, R.W.M.; Quhytewoollen, Lockerbie, No. 258, by twenty members led by Bro Wilkie, chaplain; Hartfell, Moffat, No. 728, by fifteen members led by Bro. Stevens, R.W.M.; Leadhills, No. 567, by four members led by Bro. J. H. Dunlop, R W.M.; the Provincial Grand Lodge of Wigtown and Kirkcudbrightshire by ten members led by Bro. Major M'Haffie, D.P.G.M.; St. John's, Newabbey, No. 162, by twelve members led by Bro. Dr. Cameron; Kirkcudbright, No. 41, by Bro. Finlayson; St. James', Ayr, by Bro. Walker; Renfrewshire East, No. 617, by Bro. Kennedy, P.M.; Union, Carlisle, No. 310, by eighteen members led by Bro. Fletcher Ritson, R.W.M.; also Bective Lodge, Carlisle, and the Sun Square and Compass Lodge, Whitehaven.

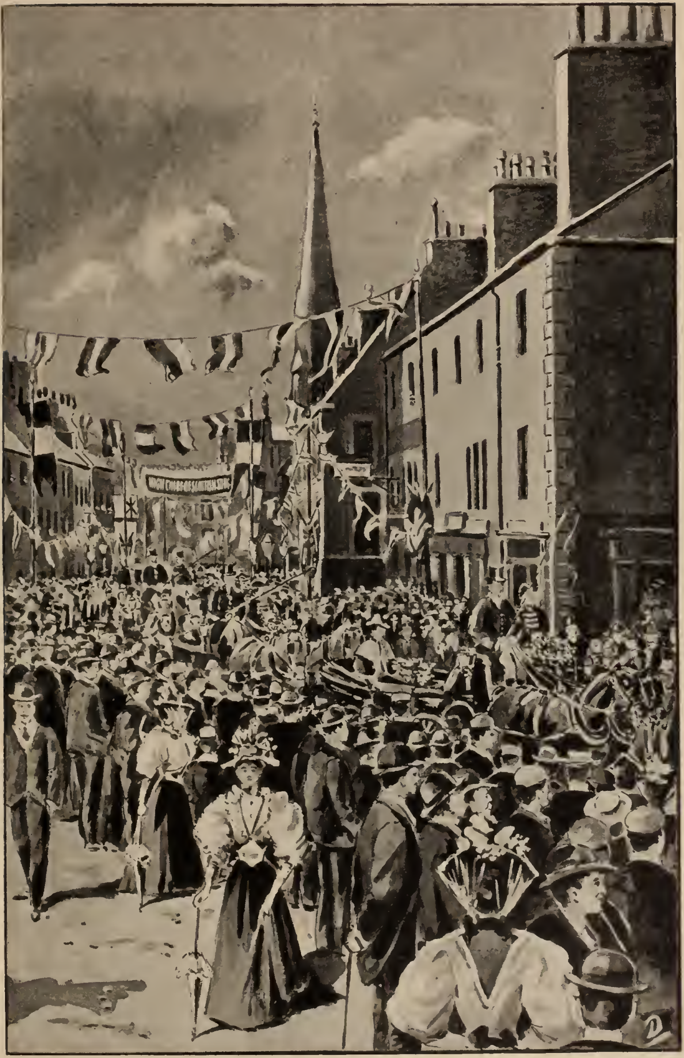
The Burgh Commissioners and several of the leading citizens of Moffat, in a four-in-hand coach, followed the Freemasons, as also the members of the Lochmaben Town Council. These were followed by the representatives of the various trades. They were headed by the Dumfries Volunteer brass band, and the members of the Dumfries Fire Brigade under Firemaster Beattie, mounted on their fire-engine, occupied first place in the procession, though probably with no intention of throwing cold water on the prevailing enthusiasm. Their uniforms and accoutrements certainly added to the picturesqueness of the procession. They were immediately followed by the Moffat Fire Brigade, likewise mounted on their engine, which was horsed by four handsome greys. The Incorporation of Tailors followed, at their head being carried the "Siller Gun" presented to the burgh by James VI., which the incorporation enjoys the right to carry from its having been won in shooting competition by a member of the craft in 1831, and which was borne in the Burns Centenary procession in 1859, and again at the unveiling of his statue in 1882. On this occasion two members of the craft with drawn swords marched as guardians of the trophy, which was carried on a gilt pole. The flag of the Incorporated trade was displayed, with a number of others. Next came the painters and glaziers of Dumfries, headed by a large banner bearing appropriate inscriptions. The men marched in their white jackets and aprons with blue coats and wore rosettes, while shields and banners testified to their aptitude for decorative treatment. The workers of the Dumfries Ironworks followed the painters, headed by an appropriate banner. They escorted an emblematic car on which a number of smiths were shown at their employment, and a second car bore a number of working models of steam engines of various designs, the production of the ironworkers. An old Chartist flag, with the inscription "Scotland shall be free," formed an interesting contribution to the effect of the procession. Next followed the engineers, carrying various examples of their handiwork. A handsome model of a locomotive, made by Mr. J. Cameron, was carried by two men, while on a car was placed an anvil at which several of the smiths appeared to be busily engaged in their work. Their wreath to be placed on the poet's tomb was carried by Mr. W. Kerr.

Headed by the town band came the hosiery workers of Dumfries and Maxwelltown to the number of two hundred. The men wore sashes of pale blue, on which were stamped the figure of a sheep and of a finished garment made from its fleece, with the legend "By these we live." First came four men bearing the flag of the Dumfries stocking-makers with the various emblems of the trade and the date 1805. Following these was a car decorated with heather and Scotch thistle, and bearing a handsome 24-gauge division frame, at which a weaver was busily engaged in his trade. Beside him two young women were employed in winding yarn and preparing bobbins for the frame. Flags at the angles of the car bore the name of Messrs. James Dinwiddie & Co., whose workers contributed upwards of ninety persons to the procession. The employees of various other firms followed, some on foot and others in brakes. Numerous devices were carried fitted up in various styles of floral framework, indicative of the class of manufactures produced by each factory. The plumbers were preceded by a handsome banner emblematic of their trade, and carried numerous articles in lead as specimens of their handicraft.

The members of the "Robert Burns Lodge" of Oddfellows appeared bearing their banner with a representation of the Good Samaritan, symbolical of the objects of the order. Another flag showed its emblems, and there appeared also contingents from the Queensberry Lodge, Thornhill; the Kenmure Lodge, New Galloway; Barholm Lodge, Creetown; Sweetheart Abbey Lodge, Newabbey; Walton Lodge, Kirkpatrick Durham; and Wigtonian Lodge, Wigtown.

Next appeared the fleshers, preceded by the militia pipe band and headed by Councillor J. Armstrong, president of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Fleshers' Association, mounted and rather appropriately attired as a Spanish matador. The banner of the association and two trade flags dating from 1827 and 1869 respectively were carried, and a couple of well-fed bullocks appeared borne on decorated cars, while heads and horns of bullocks, deer, sheep, and goats were carried aloft on poles. The fleshers were followed by the newsmen with their banner, and these by the vanmen with their vehicles decorated with flags, &c., and loaded to indicate the trades in which they were respectively engaged; thus one carried four young girls attired as fishwives, another displayed a large net, a third a gigantic loaf of bread, and others were filled with flowers or plants. Portraits of Burns and quotations from his writings frequently appeared among the decorations, such as "Green grow the rashes O," or "A big-bellied bottle 's the whole of my care."

The members of the Foresters' Friendly Society were preceded by the Wigtown brass band, the "Robert Burns" Court occupying first place, and being followed by Nithside Court, of which two mounted members were attired as "Robin Hood" and "Little John." Next appeared the members of the Benevolent Lodge of the Independent United Order of Scottish Mechanics from Locharbriggs, displaying their banner and wreath, and then the operative masons, headed by Dalbeattie town band. The men marched in white aprons with representations of square and compass, and wore a daisy in their buttonholes with appropriate motto. They were accompanied by a decorated car showing hewers at their work. The ploughmen followed, and as befitted the industry which numbered Burns among its members, they were strongly represented, about one hundred men bearing a large banner with the motto, "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man 's the gowd for a' that." A decorated car carried a plough with one of the ploughmen between the stilts, while models of both plough and scythe were carried aloft as emblems. The men, who wore uniform blue Kilmarnock bonnets with red tassels, presented an appearance which did credit to



THE PROCESSION IN HIGH STREET, DUMFRIES.

their ancient calling. The employees of a tanning company were preceded by a car elaborately dressed with heather, Scotch thistles, &c., and a fine pair of Spanish ox horns in front. On this vehicle were men engaged in the various processes of dressing leather—as shaving, fleshing, and striking. A sheepskin puller was also engaged in his work, and samples ot hide in all stages of preparation, and finished leather of various sorts, were shown. The men on foot marched in leathern aprons, and carried products of their craft as insignia Those employed in tweed mills appeared carrying emblems of their calling and banners with appropriate legends, machinery in operation being sometimes shown on vehicles, the contrast between ancient and modern appliances being skilfully emphasized as suggesting the progress made by those useful arts in Scotland since Burns ceased weaving his immortal songs. The slaters appeared in uniform caps and aprons, while the gardeners did much to enhance the effect of the procession with their tasteful floral models and emblems. The quarrymen appeared with an enormous block of stone weighing 50 cwt., on which their tools were briskly plied, while tools, anvil, and bellows further indicated the details of their craft. Dairymaids appeared with their time-honoured milk-pails, while the topsy-turvy results of modern progress were indicated by dairymen on horseback, and one of their number on a car engaged in butter-making. These and the carters, who appeared in Tam o' Shanter bonnets, were well provided with banners and decorative devices.

The neighbouring towns were also represented in the procession The citizens of Newton Stewart appeared headed by their magistrates and burgh commissioners, Freemasons, Oddfellows, and Volunteers being among the representative bodies, while a band of cyclists lent a characteristically modern touch to so much that reminded one of the pageants of earlier times. Lockerbie, Annan, Kirkcudbright, New Galloway, Sanquhar, Dalbeattie, and Castle Douglas were all worthily represented, the fishermen of Annan being accompanied by two handsomely decorated boats with sails, &c., complete.

The procession practically began with a parade of the streets of Maxwelltown by various sections of the processionists, but the general parade started from Buccleuch Street shortly after eleven o'clock. The weather, which had, as is not unusual at that time of year, been unsettled for some days, was fortunately fair during the early portion of the day. Buccleuch Street was densely crowded with spectators, Dumfries being filled to overflowing by visitors from all parts of Scotland, who naturally congregated here to see the start of the procession. The other parts of the route were less crowded, the greater part of the spectators having provided themselves with places at the windows along the line of route wherever the pageant could be more comfortably observed—the windows of business premises, as well as those of dwelling-houses and hotels, being fully utilized. The Midsteeple stairs were densely packed, and the balcony of the Clydesdale Bank and the flat roofs of some other buildings carried their complement of eager sightseers. Temporary grand stands, erected in Buccleuch Street, Academy Street, and St. Mary's Place, besides many private erections of a similar nature, were fully occupied.

The procession was headed by the militia band playing the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and rounds of cheering from the spectators indicated their appreciation of the efforts of the processionists to do fitting honour to the occasion. The weather fortunately remained fine until nearly the close of the march, when slight rain began to fall; but by one o'clock this part of the ceremony was over, and so well had the arrangements been carried out, that the surgical and ambulance aid which had been thoughtfully provided in case of accident was not once called into requisition.

A few minutes in advance of the general procession, the Earl of Rosebery left Woodbank, and with his host and hostess and the guests invited by the executive, passed down by way of High Street to St. Michael's Churchyard, where the most solemn ceremony of the day, the presentation of wreaths at the Burns Mausoleum, was to take place. Those who accompanied his lordship, besides Sir Robert and Lady Reid, were Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, third daughter of Mrs. Hutchinson, Cheltenham, and great-grand-daughter of the poet; Mrs. Harley Maxwell, Dumfries; General Walker; Mrs. Burns Thomas, Martinstown, County Wexford, grand-daughter of the poet's eldest son Robert; Mr. R. Burns Begg, Kinross, grandson of Isobel Burns, youngest sister of the poet; Mrs. Burns Begg; Sheriff Vary Campbell; Sir James Crighton Browne; Rev. Dr. Lorimer, Boston; Mr. A. C. Trevor, Edinburgh; Miss Fleming; Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P.; Mr. Philip Sulley, hon. secretary of the executive; Mr. James Smith, hon. treasurer; Mr. J. E. Blacklock, secretary for the conversazione; and Mr. H. Symons, secretary for the essay and other competitions.

On arrival at the churchyard, Lord Rosebery headed the procession to the tomb accompanied by Lady Reid.

The Mausoleum was tastefully decorated with festoons of evergreens and heather, and carpeted in crimson. Within the rails had been raised a terraced dais for the reception of the wreaths, and near this Lord Rosebery took up his position, accompanied by Sir Robert Reid, Mr. John Clark, Mr. H. S. Gordon, and Mr Newbigging, who assisted in placing the wreaths as they were received. Lord Rosebery first entered the Mausoleum and reverently placed within it the wreath which he had brought as his own offering at the shrine of genius. Beside it were laid wreaths from Mrs. Burns Hutchinson and Miss Annie Burns, grand-daughters of the poet, from Mrs. Burns Thomas, his great-grand-daughter, and from Mr. and Mrs. Burns Begg.

His lordship then took up his position by the gateway, where he stood uncovered to receive the wreaths brought by deputations from the bodies forming the procession, who were each introduced by Mr W. A. Dinwiddie, member of the Executive Council.

The municipal tribute of Dumfries was first presented by Provost Glover, Bailie Farries, Bailie Dinwiddie, and Mr. Grierson, the Town Clerk. They were also charged with presenting the wreath from the Caledonian Society of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Provost Glover then took up his position beside Lord Rosebery for the remainder of the proceedings, the other members of the deputation filing past in order. The Rev. Dr. William Wallace, on behalf of Professor Tyrell, Trinity College, Dublin, and himself, presented Greek and Latin translations of "Scots wha hae." Special interest was attracted by the wreath of ivy and laurel leaves from the grave of Walt Whitman, presented by the Tam o' Shanter Club of Pennsylvania, and among the presentations was a bunch of heather from the native district of the Burns family, presented by Mr. R. Burness, Stonehaven. The wreath of the St. Andrew's Society, Philadelphia, took the form of a St. Andrew's Cross of white flowers, the limbs of which measured four feet, encircled with a wreath in which the full name of the society was given in scarlet blossoms. The wreath of the St. Michael's Lodge of Freemasons took the form of a lyre, wholly composed of daisies, and that from Castle Douglas was a copy of the Douglas crest, the crown and heart with the well-known motto "Forward."

RECEPTION OF WREATHS BY LORD ROSEBERY AT THE MAUSOLEUM.

A memorial wreath from the combined Scottish associations of Australia was frozen into a solid block of ice 4' 8" × 4' 2" so that the flowers might be preserved during the long voyage. Unfortunately the freezing was not completed in time to catch the steamer intended, and the block did not, in spite of all efforts made by the associations, reach Scotland in time to be presented on 21st July.

Appended is a list of the corporations and societies which sent wreaths, and of the deputations by whom they were represented.

TOWNS AND CORPORATIONS.

Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Dumfries—Provost Glover, Bailie Farries, Bailie Dinwiddie, and Mr. John Grierson, *town clerk.*

Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Maxwelltown—Provost Cowan, Bailie Hanlon, Bailie Chicken, and Mr. Alexander Sharpe, *town clerk.*

Annan Town Council—Provost Hiddleston, Dean Underwood, Mr J. Muir. and Mr. J Thomson.

Kirkcudbright Town Council—Provost Cowan, Bailie Cleland, Treasurer Seggie, and Mr. Gibson, *town clerk.*

Lochmaben Town Council—Provost Halliday, Mr. T. M'Naught, S.S.C., commissioners to the Convention of Royal Burghs; and Mr. E. B. Rae, *town clerk*

Moffat Town Council—Provost Knight, ex-Provost Young, Bailie Brown, and Bailie Henderson.

Lockerbie—Provost Henderson (Burgh Commissioners), Mr. James Blacklock (Foresters), Mr. John Proudfoot (Independent Order Scottish Mechanics), and Mr. Samuel M'Clelland (Oddfellows).

Castle-Douglas—Provost Thomson (Town Council), Bailie Miller (Freemasons), Mr. James Haugh (Foresters), and Mr. John Hyslop (Oddfellows).

Newton Stewart Burgh Commissioners—Provost Matthews, Bailie Hunter, Bailie M'Geoch, and Mr. Carson, *town clerk.*

Stranraer Town Council—Mr. A. Sloss.

New-Galloway Town Council—Bailie Turner, Bailie Garmory, Mr. D. M. Henderson, and Mr. R. Johnstone, *town clerk.*

Gatehouse-of-Fleet—Mr. J. R. Kirkpatrick, ex-Provost; and Mr. J. Macadam, *treasurer.*

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SCOTTISH BURNS CLUBS.

Dumfries—Mr. Thomas M'Kie, Mr. R. B. Carruthers, Mr. D. Lennox, and Mr. J. W. Whitelaw.

Dumfries Burns' Howff—Mr. A. Lawson, Mr. T. Robertson, Mr. James Prentice, and Mr. William Tait.

Dumfries Mechanics—Mr. A Fairley (president), Mr. W. Glendinning (vice-president). Mr J Kemp (treasurer), and Mr. J. Anderson (secretary).

Dumfries Bazaar—Mr D. W Kerr (president), Mr. J. Gracie (secretary), Mr. J King, and Mr. G Dickie.

Dumfries Cronies—Mr. Thomas Macnoe (president), Mr. Alexander Russel (vice president), Mr David Bawe (treasurer, and Mr William Bell

Maxwelltown Brig-En' Mr George Creighton, Mr W. Halliday. Mr J Grierson, and Mr. G. Percy.

Edinburgh Club—Mr George S. Thin, Mr George A. Munro, and Mr Gabriel Setoun.

Ninety Club, Edinburgh—Rev. George Murray, Mr. Peter Smellie, Mr H. R. Elliot, and Mr. David Lawson Johnstone.

South Edinburgh Club—Mr Andrew M'Pherson (president), Mr. W G. Marshall (vice president), Mr. James Hood (secretary), and Mr. H Murray.

Lady Lawson Street, Edinburgh—Mr C. Davidson, Dr. M'Aulay, and Mr. Chrystie.

Leith Club—Bailie Manclark, Mr. W. Inglis, Mr. J. A. Blacklock, and Mr George Sowerby.

Portobello Club—Bailie R Kellock, Mr. A. C. Duff, Mr. W. White (president), and Mr Wm. Baird (secretary).

Sandyford Club (Glasgow)—Judge Morse, U.S. Consul, Glasgow; Mr Archibald Black, Mr John Watson, Mr John M'Dougall, and Capt. R. C. M'Fee.

Royalty Club (Glasgow)—Mr William M'Laren and Mr. J. Little.

Rosebery Club (Glasgow)—Mr. James Angus, Mr. Robert Kennedy, and Mr. John Law.

Bank Club (Glasgow)—Mr. Walter Bowie (president), Mr. Robert Johnstone (vice-president), and Mr. Andrew Gray (treasurer).

Springburn Club (Glasgow)—Dr. John M'Kie, Mr. Thomas D. Wilson, Mr. Robert Kirkland, and Mr. Wm. T. Muir.

Pollokshaws Club (Glasgow)—Bailie W. M'Gregor Adam, Mr. Richard Bliss, and Mr. James Murray; attended by Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Murray.

Bridgeton Club (Glasgow)—Mr A. J. Bain, Mr. William Rodger, Mr. W. S. Cochrane, and Mr Andrew Hoy.

Ayr—Dr. Watt, Mr Walter Neilson, Mr. George Bain, and Mr. Robert Scoular.

Abington—Mr. William Clark, Mr. Robert Colthart, and Mr. Thomas Smail.

Alloa Haggis Club—Mr. George B. M'Murtrie (secretary), Mr. Robert Drummond, and Mr. Robert Hewitson.

Alexandria—Mr. David Walker.

Alyth—Mr. D C Grant

Armadale—Mr W. Wylie, Mr. R. Edwards, and Mr. A Wylie.

Brechin—Mr Charles Thomson, Mr. W. J. W. Cameron, Mr. Edward W Mowat, and Mr David Mitchell.

Beith—Mr. James Crawford, Mr John Hamilton, Mr. H. W Crawford, and Mr. John Short.

Carrick—Provost M'Creath, Mr. Eugene Wason (president), Mr. William Morton, and Mr. Andrew Robertson (hon. secretary)

Carstairs Junction—Mr. John Cooper and Mr. Wm. Neil.

Carluke—Mr. Peter Murray and Mr Joseph Kay.

Coupar-Angus West End Club—Mr. Alexander Crammond and Mr. John Fergusson.

Coatbridge—Mr. George W. T. M'Gown (president) and Mr. Wm B. Burnett.

Coatbridge North End Club—Mr. John Smith and Mr. John Crear.

Corstorphine—Mr. D. P. Laird, Mr. P. W. Leslie, and Mr. R. Murray.

Cumnock—Mr. John Sampson, Mr. Wm. Hill, Mr. D. A Adamson, and Mr. Matthew Brownlie.

Dollar—Mr. Edward G. Davies, Mr. J. M. Moir, and Mr. J. S. Henderson.

Dundee—Mr. D. H. Pride and Mr. Thomas Bennett.

Duns—Mr. Frier Robson.

Forfar—Mr. David Sturrock, Mr. Andrew H. Whitson, Mr. J. P. Rough, and ex-Bailie Lowson.

Greenock—Mr. John M'Clure, Mr. J. S. Deas, Mr. J. Morrison, and Mr. D. J. Dunlop.

Hamilton—Sheriff Davidson, Mr. A. M Cullen, and Dr. Rogerson.

Irvine—Bailie M'Naughton, Mr. Alexander Longmuir, Mr. Thomas R. Stewart, and Mr. J N. Murray.

Langholm—Mr. W. Davidson, Mr. John Wilson, Mr. Alex. Irving, and Mr. James Elliot.

Lanark—Ex-Provost Watson, Bailie Young, Mr. John Keith, and Major Swan.

Lenzie—Mr James Ferguson and Mr James Frame.

Larkhall—Mr. A. Wilson, Mr. J. Barr, Mr W. Burns, and Mr. Douglas B Barr.

Linlithgow—Rev John Ferguson, Mr. Alexander Turnbull, Mr. Peter Miller, and Mr James F. Macdonald.

Mauchline (Jolly Beggars)—Mr T. Harvey, Mr. R. Docherty, Mr. R. Carlisle Sproat, and Mr James Kirkpatrick.

Musselburgh—Mr. Walter Walker, Mr. Robert Bisset, Mr John S. White, and Mr. W L Gourlay.

Muirkirk (Lapraik Club)—Mr D. Slimmon, Mr. John Maider, and Mr. John M'Donald.

Newton-Stewart—Rev. J. M. Inglis, Penninghame; Rev. John Reid, Minnigaff; Rev. Robert Paton, Kirkinner; and Mr. John Robertson.

Paisley—Mr George H. Coats, Mr. A. Paterson, Mr. George Wylie, and Mr James Edward Campbell

Renfrew—Mr. John Clark, Dr Goldie Steven, Mr. Robert Lang, and Mr. M. L Sheridan

Sanquhar (Black Joan)—Mr. Robert Glencross and Mr William Macdonald.

Uphall—Mr. George White, Mr M Jamieson, Mr. James Anderson, and Mr. Alex Balloch

Whithorn—Mr. John Sharp (president) and Mr. James Johnston.

Wigtownshire—Mr. J. Lockhart Smith, Mr. George Cowan, Mr. A. Wither, and Mr. Garlies Mitchell.

ENGLISH DEPUTATIONS.

Ashington Burns Club (Northumberland)—Mr Daniel Robertson, Mr. Robert Brewis, Mr. William Atkin, and Mr. W. Martin.

Bolton Burns Club—Rev. Dr. T B. Johnstone, Mr. J. M'Fee, Mr George Begg, and Mr. Wm. M'Nab.

Bristol Burns Club—Mr. John Boyd, Mr. R. C. Murray, Mr J. Turnbull, Mr R Maxwell, Mr. T. Johnston, Mr. P. Morrison, Mr. J. Gilchrist, and Mr. W. L. Gunn.

Blackburn Burns Club—Mr. William Fergusson, Mr. Wm. M'Kie, Mr. John Smith, and Mr. Robert M'Kie

Carlisle Burns Club—Mr. Mather, Mr. J. Jardine, Mr. Meldrum, and Mr. John Sintin.

Derby Burns Club—Dr. Brown, Mr. H J. Bell, Mr. W. H. Cunningham, and Mr George Innes.

Hexham Burns Club—Dr Stewart and Mr. J. R. Brown.

Hull Burns Club—Mr. J A. Brown, Mr. Alfred W. Ansell, Mr. A. R. Gray, and Mr A. H Ramsay.

Lancaster Caledonian Association—Mr. Charles M'Neil, Mr. T D. Hood, and Dr James Aitken.

Leeds Caledonian Society—Mr. R S. Dower and Mr. W. Gavage King

Leeds Scottish Club and St Andrew's Society—Mr. J. D. Gillespie, Mr. Thomas Rae, Mr. J. C. Meikle, and Mr. John Murray.

Liverpool Burns Club—Mr. Andrew Morton, Mr. Alex. Smith, Mr Lachlan M'Kay, and Mr. J. M'Gavin Sloan.

Newcastle Burns Club—Mr. W. C. Tyrie and Mr. J. G. . Archibald.

Newcastle Borderers—Mr. John Rae and Mr. Thomas Robson.

North Shields and District Caledonian Society—Mr. J. D. Gillespie (president), Mr. John Murray, Mr. J. C. Meikle, and Mr Thomas Rae.

Southampton Scottish Association—Mr. James Mackenzie.

IRISH DEPUTATION.

Belfast Burns Club—Mr Andrew W. Stewart, Mr. Peter Galloway, and Mr. W. H. Anderson.

AMERICAN AND COLONIAL DEPUTATIONS.

Caledonian Club, Hudson—Mr. Geo. Bartholomew (first chieftain).

Caledonian Society, Chicago—Mr. John B Driver.

Caledonian Club, Washington, District of Columbia—Mr. W Nicholson.

St. Andrew's Society of Buffalo—Mr. G. M'Noe.

Caledonian Society of Texas—Mr. John Kingan.

Stamford, Connecticut, Scottish Society; also Union Lodge, No. 5, Fand, A.M.—Mr. John M. Brown.

Waverley Society of Dayton, Ohio—Mr. W. M. Hunter.

Caledonian Society of Toronto—Mr Robert Swan and Mr. Thomas Armstrong.

Montreal Caledonian Society—Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson, Mr. Andrew M'Allister, Mr. D. M'Kay, and Mr. Gordon Drummond.

Melbourne Caledonian Society—Mr. Theodore Napier (secretary).

Dunedin Burns Club—Mr. John Mill, Port Chalmers, New Zealand.

Caledonian Society, Perth, West Australia—Mr. W. J. Ferguson

Fowler Institute, London, American Section—Miss Fowler and Miss Piercy.

MASONIC LODGES.

Provincial Grand Lodge of Dumfriesshife—Mr. A. H. Johnstone-Douglas, P.G M. ; Mr. Wm. Murray, P.G.M. Depute ; Mr. John Robson, P.G. Secretary ; and Captain Stott.

Provincial Grand Lodge of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright—Major M'Haffie, P.G M Depute ; Lieutenant Torrance, Mr. H. H. Adair, and Mr James Loch.

Kilwinning Lodge (No. 53), Dumfries—M· John Farrow, R.W.M. ; Mr. D. H Hastie, I.P.M. ; Mr. Charles J. Rowe, and Mr G Armstrong

Thistle Lodge (No. 62), Dumfries—Mr A. Bryson, R.W.M. ; Mr D A. Keppie, Mr T. Martin, and Mr. N. Glancy.

St. Michael's (No. 63), Dumfries -Mr James Lennox, R.W.M. ; Mr. W. I. Scott, I.P M. · and Mr W Duncan

St. Ninian's Lodge, Newton Stewart—Mr Henry Montgomery, Mr. A R. Parker Jarvis, Rev A F. Mitchell, and Mr. Thomas Walsh.

St. Magdalene's (No. 100) Lochmaben- Mr Walter Dryden.

Hopetoun, St. John (No. 507), Leadhills—Dr. Dunlop, R.W.M. ; Mr. James M'Kain, Mr. Walter Weir, and Mr. Charles Muller.

Lodge Edinburgh St Andrew (No 48)—Mr. W. Lindsay, R.W.M.

Bective Lodge, Carlisle—Mr George F. Brown, Mr. Alexander Taylor, Mr. G Armstrong, and Mr G A. M. Heysham.

Union Lodge, Carlisle—Mr. James A Wheatley, Mr. W. Pogson, Mr. Fletcher Ritson, and Mr. C. Borstel.

Sun, Square, and Compass (No 119), Whitehaven—Mr. Isaac Maxwell, Mr S Dalrymple, Mr. H Burns, Mr J. Atkinson, and Mr W C Johns

Lodge, Scotia (No 634), New York—Mr Thomas G. Mitchell and Mr J. A. Brown

TRADES AND SOCIETIES.

Dumfries Ironworks - Mr. William Kerr.

Stockingmakers—Miss Jemima Smith (Messrs Dinwiddie & Co), Miss Mary Anderson (Messrs M'George), Miss Elizabeth Hastings (Mr. James Robertson), and Miss Mary Morley (Mr. Gibson).

Oddfellows—Mr W. Johnstone, Mr John Herries, Mr. J Kenning, and Mr. Richard Moffat.

Fleshers—Mr. J. Armstrong, Mr. I. B. Milligan, Mr. J. Smith, and Mr S. Roddan.

Foresters—Mr J Maxwell Gray, Dumfries ; Mr. William M'Ghie, Dumfries ; Mr. James Fyshe, Lochmaben ; and Mr. Archibald Shankland, Thornhill.

Scottish Mechanics, Locharbriggs—Mr. A. M'Murray, Mr. Josiah Wright, Mr. Robert Wright, and Mr. James Gillespie.

Operative Masons—Mr. John Richardson, Mr. James Geddes, Mr. William Wells, and Mr. George Turner.

Ploughmen—Four oldest men, viz. : Messrs. Robert Brownrigg, Cluden Mills, John Goldie, Holestane ; Thomas Kirkpatrick, Millhill ; Robert M'Fagan, Shearington.

Rosefield Mills—Mr. Andrew Inglis, Mr. George Tulloch, Mr. Robert Glendinning, and Mr. George Rock.

Dumfries and Maxwelltown Dairy Association—Mr. S. Gibson, Mavisgrove , Mr William Clenachan, Braecroft ; Mr James Wightman, Westhill ; and Mr. James M'Culloch, Lincluden.

Carters—Mr. John Pool and Mr. John Welsh.

Newton-Stewart Cyclists—Mr A. Wylie and Mr. W. M Kelly.

Kirkcudbright Incorporated Trades—Mr. A. S. Murchie, Convener , Mr. James M'Muldrow, Mr. John S. M'Kill, and Mr Daniel Trainor.

St. Mary's Lodge of Oddfellows Kirkcudbright—Mr. James Crossan, N G : Mr William Gibson, V.G. ; Mr. Ebenezer Dalziel, G M. · and Mr James W. M'Kill, P.G.

Crichton Royal Institution—Mr James Smith.

Scottish Home Rule Association—Councillor John Romans, Edinburgh.

Edinburgh University, Dumfries and Galloway Students' Literary Society—Mr John M'Crone, Mr. J. Proudfoot, and Mr M'Kerrow

Dumfries Law Clerks and Apprentices—Mr James Ramsay, Mr. George Bell, Mr S Dickson, and Mr. Joseph Tinning.

St. Bernard's Lodge of the United Scottish Mechanics, Edinburgh—Mr. Robert Laurie.

When the presentations had been completed, Provost Glover on behalf of Lord Rosebery, Sir R Reid, the members of the executive and the Burns clubs, thanked Sir Alexander Grierson and the officers in charge of the arrangements for the day.

The weather was favourable during the earlier portion of the ceremony, but towards its close some of the rain which had been feared all morning was experienced. By the close of the ceremony the floor of the Mausoleum and the ground in front was closely covered with wreaths of rare flowers, of which we give an illustration from a photograph by J. Mackechnie, Esq, Dumfries.

Our sketch of the procession is from a photograph by Mr. T. A. Moryson, and that of the presentation of wreaths from one by Mr. Mackechnie.

At the Mechanics' Hall a public luncheon for the deputations and delegates attending the ceremony took place at one o'clock. Provost Glover presided, and after the toast of "The Queen" had been duly honoured, he proposed "The Deputations" as follows:—

Fellow-citizens, brother Scots, and fellow-admirers of the poet Burns,—I bid you welcome to the "Queen of the South" and the classic banks of the Nith. That you are possessed of "the pith o' sense and pride o' worth" and sentiment, I am entitled to assume by your presence here to-day to celebrate the immortal memory of Scotia's patriot bard, at what may fittingly be described as the shrine of Scottish independence; for here, on the 10th day of February, 1306, the hero king of Scotland—the Bruce of Bannockburn—struck the first blow for the independence of his country by striking down the "Red Comyn," the vassal of Edward, in the Greyfriars Monastery. And since, in almost every other page, our ancient and loyal burgh looms up largely in the stirring and eventful history of our dearly beloved native land. And yet another red-letter day has been reached. To-day the people's hearts are filled with a great joy. We do not mourn Burns dead, but, in a spirit of gratitude, offer up thanks to the Almighty God that he lived. If we live in the hearts of those we

THE MAUSOLEUM AFTER THE CEREMONY.

have loved, it is not to die, and we know and feel that on this soil and in this climate of the free, the name and fame of Robert Burns, like his immortal soul, lives and reigns and is enshrined in the hearts of the Scottish people assembled here to-day, and wherever Scotsmen gather; wherever the Union Jack floats, proudly proclaiming the sovereignty of our beloved Queen. But Burns was not the poet of Scotland only. His works appeal to the patriotic sentiment of the people of every clime in whose veins the blood of freedom flows. Our poet was no parasite to the purse-proud, no sycophant to the strong, no bully to the weak. His independent, free, enfranchised spirit proclaimed through the genius of his poesy a message of hope, comfort, and good cheer to the humblest. The very riddlings of poverty found in Burns a friend. Honest worth and merit, whether seated high within the circle of so-called society, hid in a thicket of obscurity, or covered by the cobwebs of cruel neglect, found in him a doughty champion, while cant and tyrant pride drew from this friend of freedom his withering scorn and contempt. His unrestrained and illimitable love of nature found expression in an ambitious wish to impart ennobling sentiment to all the works of God. animate and inanimate. I am not going to detain you here to-day by recounting the tale of his wrongs, neither will I dare to sit in judgment on his morality, or attempt to drag one single frailty from his tomb. Vanity, with full-swelling sails, has carried the more prurient and morbid-minded of his critics, in their restless search for pinchbeck notoriety, into the latitudes and longitudes of misrepresented story and vile abuse; but despite these organisms of fermented fussiness the fame of Burns marches triumphantly along towards even a still more glorious futurity, which the present generation, after the lapse of a hundred years, can only contemplate and speculate upon, but cannot adequately measure. Notwithstanding all that may have been said or written to the contrary, I am prepared to stoutly maintain that Burns was the friend of law and order, religion and liberty. Not that law and order which may have been maintained from time to time with all the purple pomp of tyranny. Not that religion the beginning and end of which is a rigid, frigid, and self-satisfied form of so-called respectability. Not that liberty which means licence. But law and order marching forward with intellectual integrity to a proper appreciation of social facts and problems, and an honest desire to raise the tone of society, while preserving the temper of the people; religion based upon truth and beauty, love, justice, mercy, and humanity—the religion of humanity—the religion of universal brotherhood.

> For a' that and a' that,
> It 's comin' yet for a' that,
> That man to man the world o'er
> Shall brithers be for a' that.

And to-day the hills and valleys of our native land resound and re-echo the refrain of that liberty which he taught us—liberty freed from the galling chains of ignorance and prejudice; that liberty which does not violate concord, but proceeds to dignified arrangement without clamour and disturbance; that liberty born of a prayerful appeal to the dictates of pure reason, and which brings honest men into sober consultation to thwart the machinations of the strong against the liberties of the weak. These are the sentiments which I gather from a consideration of the works of our national poet, whose love of country was unbounded.

> E'en then a wish, I mind its power,
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strongly heave my breast,
> That I for puir auld Scotland's sake
> Some usefu' plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least.

Poor Burns! Experience was to him a hard taskmaster, and in current coin fame as poor a paymaster. While his heart was oft-times wrapt in moody mists of gloomiest grey, the divine and immortal attributes of the soul rose above the mortal and decaying elements of nature. And hope, that bright polar star to the heavy-laden and world-weary traveller—hope. like clustering columns in cathedral aisle, pointing onwards and upwards to heaven and to God, oft cheered him on his way. When the deepening shadows were fast closing in, he said to the faithful companion of his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows—"Jean, I'll be mair thought o' a hundred years hence." How pathetic! how true! His soul winged its memorable flight into immortality on the 21st of July 1796, and now that a hundred years have passed and gone, greeting the soul of Burns in its onward and upward course, we exclaim in the words of another mighty poet—

> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

Fellow-countrymen, citizens of the Stars and Stripes, and delegates of every nationality here represented—I bid you a hearty and enthusiastic welcome to our royal burgh.

Mr. Forrest Macnee, in replying on behalf of the New York Scottish Society, said that throughout the length and breadth of the United States there were numerous societies such as the one he represented, and in all of them the annual commemoration of the poet's birth was looked forward to with great enthusiasm. Throughout America were men who would travel thousands of miles to be present at a Burns gathering, and they returned to their homes feeling well repaid for their undertaking by listening to songs of Burns, and meeting with those who were enthusiastic admirers of the poet.

The Mayor of Carlisle said Burns was essentially a poet of the national life of Scotland, and his songs would probably be sung for ages, wherever the Anglo-Saxon race gathered. Over the Border he was as much admired as in Scotland. They had in Carlisle their Burns Clubs and their annual Burns suppers. From their city they could see much of the beautiful Nithsdale that had so much inspired his pen.

Mr. Stewart, president of the Belfast Burns Club, replied on behalf of the Irish delegates. He had the greatest possible pleasure in acknowledging the toast on that memorable day in the history of British literature. They in Ireland laid their tribute upon the tomb of Burns, because they recognized—first, that he was the poet of humanity; and secondly, the poet of nature. He thought that even great statesmen might take a lesson from those words of wisdom and philosophy which he gave forth a hundred years ago. They recognized in Shakespeare the greatest dramatist the world ever saw; but neither Shakespeare nor any other poet who ever lived could equal Burns as a lyrist and songster.

Provost M'Kay, Kilmarnock, also briefly replied. He remarked that the spectacle witnessed that day had never been equalled since the celebrations of the centenary of the poet's birth. He concluded by calling for a vote of thanks to Provost Glover, which was heartily given.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

AT two o'clock a "conversazione" was held in the Drill Hall, at which more than four thousand guests were present. Lord Rosebery was chairman of the meeting, and was accompanied to the platform by a large number of ladies and gentlemen who had taken part in the day's ceremonies. Lord Rosebery, who was enthusiastically received on arriving at half-past two, first called on Sir Robert Reid to deliver a message from the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

Sir Robert said, I have to deliver a verbal message which Mr. Balfour asked me to convey to the people of Dumfries. He wished me to say how extremely anxious he had been to be present among us on this memorable occasion in Dumfries, and to add that nothing except the pressure of business, the reality of which I well know, could have prevented him from being present here. He asked me personally to convey this message to you, and I do so with an expression of great regret, which I believe is common to us all, that he is unable to be present.

The Secretary next intimated the receipt of apologies for absence from the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Herries, the Earl of Stair, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Charles Dalrymple, G.M.M., Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Lord Young, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Walter Besant, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, Ambassador of the United States—who regrets his unavoidable absence on this occasion, "for the general heart of man will respond all round the world to the voice of his mother-land paying honour to the genius of her wonderful son." Among others were intimated greetings by telegraph from the Scots in the Channel Islands, from the Caledonian Societies of Hobart and Launceston, Tasmania, the Scotsmen of Hobart, the Caledonian Society of Lancaster, U.S., the Caledonian Club of Scranton, Pennsylvania, the United Caledonian Societies of South Australia, and from Lord Lamington, Governor of Queensland

A letter from Mr. A. J. Balfour supplementing his message communicated by Sir Robert Reid was also read as follows:—

10 Downing St., Whitehall, S.W.
July 18, 1896.

My Dear Provost,

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I see my chances of being with you next Tuesday at Dumfries rapidly diminishing, even if my doctor would permit me to undertake the double journey in twenty-four hours, which I fear after my recent attack he would not. The questions connected with Parliamentary business which may arise on Tuesday and Wednesday are too critical to permit me to absent myself on those days.

I had looked forward to being present at this demonstration in honour of our national poet, and I am so deeply touched by the kind and pressing invitation which you and your colleagues were good enough to convey to me, that my enforced absence from Dumfries causes me bitter disappointment. Nothing, I can assure you, but absolute necessity would have kept me from Scotland at such a moment.—Believe me, yours very truly,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

CENTENARY ORATION BY LORD ROSEBERY

Lord Rosebery, who was again enthusiastically cheered on rising, said: Ladies and gentlemen—I come here as a loyal burgess of Dumfries to do honour to the greatest burgess of Dumfries. You, Mr. Provost, have laid upon me a great distinction, but a great burden. Your most illustrious burgess obtained privileges for his children in respect of his burgess-ship, but you impose on your youngest burgess an honour that might well break anybody's back—that of attempting to do justice in any shape or fashion to the hero of to-day's ceremony.

But we citizens of Dumfries have a special claim to be considered on this day. We are surrounded by the choicest and the most sacred haunts of the poet. You have in this town the house in which he died; the Globe, where we could have wished that some phonograph had then existed which could have communicated to us some of his wise and witty and wayward talk. You have the street commemorated in M'Culloch's tragic anecdote, when Burns was shunned by his former friends; and you have the paths by the Nith which are associated with some of his greatest works. You have near you the room in which "the whistle" was contended for, and in which, if mere legend is to be trusted, the immortal Dr. Gregory was summoned to administer his first powders to the survivors of that memorable debauch. You have the stackyard in which, lying on his back and contemplating

> Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
> That lov'st to greet the early morn,

he wrote the lines "To Mary in Heaven," perhaps the most pathetic of his poems. You have near you the walk by the river where in his transport he passed his wife and children without seeing them, his brow flushed and his eyes shining with the lustre of "Tam o' Shanter." "I wish you had but seen him," said his wife; "he was in such ecstacy that the tears were happing down his cheeks." That is why we are in Dumfries to-day. We come to honour Burns among these immortal haunts of his.

But it is not in Dumfries alone that he is commemorated to-day, for all Scotland will pay her tribute, and this surely is but right. Mankind owes him a general debt, but the debt of Scotland is special. For Burns exalted our race; he hallowed Scotland and the Scottish tongue. Before his time we had for a long period been scarcely recognised. We had been falling out of the recollection and recognition of the world. From the time of the union of the crowns, and still more from the time of the legislative union, Scotland had lapsed into obscurity. Except for an occasional riot or a Jacobite rising, her existence was almost forgotten. She had indeed her Robertsons and her Humes, writing history to general admiration, but no trace of Scottish authorship was discoverable in their works; indeed, every flavour of national idiom was carefully obliterated. The Scottish dialect, as Burns called it, was in danger of perishing. Burns seemed at this juncture to start to his feet and reassert Scotland's claim to national existence. His Scottish notes rang through the world, and he thus preserved the Scottish language for ever; for mankind will never allow to die that idiom in which his poems and his songs are enshrined. That is a part, and only a part, of Scotland's debt to Burns. But this is much more than a Scottish demonstration. It is a collection of representatives from all quarters of the globe to own a common allegiance and a common faith. It is not only Scotsmen honouring the greatest of Scotsmen. We stretch far beyond a kingdom or a race. We are rather a sort of poetical Mohammedans gathered at a sort of poetical Mecca.

And yet, ladies and gentlemen, we are assembled in our high enthusiasm under circumstances which are somewhat paradoxical; for with all the appearance of joy we celebrate not a festival but a tragedy. It is not the sunrise but the sunset that we commemorate It is not the birth of a new power into the world, the subtle germ of a fame that is to survive and inspire the generations of men. But it is perhaps more fitting that we celebrate the end and not the beginning. For the coming of these figures is silent. It is their disappearance that we know. At this instant that I speak there may be born into the world the equal of a Newton or a Cæsar, but half of us would be dead before he had revealed himself. Their death is different. It may be gloomy and disastrous; it may come at a moment of shame and neglect. But by that time the man has carved his name somewhere on the temple of fame. There are exceptions, of course; cases where the end comes before the slightest or any but the slightest recognition—Chatterton choking in his garret, hunger of body and soul all unsatisfied; Millet selling his pictures for a song; nay, Shakespeare himself. But as a rule death in the case of genius closes the first act of a public drama. Criticism and analysis may then begin their unbiassed work free from jealousy or friendship or personal consideration for the living. Then comes the third act, if a third act there be.

No, it is a death, not a birth that we celebrate. This day, a century ago, in poverty, and delirium, and distress, there was passing the soul of Robert Burns. To him death comes in clouds and darkness—the end of a long agony of body and soul. He is harassed with debt; his bodily constitution is ruined; his spirit is broken; his wife is daily expecting her confinement; he has lost almost all that rendered his life happy, much of friendship, credit, and esteem. Some score years before, one of the most charming of English writers, as he lay dying, was asked if his mind was at ease, and with his last breath Oliver Goldsmith owned that it was not. So it was with Robert Burns His delirium dwelt on the horrors of a jail. He uttered curses on the tradesman who was pursuing him for debt. "What business," said he to his physician, in a moment of consciousness, "what business has a physician to waste his time upon me? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough to carry me to my grave." For a year or more his health had been failing. He had a poet's body as well as a poet's mind—nervous, feverish, impressionable; and his constitution, which, if nursed and regulated, might have carried him to the limit of life, was unequal to the storm and stress of dissipation and a preying mind. In the previous autumn he had been seized with a rheumatic attack. His digestion had given way. He was sunk in melancholy and gloom. In his last April he wrote to his friend Thomson—"By Babel's streams I have sat and wept almost ever since I saw you last. I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain. Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope." It was sought to revive him by sea-bathing, and he went to stay at Brow Well. There he remained three weeks, but he was under no delusion as to his state. "Well madam," he said to Mrs. Riddell, on arriving, "have you any commands for the other world?" He sat that evening with his old friend and spoke manfully of his approaching death, of the fate of his children, and of his fame, sometimes indulging in bitter-sweet pleasantry, but never losing the consciousness of his condition. In three weeks he wearied of the fruitless hunt for health, and he returned home to die. He was only just in time. When he re-entered his home on the 18th he could no longer stand. He was soon delirious; in three days he was dead. On the fourth day, we are told, when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly, raised himself almost wholly up, spread out his hands, sprang forward, nigh the whole length of the bed, fell on his face and expired.

I suppose there are many who can read the account of these last months with composure. They are more fortunate than I. There is nothing much more melancholy in all biography. The brilliant poet, the delight of all society, from the highest to the lowest, sits brooding in silence over the drama of his spent life—the early innocent home, the plough and the savour of fresh turned earth, the silent communion with Nature and his own heart, the brief hour of splendour, the dark hour of neglect, the mad struggle for forgetfulness, the bitterness of vanished homage, the gnawing doubt of fame, the distressful future of his wife and children—an endless witch-dance of thought, without clue or remedy, all perplexing, all soon to end while he is yet young, as men reckon youth; though none know so well as he that his youth is gone, his race is run, his message is delivered.

His death revived the flagging interest and pride that had been felt for him. As usual men began to realise what they had lost when it was too late. When it was known that he was dying the towns-people had shown anxiety and distress. They recalled his fame, and forgot his fall. One man was heard to ask with a touch of quaint simplicity, "Who do you think will be our poet now?" The district set itself to prepare a public funeral for the poet who died penniless among them; a vast concourse followed him to his grave; the "awkward squad," as he had foreseen and deprecated, fired volleys over his coffin; the streets were lined with soldiers, among them one who sixteen years later was to be Prime Minister; and while the procession wended its gloomy way, as if no element of tragedy were to be wanting, his widow's hour of travail arrived, and she gave birth to the hapless child that had caused the father so much misgiving. In this place and on this day it all seems present to us—the house of anguish, the thronged churchyard, the weeping neighbours. We feel ourselves part of the mourning crowd; we hear those dropping volleys and that muffled drum. We bow our heads as the coffin passes and acknowledge with tears the inevitable doom. Pass, heavy hearse, with thy weary freight of shattered hopes and exhausted frame; pass with thy simple pomp of fatherless bairns and sad moralising friends; pass with the sting of death to the victory of the grave; pass with the perishable, and leave us the eternal!

It is rare to be fortunate in life; it is infinitely rarer to be fortunate in death. Happy in the occasion of his death, as Tacitus says of Agricola, is not a common epitaph. It is comparatively easy to know how to live, but it is beyond all option and choice to compass the more difficult art of knowing when and how to die. We can generally, by looking back, choose a moment in a man's life when he had been fortunate had he dropped down dead. And so the question arises naturally to-day, was Burns fortunate in his death—that death which we commemorate? There can, I fancy, be only one answer. It was well that he died when he did. It might have been better for himself had he died a little earlier. The terrible lines that he wrote two years before to Mrs Riddell and Mr. Cunningham betoken a spirit mortally wounded. In those last two years the cloud settles, never to be lifted. "My constitution and frame were *ab origine* blasted with the deep incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence." He found, perhaps, some pleasure in the composition of his songs, some occasional relief in the society of boon companions; but the world was fading before him.

There is an awful expression in Scotland, which one never hears without a pang—So-and-so "is done," meaning that he is physically worn out. Burns was "done." He was struggling on like a wounded deer to his death. He had often faced the end, and not unwillingly. "Can it be possible," he once wrote to Mrs Dunlop, "that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence? When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those who knew me and the few who loved me; when the cold, unconscious corpse is resigned to the earth, to be the prey of reptiles and become a trodden clod, shall I be yet warm in life, enjoying or enjoyed?" Surely that reads as if he foresaw this day and would fain be with us. As, indeed, for all we know, he may be. Twelve years before he had faced death in a less morbid spirit. Why, he asked—

> Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
> Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
> Some drops of joy. with draughts of ill between,
> Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.

He had, perhaps, never enjoyed life so much as is generally supposed, though he had turned to it a brave, cheerful, unflinching face, and the last years had been years of misery. "God have mercy on me," he wrote years before the end, "a poor, damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool; the sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonising sensibility, and Bedlam passions!" There was truth in this outburst. At any rate his most devoted friends and to be an admirer of Burns is to be his friend—may wish that he had not lived to write the letter to Mr. Clark, piteously pleading that a harmless toast may not be visited hardly upon him; or that to Mrs. Riddell, beginning—"I write you from the regions of hell and the horrors of the damned;' or to be harried by his official superiors as a political suspect, shunned by his fashionable friends for the same reason; wandering like a neglected ghost in Dumfries, avoided and ignored. "That's all over now, my young friend," he said, speaking of his reign in society—"'An' werena my heart licht I wad dee.'" That was in 1794. Had he died then it might have been happier for himself. and we should have lost some parts of his life which we would rather forget; but posterity could not have spared him; we could not have lost the exquisite songs which we owe to those years; but, above all, the supreme creed and comfort which he bequeathed to the world, "A man 's a man for a' that," would have remained undelivered.

One may, perhaps, go further and say that poets, or those whom the gods love, should die young This is a hard saying, but it will not greatly affect the bills of mortality; and it applies only to poets of the first rank, while even here it has its exceptions, and illustrious exceptions they are. But surely the best poetry is produced before middle age—before the morning and its illusions have faded, before the heaviness of noon and the baleful cool of evening. Few men, too, can bear the strain of a poet's temperament through many years. At any rate, we may feel sure of this, that Burns had produced his best—that he would never again have produced a "Tam o Shanter," or a "Cottar's Saturday Night," or a "Jolly Beggars;" and that long before his death, though he could still write lines affluent with tenderness and grace, the hand of pain and sorrow and care, to use his own words, had lain heavy upon him.

And this leads to another point. To-day is not merely the melancholy anniversary of death, but the rich and incomparable fulfilment of prophecy For this is the moment to which Burns looked when he said to his wife —"Don't be afraid. I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present." To-day the hundred years are completed, and we can judge of the prediction. On that point we must all be unanimous. Burns had honour in his life-time, but his fame has rolled like a snowball since his death, and it rolls on. There is indeed no parallel to it in the world. It sets the calculations of compound interest at defiance. He is not merely the watchword of a nation that carries and implants Burns worship all over the globe as birds carry seeds, but he has become the champion and patron saint of Democracy. He bears aloft the banner of the essential equality of man. His birthday is celebrated a hundred and thirty-seven years after its occurrence more universally than that of any human being. He reigns over a greater dominion than any empire that the world has ever seen. Nor does the ardour of his devotees decrease. Ayr and Ellisland, Mauchline and Dumfries are the shrines of countless pilgrims. Burns statues are a hardy annual. The production of Burns manuscripts was a lucrative branch of industry until it was checked by the untimely interference of the law. Burns clubs spring up like mushrooms after rain. The editions of Burns are as the sands of the sea. No canonised name in the calendar excites so blind and enthusiastic a worship. Whatever Burns may have contemplated in his prediction, whatever dream he may have fondled in the wildest moments of elation, must have fallen utterly short of the reality, as we know it to-day. And it is all spontaneous. There is no puff, no advertisement, no manipulation. Intellectual cosmetics of that kind are frail and fugitive They rarely survive their subject—they would not have availed here. Nor was there any glamour attached to the poet—rather the reverse. He has stood by himself, he has grown by himself, it is himself and no other that we honour.

But what had Burns in his mind when he made this prediction? It might be whimsically urged that he was conscious that the world had not yet seen his master-piece, for the "Jolly Beggars" was not published till some time after his death. But that would not be sufficient, for he had probably forgotten its existence. Nor do I think he spoke at haphazard. What were perhaps present to his mind were the fickleness of his contemporaries towards him, his conviction of the essential splendour of his work, the consciousness that the incidents of his later years had unjustly obscured him, and that his true figure would be perceived as these fell away into forgetfulness or were measured at their true value. If so, he was right in his judgment, for his true life began with his death. With the body passed all that was gross and impure; the clear spirit stood revealed, and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars in the firmament of the rare immortals.

Rev. George C. Lorimer of Boston, U.S.A., said:—My Lord, ladies, and gentlemen—Fitting is it that the Scotland outside of Scotland, the larger if not the greater or the bonnier Scotland, should be allowed a voice in these festivities. While Scotland "stands where she did," her children do not; but have wandered forth to many countries, and have given a good account of themselves in many callings. But wherever they have gone, and however loyal they may be to the governments under which they live, I bear them witness that their hearts turn with loving devotion to their birthplace, and that at many a banquet board they sing:—

> Auld Coila's plains and fells,
> Her moors. red-brown wi' heather bells,
> Her banks and braes, her dens and dells.

And at this hour they share with you in honouring the memory of Robert Burns, the man

> Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
> Whose truths electrify the sage.

It is wonderful how firm a hold the Ayrshire poet has on the imagination and life of his countrymen abroad. They recite his poetry, sing his songs, and commemorate his nativity each year in feast, in dance, in oratory. Their patience is never exhausted in hearing repeated his picturesque imagery, nor their hearts weary with the continued disclosure of his profound feelings. Possibly the explanation of this unmatched phenomenon is to be found in the unmistakable impression that the poetry of Burns, and in some degree Burns himself, as no other Scot has done, embodies and expresses the genius of a land whose sternness is touched with beauty, whose material poverty has been redeemed by intellectual affluence, whose poets have been among the sweetest, whose heroes have been among the noblest, whose saints have been among the purest, and whose maidens have been among the fairest "the sun has e'er shone on," and whose unconquered and unconquerable independence sounds forth in the defiant cry "A man 's a man for a' that." However accounted for, the fact remains that he whom you honour to-day is a bond of union among your kin beyond the sea; and perhaps more than any other tie keeps them closely bound to the land of their ancestors.

But in representing among you the Scotland of other climes, I am not here specially to reassure you of its devotion to the mother country; but to bring you greetings from America, and to add if possible to the significance of this centennial by pointing out the place of Robert Burns in the thought and affections of its people. It is one of the glories of the United States that she not only opens the door to men of every race to become citizens, but is equally ready to avow her indebtedness to celebrities from every nationality. Columbia has no Valhalla. no Westminster, where images of departed heroes can greet the living; but in her parks the faces of Humboldt, Schiller, Goethe, and Shakespeare are witnesses of her reverence for genius wherever born. Rome adopted the gods of conquered tribes; Columbia adopts the thinkers. And in this respect the new republic shows more wisdom than the old; for deities, such as they are, are numerous, thinkers are scarce. With conspicuous impartiality she naturalizes the mighty dead of other portions of the globe, enrols them with her own great citizens, blends them into one fraternity, and crowns them with the wreath of fame. And to the names of famous men who speak to the present from the past she has added that of Robert Burns, and has come to consider him more distinctively American than any other poet not American born. This is primarily due to his passionate love of liberty. He sympathized in no small degree with the British colonies in their struggle; for they were not at the first set on separation from England, but for the triumph of rights secured by *Magna Charta*. He compared the American Congress of 1776 with the English Convention of 1788. He shared with others the hopes that were born of the upheaval in France. But he did not fail to regard with horror the criminal bloodshed which stained that movement. He was no anarchist. Hence the lines:—

> The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
> And the wretch, his true-born brother,
> Wad set the mob above the throne,
> May they be d——d together.

Dear also is he to the heart of the Great Republic, because he was one of the people, was born in "a hut where poor men lie," and was the poet of the people, and is the people's poet still.

Poetry is one of the most practical of blessings. Science makes discoveries in the domain of the physical; poetry brings to light equally marvellous things in the realm of the spiritual. Commerce unites nations by the ties of selfishness; poetry binds them closer by the bonds of affection. Statesmen make laws; poetry animates them with a national spirit. Discipline shapes soldiers; poetry fires them with heroism. We, therefore, in the United States do not undervalue our song-makers; neither do we rank them beneath our millionaire merchants But few, if any, songs transcend in value those of the ploughman bard. Others have sung sweetly—the Motherwells, the Fergusons, the Gilfillans—but twittering swallows these, or at best only melodious robins, in comparison with him who is at once the nightingale and lark of song; and none, in my opinion, has so truly echoed the wants and woes, the hopes and fears of the "disendowed classes," as Victor Hugo calls them. He is the poet of the people, divinely moved to sing their sorrows and plead their cause Though as profoundly impressed by nature's loveliness as Thomson, and though at times as deeply affected by unseen mysteries as Cowper, he ever seems to be in closer fellowship with suffering souls than with suns or stars or religious creeds. The poet of the people, himself one of the people, lifts the thoughts and aspirations of the people above things sordid, mean, and base, and allies the honest man with princes; yea, exalts him over kings as the noblest work of God; and it is natural, then, that in America, the land of the people, he should be counted worthy of love and veneration. Moreover, he is prized among us because his speech is clear, his meaning apparent, and his imagery picturesque. We can understand him. He speaks our common language, and moves us by his passion and his tears. I hear that some of your neighbours beyond the Tweed find his speech provincial, complain that they have to use a glossary, and that they cannot always follow his thought. We grieve over their obtusity. But what is the phrase or movement which they fail to grasp? Do they need a teacher to expound "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower?" Or must they have a dictionary to assist them in reading—"Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes?" Is there any deep, esoteric meaning in

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man 's a man for a' that.

Or can it be that an interpreter is indispensable to an adequate comprehension of Tam o' Shanter or of his "drouthy crony" Souter Johnny. I am afraid the average Englishman, like the average American, knows full well what is intended when the poet writes—

Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

We at least in America understand Robert Burns even if they do not in England; and we love him for his speech; but more than that, we love him for his stalwart manhood. Margaret Fuller anticipated the estimate of America when she wrote: "Since Adam there has been none that appeared nearer fitness to stand up before God in the naked majesty of manhood than Robert Burns." And Lord Byron's words are worth recalling: "What would Burns have been if a patrician? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divorce, and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley" Carlyle creates the impression that his personality was greater than his poems If there is anything that appeals to American admiration it is a man, one who had to fight life's battle unaided, who had at the beginning all odds against him, who cultivated independence, who preserved his sweetness and humour, and who came at last to sway a commanding influence over men. In politics such an one is Abraham Lincoln, whose deeds are poems, and in literature such an one is Burns, whose poems are often deeds, which beat down and shame apathy and weakness, and rouse to heroic fortitude and faith. Nor is it strange that the memory of the lowly minstrel is cherished beyond the sea, when it is realised that there was something of the prophet and the seer about him, and that he sang of an age, now near at hand, when

Man to man the world o'er
  Shall brithers be for a' that.

The wail that comes to us in "Man was made to mourn;" the sweet vision of peace that breaks on us in "From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs;" the tender charity inculcated in the appeal—

Then gently scan your brother man,
  Still gentler sister woman—
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
  To step aside is human;

and in the cry impatiently uttered—

If I 'm designed yon lordling's slave —
  By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
  E'er planted in my mind?

we have foregleams of a better time, when social wrongs shall be righted, when religion shall be the daily joy of the people, when love shall reign o'er all the earth, and not even rank alienate man from man. You, my Lord, once said in an eloquent address: "The doom of an aristocracy divorced from the people is written on the ruined palaces of Venice and on every page of history." Never were truer words spoken, and the hope of the future lies in the unifications of all tribes, races, and conditions of mankind, and in the interblending and harmonizing of their interests and ambitions. Yea, and may I be allowed to say it, in the fellowship of all lands, especially in the unbroken brotherhood of Great Britain and America Towards this union the songs of Robert Burns impel us He is the prophet of the better time, and as we catch the echo of his lyre to-day we are constrained to believe, even against sight, that the enthronement and coronation of humanity are not far off:—

> Then let us pray that come it may—
> And come it will for a' that—
> That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
> Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
> For a' that, and a' that,
> It 's coming yet for a' that,
> That man to man, the warld o'er
> Shall brithers be for a' that.

The rev. gentleman resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

Sir James Crichton Browne proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Rosebery, who had come there to honour Burns and gratify them with the eloquent and suggestive address he had delivered that afternoon.

Sir James in the course of his speech, referred to the incident already touched on by Lord Rosebery, of Burns receiving the cold shoulder from the county ladies and gentlemen who were assembling for a ball as he passed along the streets of Dumfries. That, he said, was in 1794; and now in 1896 the county ladies and gentlemen who were assembled for that ball were gone, and their names for the most part forgotten, and their lands had changed hands; while the neglected poet had become famous, and a Prime Minister of England had come there to pay him homage. There was no shady side of the street for him to-day, for the streets had been decorated from end to end with arches of triumph, and he was crowned with wreaths and laurels brought from the four corners of the country; it was not one solitary friend to give him a cheering word, but a gathering of friends from near and far to show their devotion to the peasant poet who had enlarged and brightened their lives, and who had given utterance to ideas that had satisfied the deepest and loftiest parts of their nature The speeches they had listened to would be reported and become a permanent part of Burns literature; and he wished that besides the reporters they had present a Scottish Zola, capable of describing in ardent language their doings of that day. He did not mean to say the speeches delivered would encourage the Scottish youth to plunge into poetry. It had already been stated that Scotland had produced 200,000 minor poets, and that the industries of Scotland were confined to the study of theology, the selling of whisky, chopping logic, and spinning rhymes; but besides poetic production there was poetic living, and it was towards that that addresses would contribute. Every Scotchman knew Burns as well as his Catechism, with one exception, in the person of Mr. Grant Allen, who recently announced that he was entirely ignorant of Burns. Well, that was not surprising; for Burns was always healthy and wholesome, and a study of his works would act as a corrective to the stuff produced by their hilltop novelists. They were hero-worshippers here, in the land of Burns and Carlyle, and he knew they were all pleased to have had a good look at the man who played such a distinguished part in public life—who had been First Minister of the Crown—led the House of Lords—won the Derby—written a biography of Pitt, and presided over the London County Council. It was a privilege to hear his serious and his witty sentences; and their hearts were won by his appreciation of Burns. Referring to the other speaker, Sir James said: Surely our common interest and inheritance in Burns ought to cement our friendship with the Americans, and to ever prevent any serious difficulties from arising between them Dr. Lorimer's presence there that day was also a proof of the decay of prejudice. There was a time when one of his denomination might have hesitated to sound the praises of Burns on a platform; but to-day the clergy gladly admitted that Burns did the Church some service in his time by shaming hypocrisy and by acting as a counterpoise- a necessary counterpoise in Scotland—to John Knox, loosening their too rigid Puritanism. The illustrious and celebrated townsman of Dr. Lorimer, Oliver Wendell Holmes, had said that he always marvelled that straight-laced Scotland should embrace her Robert Burns without bursting her stays. But the fact was that in embracing her Robert Burns, Scotland did burst her stays, and she had breathed more freely ever since While Sir James was speaking, Lord Rosebery was obliged to leave the meeting to keep his engagement at Glasgow, and the chair was taken by Provost Glover.

Sheriff Vary Campbell proposed a vote of thanks to the Provost, not only for his conduct in the chair, but for the excellent arrangements which had attended this festivity.

Provost Glover briefly replied.

The centenary proceedings were fittingly closed with a Burns concert in the Drill Hall, which was crowded by an audience numbering about four thousand.

RECEPTION OF THE AUSTRALIAN WREATH.

One of the most unique offerings intended to have been delivered at Dumfries on the 21st was a wreath of Australian flowers frozen into a block of solid ice, which formed the joint gift of the Scottish Societies of Australia. Owing to some difficulty experienced at the ice factory in Sydney in getting the large block of ice (4′ 8″ × 4′ 2″) frozen, it was not completed in time for the steamer *Ormuz*, in which space had been engaged for it, and it had therefore been despatched by the *Orotava*, which arrived too late for the celebration. Along with the wreath was sent a pedestal of polished New South Wales cedar, with the inscription—

IN MEMORIAM.
ROBERT BURNS,
DIED JULY 21st, 1796.
A Tribute from the Scottish Societies of Australia.

The wreath, which measured four feet by three feet six and was enclosed in a block of ice weighing 23 cwt., arrived at Dumfries on the 5th August, and remained in charge of the G. & S.W. Railway Company until arrangements were made for its formal reception on the 7th, when its transport to the Mausoleum was carried out with all due ceremonial. The wreath, which could be easily seen through its protecting ice-block, was in the form of a circle, enclosing a cross, and was composed of native Australian flowers, with the word "Australia" in holly berries. The vehicle on which the wreath was placed was drawn by five horses, and was elaborately decorated with heather and flags. The procession passed along St. Mary's Place and York Place to Lovers' Walk, and thence along Academy Street, High Street, and St. Michael Street, to St. Michael's Churchyard—a large number of people assembling to see it pass. The weight and slippery nature of the block rendered its handling no easy task; but with the help of many willing hands, it was placed at the front of the Mausoleum.

RECEPTION OF AUSTRALIAN WREATH.

Provost Glover attended wearing his chain of office; and among those who accompanied him were the chief officials of the Centenary Executive, and representatives of the Corporation, the Burns Clubs, &c.

Mr. Sulley, Hon. Secretary of the Centenary Executive, said:—Provost and members of the Executive Council—As you are aware, I wrote on behalf of the Executive Council to all the Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies, and also to the leading newspapers of America, Australia, and New Zealand, to say that we hoped they would not allow distance to be any hindrance to them if they wished to be represented here on the 21st July and assist us in doing honour to the memory of our great national poet. In Australia this was at once taken up by Mr. John

Drummond, secretary of the South Australian Caledonian Society, Adelaide, who put himself in communication with the other colonies. In Sydney it was taken up by Mr. H. C. L. Anderson, who has been the prime mover in connection with this wreath, and who was also the honorary secretary of the New South Wales Burns centenary celebration—a celebration which seems to have been nearly as great as our own. In Victoria the movement was taken up by Mr. D. W. R. Armstrong, secretary of Melbourne Caledonian Society; and it was also heartily entered into at Brisbane and Perth, and other Australian centres. The Victorian societies joining in the movement were those of Melbourne, Maryborough, Geelong, Tungamah, Alexandra, Mansfield, Oakleigh, Ballan, Rupanyup, Yea, Bacchus Marsh, Seymour, Aultrim. The general committee for New South Wales was representative of the Highland Society of New South Wales, the Burns Club of New South Wales, the Thistle Club of Sydney, the Burns Anniversary Club of Sydney, and twenty kindred societies scattered throughout the colony in the leading towns, including Bathurst, Gouldburn, Grafton, Glen Innes, Newcastle, Tenterfield, Bourke, &c. Scottish societies of towns in the other provinces, of which I have not got a list, also joined. A commission was given to Miss B. Goodenough, of King Street, Sydney, to make the finest wreath possible of native Australian flowers; it was gratuitously executed, and the result is before us in this magnificent wreath.

It is composed of upwards of eight hundred white and red carnations, chrysanthemums, roses, five varieties of heather, narcissus, camelias, bouvardias, orchids, ivy, mountain moss, and choice ferns. The block of ice in which it is encased was gratuitously frozen by the Metropolitan Ice Company, of Sydney. By an unfortunate accident it missed the steamer by a few hours, although it was sent across the continent by special train. This was unfortunate for the Australians, but I venture to think fortunate for us, because if this wreath had arrived on the 21st of July it would have had to stay where it was for a day or two, and we have been able to do better for the Australians as it is. The gentlemen who had charge of this wreath were the Hon. A. Kethel, the Hon. Dr. H. N. M'Laurin, and Mr. H. C. L. Anderson; but the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* says—"It goes to Scotland as a tribute from the whole of the Scottish societies of Australia." And it is on their behalf, Mr. Provost, that I have to ask you, as chairman of our Executive Council and the representative of the Burns centenary, to accept it in the name of Australia. As to the spirit in which it is sent, I think a word or two from a very fine letter received from Mr. Anderson may not be amiss. He says: "There will be at least twenty suppers, concerts, reunions, or lectures in memory of Burns, so that there will be thousands of hearts turned towards Dumfries, throbbing in unison with your own, testifying to the world-wide admiration of our poet's genius, and verifying his own noble aspiration—

Man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

There is the keenest interest in this national sentiment throughout our people of Scottish blood and descent. Many of us who have never trod on Scottish heather can admire and appreciate the poet's genius as fully as their fathers. Our English, Irish, Welsh, and Australian cousins are joining heartily with us, so that we shall have no narrow, one-sided celebration" That, Mr. Provost, is the spirit in which this great tribute from Australia comes to us; and I have much pleasure and pride in being the medium of conveying it to you along with this ribbon.—The ribbon referred to, which accompanied the wreath, is a broad one of pale blue, bearing the Australian coat of arms, the Scotch thistle, and the motto—"Man to man the world o'er shall brithers be."

Provost Glover said: Mr. Sulley, ladies, and gentlemen—I could have wished that this wreath had arrived in time to be here at our great national celebration on the 21st, and to have been presented at the tomb of Burns to that noble Scotsman, the Earl of Rosebery. But, on behalf of the executive, and on behalf of the community of Dumfries, I am pleased to be here to-night to receive this magnificent tribute to our national poet, and as a love-token from our kith and kin beyond the sea - in whom, it is apparent, sentiment still centres strongly round their native land, and whose bosoms beat most warmly in regard to everything affecting Scotland and the Scotch. You will not expect from me a speech on such an occasion as this; but I think the least we can be expected to do is to ask Mr. Sulley to convey our fraternal greetings to those who have so kindly remembered this national celebration, and to assure them that we deeply appreciate the sentiment which sent this unique offering to our shore. I have now formally to accept this wreath on behalf of the executive, and on behalf of the community of Dumfries, and I hope fraternal greetings most enthusiastically expressed will be sent to our compatriots in Australia.

Mr. H. S. Gordon next came forward with a beautiful wreath from the Clan Macdonald, Brooklyn, New York. He stated that it had arrived too late for presentation on the 21st, and that Mr Walter Scott of Brooklyn was in Dumfries representing the clan.

Provost Glover said he had much pleasure in accepting the wreath, which he proceeded to place within the Mausoleum.

Mr. Houston of Marchfield asked them to accord their very hearty thanks to Provost Glover for his presence and the part he had borne in the evening's ceremonial.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., LL.D.

CENTENARY DEMONSTRATION AT GLASGOW.

AN Exhibition of personal relics of Burns, portraits, manuscripts, editions of his works, and pictures of the scenes among which he lived, was opened in Glasgow on 15th July, 1896, under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen. The Earl of Rosebery, as Honorary President of the Exhibition Committee, undertook to deliver the inaugural address on the 21st July, and immediately on the completion of his duties at Dumfries he proceeded to Glasgow by special train for this purpose. As the Fine Art Galleries, in which the exhibition was held, did not offer the necessary accommodation for a great public meeting, St. Andrew's Hall was selected for the occasion. Admission to the meeting, which took place at 8 p m., was by ticket, and the great hall was well filled in every part. Lord Rosebery occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Sir James Bell, Lord Provost of the city and Lord Lieutenant of the county of the city of Glasgow, Sir James Law, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, M.P., Mr. J. G. A Baird, M.P., Mr. A. J. Kirkpatrick, Sir Charles Tennant, Mr. W. Wallace, Professor Masson, Mr. Burns Begg, Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., Rev. Walter C. Smith, D.D., Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, Mr. W. Laird, Provost Mackay, Kilmarnock, Mr. Patrick S. Dunn, Mr. John Smart, R.S.A., Lady Bell, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Cochran-Patrick, Mrs. Burns-Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Sorley, Sir Francis Powell, Mr. A. C. Lamb, Mr. Andrew Gibson, Captain Sneddon, Mr. W. Young, R.S.W , Mr. A K. Brown, A.R.S.A., Mr. R. M. Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Barrington Nash, Mr. W. Macmillan, Mr. and Mrs. R. Philips, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Robert Gourlay, Miss Annie Burns, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Leiper Gemmill, General Walker, Mr. R. Wylie, Dr. David Murray, Mr. D. Murray Lyon, Mr. D M'Naught, Mr. Craibe Angus, Mr. Hew Morrison, Rev. Mr. Higgins and Mrs. Higgins, Colonel and Mrs. Browne, Mr. and Mrs J B. Fleming, Colonel and Mrs. Bennett, Mr Eugene Wason, Mr. H. D. Willock, Provost of Ayr, Professor

Ferguson, Mr. and Miss Sneddon, Mr. Colin Rae Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George Neilson, Mr. Thomas J. Wise, Bailie Primrose, Dr. Patterson, Mr. J. M'Naught Campbell, Mr and Miss Grimmond, Mr. W. A Scott MacKirdy. Dr. J. O. Mitchell, Rev. Thomas Somerville, Messrs. Daniel Anderson, George J. Munro, David Hennedy, John Wordie, Anthony Brogan, C. M. Hardie, James Dickie. J. N. Adam, R. M. Renwick, William Macmath, John B. Fergusson, H. T H. Pollock, W. Stewart, P. Galloway, Dr. Hunter Selkirk, and others.

Lord Rosebery, who was enthusiastically greeted, said: Ladies and gentlemen—It is a great pleasure to find myself in this hall on a non-political occasion. We are here to-day to celebrate Burns. What the direct connection of Burns with Glasgow may be I am not exactly sure; but, at any rate, I am confident of this, that in the great metropolis of the West there is a clear claim that we should celebrate the genius of Robert Burns I have celebrated it already elsewhere. I cannot, perhaps, deny that the day has been a day of labour, but it has been a labour of love It is, and it must be, a source of joy and pride to us to see our champion Scotsman receive the honour and admiration and affection of humanity; to see, as I have seen this morning, the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead. But these have only been signs and symptoms of the world-wide passion of reverence and devotion. That generous and immortal soul pervades the universe to-day. In the humming city and in the crowd of man; in the backwood and in the swamp; where the sentinel paces the bleak frontier, and where the sailor smokes his evening pipe; and, above all, where the farmer and his men pursue their summer toil, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack—the thought and sympathy of men are directed to Robert Burns. I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our poet there is no doubt or question. The "adsum" of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. There are few before him on the list, and we cannot now conceive a list without him. He towers high, and yet he lived in an age when the average was sublime.

It sometimes seems to me as if the whole eighteenth century was a constant preparation for, a constant working up to, the great drama of the revolution which closed it. The scenery is all complete when the time arrives—the dark, volcanic country; the hungry, desperate people; the fire-fly nobles; the concentrated splendour of the Court—in the midst, in her place as a heroine, the dazzling Queen. And during long previous years brooding nature had been producing not merely the immediate actors, but figures worthy of the scene. What a glittering procession it is! We can only mark some of the principal figures. Burke leads the way by seniority; then come Fox and Goethe; Nelson and Mozart; Schiller, Pitt, and Burns; Wellington and Napoleon. And among these Titans, Burns is a conspicuous figure; the figure which appeals most of all to the imagination and affection of mankind. Napoleon perhaps looms larger to the imagination, but on the affection he has no hold. It is in the combination of the two powers that Burns is supreme.

What is his secret? We are always discussing him and endeavouring to find it out. Perhaps, like the latent virtue of some medicinal baths, it may never be satisfactorily explained. But, at anyrate, let us discuss him again. That is, I presume, our object to-night. What pleasanter or more familiar occupation can there be for Scotsmen? But the Scotsmen who enjoy it have generally perhaps more time than I. Pardon, then, the imperfections of my speech, for I speak of a subject which no one can altogether compass, and which a busy man has perhaps no right to attempt. The clue to Burns's extraordinary hold on mankind is possibly a complicated one; it has, perhaps, many developments. If so, we have not time to consider it to-night. But I personally believe the causes are, like most great causes, simple; though it might take long to point out all the ways in which they operate. The secret, as it seems to me. lies in two words—inspiration and sympathy. But, if I wished to prove my contention. I should go on quoting from his poems all night, and his admirers would still declare that I had omitted the best passages. I know that profuse quotation is a familiar form of a Burns speech, but I am afraid to begin lest it should not end, and I am sure I should not satisfy. I must proceed, then, in a more summary way.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, there seem to me to be two great natural forces in British literature. I use the safe adjective of British; and your applause shows me that I was right to do so. I use it partly because hardly any of Burns's poetry is strictly English, partly because he hated and was, perhaps, the first to protest against the use of the word English as including Scottish Well I say, there are in that literature two great forces of which the power seems sheer inspiration and nothing else—I mean Shakespeare and Burns. This is not the place or the time to speak of that miracle called Shakespeare, but one must say a word of the miracle called Burns Try and reconstruct Burns as he was. A peasant, born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment—struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy, silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song, like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly—with nightingale pauses—till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it; he can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara

Under the limitations which I have imposed upon myself to-night we must take for granted the incomparable excellence of his poetry. But I must ask you to remember that the poetry is only a fragment of Burns. Amazing as it may seem, all contemporary testimony is unanimous that the man was far more wonderful than his works. "It will be the misfortune of Burns' reputation," writes an accomplished lady, who might well have judged him harshly, "in the records of literature, not only to future generations and to foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and a number of his contemporaries, that he has been regarded as a poet, and nothing but a poet. . . . Poetry," she continues "(I appeal to all who had the advantage of being personally acquainted with him) was actually not his forte. . . . None, certainly, ever outshone Burns in the charms—the sorcery, I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee." And she goes on to describe the almost superhuman fascination of his voice and of his eyes, those balls of black fire which electrified all on whom they rested.

It seems strange to be told that it would be an injustice to judge Burns by his poetry alone; but as to the magnetism of his presence and conversation there is only one verdict. "No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet," said the Duchess of Gordon—the friend of Pitt and of the London wits, the queen of Scottish society. Dugald Stewart says that "all the faculties of Burns' mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." And of his prose compositions the same severe judge speaks thus—"Their great and varied excellences render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances. The late Dr. Robertson used to say that, considering his education, the former seemed to him the more remarkable of the two." "I think Burns," said Principal Robertson to a friend, "was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and prose." We are told, too, that "he felt a strong call towards oratory, and all who heard him speak—and some of them were excellent judges—admitted his wonderful quickness of apprehension and readiness of eloquence." All this seems to me marvellous. It surely ratifies the claim of inspiration without the necessity of quoting a line of his poetry.

I pass then to his sympathy. If his talents were universal, his sympathy was not less so. His tenderness was not a mere selfish tenderness for his own family, for he loved all mankind except the cruel and the base. Nay, we may go further and say that he placed all creation, especially the suffering and despised part of it, under his protection. The oppressor in every shape, even in the comparatively innocent embodiment of the factor and the sportsman, he regarded with direct and personal hostility. But above all he saw the charm of the home; he recognised it as the basis of all society, he honoured it in its humblest form, for he knew, as few know, how unpretentiously, but how sincerely, the family in the cottage is welded by mutual love and esteem. "I recollect once," said Dugald Stewart, speaking of Burns, "he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and worth which they contained." He dwells repeatedly on the primary sacredness of the home and the family, the responsibility of fatherhood and marriage. "Have I not," he once wrote to Lord Mar, "a more precious stake in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more." The lines in which he tells his faith are not less memorable than the stately stanzas in which Gray sings the "short and simple annals of the poor." I must quote them again, often quoted as they are—

To mak' a happy fireside clime
  To weans and wife,
That 's the true pathos and sublime
  Of human life.

His verses, then, go straight to the heart of every home; they appeal to every father and mother. But that is only the beginning, perhaps the foundation, of his sympathy. There is something for everybody in Burns. He has a heart even for vermin; he has pity even for the arch-enemy of mankind. And his universality makes his poems a treasure-house in which all may find what they want. Every wayfarer in the journey of life may pluck strength and courage from it as he passes. The sore, the weary, the wounded, will all find something to heal and soothe. For this great master is the universal Samaritan. Where the priest and the Levite may have passed by in vain, this eternal heart will still afford a resource. But he is not only for the sick in spirit. The friend, the lover, the patriot, will all find their choicest refreshment in Burns. His touch is everywhere, and it is everywhere the touch of genius. Nothing comes amiss to him. What was said of the debating power of his eminent contemporary, Dundas.

may be said of his poetry—"He went out in all weathers." And it may be added that all weathers suited him—that he always brought back something precious, something we cherish, something that cannot die.

He is, then, I think, the universal friend in an unique sense. But he was, poetically speaking, the special friend of Scotland, in a sense which recalls a profound remark of another eminent Scotsman—I mean Fletcher of Saltoun. In an account of a conversation between Lord Cromarty, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, and himself, Fletcher writes—"I said I knew a very wise man, so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.' This may be rudely paraphrased, that it is more important to make the songs of a nation than to frame its laws; and this again may be interpreted to mean that in former days, at anyrate in the days of Fletcher, even to the days of Burns, it is the familiar songs of a people that mould their thoughts, their manners, and their morals. If this be true, can we exaggerate the debt that we Scotsmen owe to Burns? He has bequeathed to his country the most exquisite casket of songs in the world--primarily to his country, though others cannot be denied their share. I will give only one example, but that is a signal one. From distant Roumania the Queen of that country wrote to Dumfries to-day, that she has no copy of Burns with her, but that she knows his songs by heart.

We must remember, too, that there is more than this to be said. Many of Burns' songs were already in existence in the lips and minds of the people, rough and coarse and obscene Our benefactor takes them, and with a touch of inspired alchemy transmutes them and leaves them pure gold. He loved the old catches and the old tunes, and into these gracious moulds he poured his exquisite gifts of thought and expression. But for him those ancient airs, often wedded to words which no decent man could recite, would have perished from that corruption if not from neglect He rescued them for us by his songs, and in doing so he hallowed the life and sweetened the breath of Scotland.

I have also used the words "patriot" and "lover." These words draw me to different lines of thought. The word "patriot" leads me to the political side of Burns. There is no doubt that he was suspected of being a politician, and he is even said to have sometimes wished to enter Parliament. That was perhaps an excusable aberration, and my old friend Professor Masson has, I think, surmised that had he lived he might have been a great Liberal pressman. My frail thought shall not dally with such surmise, but it conducts us naturally to the subject of Burns' politics. From his sympathy for his own class, from his indignation against nobles like the Duke of Queensberry, and from the toasts that cost him so dear, it might be considered easy to infer his political opinions. But Burns should not be claimed for any party. A poet, be it remembered, is never a politician, and a politician is never a poet—that is to say, a politician is never so fortunate as to be a poet, and a poet is so fortunate as never to be a politician. I do not say that the line of demarcation is never passed—a politician may have risen for a moment, or a poet may have descended—but where there is any confusion between the two callings, it is generally because the poet thinks he discerns, or the politician thinks he needs, something higher than politics. Burns' politics were entirely governed by his imagination. He was at once a Jacobite and a Jacobin. He had the sad sympathy which most of us have felt for the hapless house of Stuart, without the least wish to be governed by it. He had much the same sort of abstract sympathy with the French Revolution, when it was setting all Europe to rights; but he was prepared to lay down his life to prevent its putting this island to rights. And then came his official superiors of the Excise, who, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's admiration of his poetry, snuffed out his politics without remorse.

The name of Pitt leads me to add that Burns had some sort of relation with three Prime Ministers. Colonel Jenkinson, of the Cinque Ports Fencible Cavalry, afterwards Minister for fifteen years under the title of Liverpool, was on duty at Burns' funeral, though we are told —the good man—that he disapproved of the poet, and declined to make his acquaintance. Pitt, again, passed on Burns one of his rare and competent literary judgments, so eulogistic, indeed, that one wonders that a powerful Minister could have allowed one whom he admired so much to exist on an exciseman's pay when well, and an exciseman's half-pay when dying. And from Addington, another Prime Minister, Burns elicited a sonnet, which, in the Academy of Lagado, would surely have been held a signal triumph of the art of extracting sunshine from cucumbers. So much for politics in the party sense. "A man's a man for a' that" is not politics; it is the assertion of the rights of humanity in a sense far wider than politics. It erects all mankind, it is the charter of its self-respect. It binds, it heals, it revives, it invigorates; it sets the bruised and broken on their legs, it refreshes the stricken soul, it is the salve and tonic of character; it cannot be narrowed into politics. Burns' politics are indeed nothing but the occasional overflow of his human sympathy into past history and current events.

And now, having discussed the two trains of thought suggested by the words "friend" and "patriot," I come to the more dangerous word "lover" There is an eternal controversy which, it appears, no didactic oil will ever assuage, as to Burns' private life and morality. Some maintain that these have nothing to do with his poems; some maintain that his life must be read into his works;

and here again some think that his life damns his poems, while others aver that his poems cannot be fully appreciated without his life. Another school thinks that his vices have been exaggerated, while their opponents scarcely think such exaggeration possible. It is impossible to avoid taking a side. I walk on the ashes, knowing the fire beneath, and unable to avoid it, for the topic is inevitable. I must confess myself, then, one of those who think that the life of Burns doubles the interest of his poems, and I doubt whether the failings of his life have been much exaggerated, for contemporary testimony on that point is strong, though a high and excellent authority, Mr. Wallace, has recently taken the other side with much power and point. But the life of Burns, which I love to read with his poems, does not consist in his vices; they lie outside it. It is a life of work, and truth, and tenderness. And though, like all lives, it has its light and shade, remember that we know it all, the worst as well as the best. His was a soul bathed in crystal; he hurried to avow everything. There was no reticence in him. The only obscure passage in his life is the love passage with Highland Mary, and as to that he was silent not from shame, but because it was a sealed and sacred episode. "What a flattering idea," he once wrote, "is a world to come! There shall I with speechless agony of rapture again recognise my lost, my ever dear Mary! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love." He had, as the French say, the defects of his qualities. His imagination was a supreme and celestial gift. But his imagination often led him wrong, and never more than with women. The chivalry that made Don Quixote see the heroic in all the common events of life made Burns (as his brother tells us) see a goddess in every girl that he approached. Hence many love affairs, and some guilty ones; but even these must be judged with reference to time and circumstance. This much is certain, that had he been devoid of genius they would not have attracted attention. It is Burns' pedestal that affords a target. And why, one may ask, is not the same measure meted out to Burns as to others? The bastards of great captains and statesmen and princes are treated as historical and ornamental incidents. They strut the scene of Shakespeare, and ruff it with the best. It is for the unlawful children of Burns, though he and his wife cherished them as if born in wedlock, that the vials of wrath are reserved. Take two brilliant figures, both of royal ancestry, who were alive during Burns' life. We occupy ourselves endlessly and severely with the lapses of Burns; we heave an elegant sigh over the kindred frailties of Charles James Fox and Charles Edward Stuart.

Again, it is quite clear that, though exceptionally sober in his earlier years, he drank too much in later life. But this, it must be remembered, was but an occasional condescendence to the vice and habit of the age. The gentry who pressed him to their houses, and who were all convivial, have much to answer for. His admirers who thronged to see him, and who could only conveniently sit with him in a tavern, are also responsible for this habit, so perilously attractive to men of genius. From the decorous Addison and the brilliant Bolingbroke onward, the eighteenth century records hard drinking as the common incident of intellectual eminence. To a man who had shone supreme in the most glowing society, and who was now an exciseman in a country town, with a home that cannot have been very exhilarating, and with a nervous system highly strung, the temptation of the warm tavern, and the admiring circle there, may well have been almost irresistible. Some attempt to say that his intemperance was exaggerated. I neither affirm nor deny. It was not as a sot he drank; that no one insinuated; if he succumbed it was to good fellowship. Remember, I do not seek to palliate or excuse, and, indeed, none will be turned to dissipation by Burns' example; he paid too dearly for it. But I will say this, that it all seems infinitely little, infinitely remote. Why do we strain, at this distance, to discern this dim spot on the poet's mantle? Shakespeare and Ben Jonson took their cool tankard at the Mermaid; we cannot afford, in the strictest view of literary responsibility, to quarrel with them for that. When we consider Pitt and Goethe we do not concentrate our vision on Pitt's bottles of port or Goethe's bottles of Moselle. Then why, we ask, is there such a chasm between the Mermaid and the Globe, and why are the vintages of Wimbledon and Weimar so much more innocent than the simple punch-bowl of Inveraray marble and its contents?

I should like to go a step further, and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weakness of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lightless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems as remote as a star, is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses like ours, their temptations, their hours of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophies to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection. Man after all is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so this world were a paradise of angels. No! Like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all the seasons; the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery, moving through the seen to the unseen. He is sown in dishonour; he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold; in mist and wrath, in snow and vapours, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter, as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy affluence of the spring—its breath, its sunshine, its dew. And at the end he is reaped—the product, not of one climate, but of all; not of good alone, but of evil; not of joy alone, but of sorrow—perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour.

How, then, shall we judge anyone? How, at anyrate, shall we judge a giant—great in gifts and great in temptation; great in strength and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength and be comforted in his weakness. And when we thank heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect, we cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves.

After "Scots Wha Hae" had been sung by Miss M'Lachlan,

Emeritus Prof. David Masson, LL.D., said:—I do not know that anywhere over the world there has been, or that there could be anywhere, a collective enthusiasm so prodigious as that which pervades Scotland on this centenary of the death of Burns. It is a kind of marvel in itself how it has happened that a man who died one hundred years ago, after a very short life of thirty-seven years in all, and whose bequest from that life to posterity consists of scarcely three hundred songs, two hundred other pieces of verse, a few letters in prose, and the traditions of his own life, how it can have happened that this "swarthy, great, unfortunate man," as he has been called, arouses such an unprecedented interest and recollection as pervades Scotland at this moment, of which the present great meeting is but the effervescence.

This was partly foreseen by Burns himself in a modest and manly way. In that poem on his own birth-day there occurs one little stanza which shows that he foresaw something of the sort. He made the old lady, the "gossip," who looked at the infant born on the 25th January, 1759, say—

"He 'll be a credit till us a'—
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin."

But even Burns, in playful anticipation, could never have foreseen what has taken place to-day. How has this happened? Our noble chairman has told us in two words—by the facts of inspiration and of sympathy.

It might be expressed in this way—that men who have left their writings to posterity are admired much more than those who figured contemporaneously as the chiefs of the nation. The poorest man who has written a successful piece of prose or verse is often remembered in a way in which probably no chief of government of his time is recalled. But for Burns there is not merely the admiration which attaches to poets and prose writers, but there is a special love—a special affection which is given to the very few who have addressed, not the head, not the intellect, not even the imagination — those who have produced delightful dreams and phantasies—but the heart of mankind. I mean those who have addressed the primal forces — the passions of human nature, love, hate, the family relations, all those feelings which do not belong to any one age, to any one country, but which are universal and perennial. Those writers who have contrived somehow to grasp the human heart are those that are remembered with admiration and with love.

Now that was what Burns did. I must ask you to bear in mind the remark of our noble chairman, that Burns was a great poet because he was a great man. This swarthy Scotsman had a brain co-equal with the best brains of his generation It was undoubtedly a most fortunate accident that this man, endowed with such powers, took to poetry. When Burns was thinking of beginning a life of poetry, it occurred to him that he might be at a disadvantage, as he has himself expressed it—

There 's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insured their debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters
Their unknown pages.

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows;
Henceforth I 'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
And teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

In these words we have the key to that great portal through which the whole British literature of the eighteenth century swung into the nineteenth. Burns preceded and heralded Wordsworth, and Wordsworth acknowledged the inspiration. He showed him the way to that great reform from which so many results have followed.

In the works of Burns there are two divisions—a "but" and a "ben." The influence of Burns on the literature of Great Britain, on the literature of Europe, is shown by the fact that men of all nations admire Burns, and have sent this day expressions of their admiration. Still foreigners, and even the English people, only reach the "but" of Burns—into the "ben" Scotsmen alone can penetrate. When I say that Burns is still remembered because he addressed not the head or the imagination so much as the heart, I have to add that the heart he addressed was specifically the Scottish heart. Now the Scottish heart has its peculiarities, and some of these are hereditary, and come to us from distant times. The oldest of these sentiments is six hundred years old—the love of this little land of the "mountain and the flood.' That which is sometimes called narrowness is not narrowness, but a thing which belongs to all Scotsmen—their love of their land and of liberty. Barbour's poem on "freedom" is, indeed, almost the oldest thing in Scottish literature. But the Scottish heart is a many-sided thing. It has taken great changes and experiences to make that heart what it has come to be. It may be said that the Scottish heart has divided itself between two opposite views in politics and religion—the Mary Stuart and the Presbyterian or Covenanting view; and this very diversity makes the Scottish heart beat stronger to-day than it did even in the days of Burns. Burns grasped and gripped the Scottish heart because he had it in himself. He enlarged the Scottish heart. From his own experiences of Scottish society and Scottish manners, he infused into the Scottish heart an addition of tenderness, of humour, of outspokenness, and especially a feeling of individual manhood and independence. Wherever at this moment the Scottish heart beats, it beats as the heart of Robert Burns.

As Lord Rosebery now required to leave the meeting for London, the Rev Dr. Donald Macleod proposed a vote of thanks for the noble address which his lordship had given them, and for which he said they owed him a debt of gratitude. The audience heartily responded, and Lord Rosebery having briefly acknowledged the vote, left the meeting, when the chair was taken by Sir James Bell, Lord Provost.

Rev Dr. Walter C. Smith said:—It is poor work gleaning after such reapers as Lord Rosebery and Professor Masson. Rich as the field is, they have left little or nothing for me. True it was that every genuine Scot was willing to linger any amount of time over the pathetic story of the Ayrshire poet. I thoroughly sympathise with that feeling. Those who had the misfortune to have been born on the other side of the Tweed, find it hard sometimes to understand Scottish enthusiasm on the subject of Burns, and that not because they have been baffled by his Doric speech, which comes so naturally to us, but just because they do not so highly value the work he has done, and esteem him as a man of foremost genius. The Burns cult, after all, is not very strange if we look at it more narrowly; for I quite agree with Lord Rosebery that it is not merely as a writer of verses that Burns appears before us, it is the man himself who enters into our lives. In very truth the Ayrshire farmer and poet is one of the main factors in Scottish life and character, and in that respect he plays a part which I venture to say even Shakespeare hardly plays for the people of England.

No doubt there were many institutions like the Kirk and the parish school- not to speak of the Shorter Catechism —that have done a great deal for the formation of Scottish character. But I believe that the quality of Scotsmen is in a great measure owing to three men—John Knox, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott. They were all three out and out men—with large human sympathies, clear human insight, and honest human purpose, though not indeed without the errors and frailties that belong to human beings. But they were at least men of force, of sense, of integrity, of tenderness, of humour, and these three men have gone far to make Scotsmen what they are. Knox stamped deep into the heart of his countrymen the love of freedom and of right, a deep reverence of spiritual realities, and an intense scorn for conscious shams and hypocrisies. Burns, though he lived in an age which was not touched with the same sort of reverence, yet essentially deepened the impression which the reformer had made, by asserting the rights of honest manhood, by laughing with gay humour at hollow and false pretences wherever he found them, and by clothing with dignity and tender grace the loves, the joys, the sorrows of the poor. And if Scott had more narrow prejudices than either of the others to contend with, yet he had a big true human heart, which asserted itself constantly, and never failed with manly humour to illustrate and enforce the best elements of our national character. They were all of them genuine Scotsmen, and in virtue of that fact have entered deeply into our Scottish life.

All these men made errors, failures, mistakes. I do not cover them, I do not justify them. For my own part, in regard to Burns, I should feel profoundly ashamed of myself if my heart did not cling to the man to whom we are indebted for so much that is great and honourable. For a hundred years he has been asleep in his grave at Dumfries. Monuments have been reared to him, statues have been erected to him, endless editions of his works have been published and read by millions of men and women all over the world, but his best memorial is the Scottish people, in whose heart he is enshrined.

BURNS' STATUE, IRVINE.

UNVEILING OF THE BURNS STATUE AT IRVINE.

On Saturday, the 18th July, 1896, this day having been chosen so as not to conflict with the demonstration fixed for the 21st, the statue of Robert Burns, presented to the burgh of Irvine by Mr. John Spiers of Glasgow, was unveiled by his daughter, Mrs. George Spiers, and the inaugural address was delivered by Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet-Laureate of England. Between twelve and one o'clock the Provost, Magistrates, Town Council, and Statue Committee held a reception in the Town Hall for invited guests, and here luncheon was served.

The procession, which was arranged by Captain J. Bruce-Kingsmill, R.A., gradually converged on the Town House, in front of which a detachment of the 1st Ayr and Galloway Volunteer Artillery, under Captain Stuart, had been stationed as a guard of honour. Everything being in readiness, the procession marched off shortly after one o'clock.

The site chosen for the statue was on the banks of the river Irvine, on the northern part of the town moor, about half a mile from the centre of the burgh, and thither the procession passed by way of High Street, Eglinton Street, Burns Street, and Kilwinning Road. The route was somewhat circuitous, and before the last detachment had arrived from 10,000 to 12,000 persons had assembled on the moor. For the reception of those appointed to take part in the ceremony a couple of platforms had been provided. On one to the right of the statue were Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. George Spiers (son-in-law of the donor), Mrs. Spiers.

and Miss Spiers, with Provost Breckenridge, the members of the Town Council, Mr. Dickie, the town-clerk, and the representatives of other public bodies. On the platform to the left were the Provincial Grand Master and the members of the Provincial Grand Lodge.

The Masonic ceremony was begun by the singing of the National Anthem, then the chairman of the statue committee, Provost Breckenridge, requested the Provincial Grand Master to have the statue dedicated according to the rites of Masonry. The Rev. W. Lee Ker, Kilwinning, Provincial Grand Chaplain, having offered prayer, the usual ceremonial was carried through by the various officials.

The Provincial Grand Master then said that he had very great pleasure in reporting that the pedestal of the statue of their illustrious brother and national bard, Robert Burns, had been laid according to the rules and rites of ancient Freemasonry. It was usual upon these occasions for the presiding brother to deliver an address, but in the presence of the distinguished gentleman who had come so far to deliver what he believed would be a most marked speech in memory of Burns, it would be most unnecessary and unfitting that he should detain them. But before the lady who was to unveil the statue was called upon, he would like to express the great pleasure and satisfaction which it had given the Freemasons of Ayrshire to assemble there that day in honour of their illustrious brother. They congratulated the good people of Irvine most heartily on the inauguration of the statue; they congratulated the generous donor upon his magnificent gift; and in conclusion, he wished to express on behalf of the Freemasons of Ayrshire their gratitude to the Poet-Laureate for his graceful act in being present. They appreciated the great significance of the presence there of a leader of English letters and the Poet-Laureate of England.

The band next played the Masons' Anthem.

Mr. Alfred Austin then said:—Mr. Provost, Mrs. Spiers, and townsmen of Irvine, when you invited me to participate in this ceremony, and to unveil the statue of Robert Burns, which you owe to the timely munificence of one of your fellow-citizens, your choice was determined, I can entertain no doubt, far more by the wish to pay respect to the ancient and distinguished office I have the honour to fill than from any estimate, however generous, of my personal claims on your regard. The wise ancients were fond of saying—"Call no man happy till he dies." I should like to supplement that sagacious aphorism by adding—"Call no man famous till he has been dead a hundred years." Long experience has shown that the judgment passed on public men by their contemporaries, though sometimes it may turn out to be sound, is not to be relied on until ratified by the dispassionate arbitrament of time.

Burns has now undergone that ordeal. He has been dead one hundred years, and it may safely be affirmed that he stands on a pinnacle of fame from which he will never be displaced. Now, in England we all have the greatest admiration for Robert Burns. We read him, we study him, many of us know many of his poems by heart; but we know well that the feelings we entertain for Robert Burns are weak and pale compared with those felt for him in Scotland, more especially in this county of Ayr, which had the honour of being his birthplace. With you it is a religion, it is a perfect passion; and I confess it was that which made me hesitate for a time whether I should come here in your midst to talk upon a subject about which you know so much more and feel so much more deeply than I can. I know that what recommends Robert Burns to your love is that he has expressed the sentiments, the passions that you all feel, and that in language that you can all understand. Other poets have been the favourites of cliques and classes; Burns is a universal favourite—he is the favourite of the whole world. And why is this? I believe it to have been because he had the good fortune to be born in a lowly station in life, therefore more near to our mother earth and better apprehending the enduring passions of the human heart. We sometimes hear of the privileges of birth. Well, for my part, I know of no birth so privileged as that which places a man face to face with the facts of life, which leaves him the freedom of an unconventional mind such as Burns had, and which, moreover, prompts him to express his inward and outward experience in language uncontaminated and untrammelled by literary tradition. It is the greatest fault of English poetry that it is too literary. When Burns was literary he was weak: what he says loses all its power. When he speaks in his mother tongue he is to the manner born, carries everything before him, bears us along unresistingly, delighted, on the stream of his own unsophisticated song. Moreover, his sentiments are as unsophisticated as the language in which they are expressed. Whether it was the fascinating face of nature, the charms, the pangs, or the solace of love; whether it was good fellowship or the duty of patriotism, the moral loftiness of lowly labour, the indefeasible dignity of man, these are the themes upon which Burns loves to dwell, and since they are the themes that appeal to every uncorrupted heart, they are the themes on which we love to muse while he descants upon them. And now you have in this statue, on which I am sure you will look with pleasure, the embodiment of these sentiments. Men of Irvine, guard it as a sacred treasure, hand it down to your children as a priceless and untaxed inheritance.

Mrs. George Spiers was then led forward by the sculptor, and amid prolonged cheering unveiled the statue.

Provost Breckenridge, in accepting the statue, which was formally handed over by Mrs. Spiers in her father's name, said that in the history of localities as of individuals there were days which stood prominently—days to which they looked forward with keen anticipation, and days to which they looked back with interest and pride—and this was one of those days in the history of the burgh of Irvine. If there was anything to mar the day's proceedings it was the absence of the esteemed donor of the statue, who, to their very deep regret, was prevented from being present owing to the infirmities of advancing years. On behalf of the Corporation he accepted the statue, which, in the words of the Poet-Laureate, they would regard as a sacred treasure to be handed down to their children as a priceless inheritance. He spoke not only for the Corporation of the present but for the Corporations of the future, and those who would fill the places of the present civic rulers would look with pride upon the statue, and would regard with feelings of gratitude the great generosity of Mr. Spiers, who had shown his admiration and veneration for the poet Burns, as well as his great affection for his native town, by presenting the statue which had just been unveiled. He believed that the statue meant more than they felt or saw. He could look forward to the youth of coming generations walking on that moor where no doubt Burns often walked, gazing on the statue, which was said by those well qualified to criticise it to be one of the best representations of the Poet, and being drawn no doubt closer and closer to Burns, reading more and more the sentiments which he wrote, and feeling more and more the pathos of the songs which goes to the human heart.

The choir then sang "Scots wha hae" to the accompaniment of the band; and the children gave a charming rendering of "Ye Banks and Braes."

The freedom of the burgh was thereafter presented to Mr. John Spiers, the donor of the statue.

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BANQUET IN THE DRILL HALL.

At four o'clock a banquet took place in the Drill Hall, and was attended by a large company. The chair was occupied by Provost Breckenridge. The usual loyal toasts were given from the chair, and Mr. M'Naughton proposed "The Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces."

Captain M'Hardy replied for the navy, Colonel Browne acknowledged the toast on behalf of the army, and Lord Blythswood replied for the reserve forces.

Sheriff Cowan, Paisley, submitted "Both Houses of Parliament," coupled with the names of Lord Blythswood and Mr. James Somervell, ex-M.P., who responded.

Colonel Grant proposed "The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the Royal Burgh of Irvine."

Provost Breckenridge briefly replied.

Mr. Alfred Austin, who was received with cheers, in next proposing "The Immortal Memory of Burns," said—Mr. Provost, my Lord, ladies, and gentlemen, I do assure you it requires a good deal of courage in an undiluted Englishman like myself, no matter how eminent or how popular may be the office that he happens to fill, and no matter how warm his reception may be—and the reception that you have given me will be always engraven on my heart—I say it requires an extraordinary amount of courage for an Englishman to come here before you and discourse upon Robert Burns. But, sir, it is your wish, it is the wish, I believe, of all of you, that I should endeavour to do so, and therefore I obey that summons. All I will ask of you is that you will allow me to speak my thoughts and my sentiments on the subject with perfect candour.

Now, I think it will at once be conceded that it is right and proper that Robert Burns should live before his countrymen in enduring marble, in imperishable bronze; and the monument we saw this morning will, I am sure, be imperishable. If that be right, then undoubtedly there can be no place more fitting and more becoming for a statue to be erected to his memory than in the town where, in early life, he experienced dire misfortune, but whence a few years later there proceeded a practical offer of assistance, happily rendered superfluous by the sudden dawning of his fame as a poet.

But though no especial apology is needed for the erection of a statue to Burns in the burgh of Irvine, will you bear with me if I say that it does sometimes strike Englishmen as strange, indeed almost unaccountable, that on coming to this orderly, disciplined, and God-fearing land, they should encounter so many monuments and memorials of its greatly-gifted, but withal somewhat wayward and unchastened, song-writer. For this I am perfectly sure there is an adequate reason, or I should not be here to-day. While you all love, cherish, and even venerate the name of Robert Burns, you do so because, no matter what may have been his practice and no matter what may have been sometimes his preaching, nevertheless in some one passage or other of his wonderful writings you come across the glorification of the very virtues—you find him extolling the very ideas of life and conduct which are at the root of the Scottish character. For if we who are born south of the Tweed have formed any just conception of the Scottish character, it is based upon the strong foundation of adamantine will, and Scottish ideals of life and conduct, including self-reverence, self-control, self-denial, and, above all, the sanctifying grace of domestic piety. Nevertheless, I say that whatever may be urged against Burns himself, probably with much exaggeration, you do find these things named and glorified in his verse. You take up his volume and you find that he dwells there upon the importance of life and of conduct. It is very often said by some people that Burns was merely a great song-writer. Now there could not be a more inadequate conception of his genius. Great song-writer undoubtedly he was, a song-writer of the very first rank, but he was, moreover, a shrewd philosopher and profound moralist. Gentlemen, you are a nation of moralists, and Burns is always moralising. You are very much addicted to philosophising, and the poetry of Burns is saturated with philosophy. Again, you consider that conduct and character are the most important things in life. Burns again and again in his poetry returns to the subject, and dwells upon the importance of right conduct and upon the lamentable consequences that pursue those that deviate from it.

Possibly some may suggest that the philosophy and the morality inculcated by Burns are insisted on every Sabbath day in kirk, church, and chapel, and no doubt to a large extent that is true. But though the philosophy and morality of Burns may lack the elevating and commanding sanction of religion, they possess at the same time what is far more important—the great charm, the insinuating charm, of verse. There is, again, this difference, it seems to me, between the minister and the poet—in a single stanza, very often in a single line, the poet will embody and enshrine for you a moral truth, a domestic duty, or a social obligation which, when expatiated on in the pulpit, may furnish material on a Sabbath day for a sermon of perhaps rather inordinate proportions. Moreover, the minister speaks to us, no doubt, rather from the vantage ground of superiority; the poet addresses you as equal to equal. He enters your home with his captivating voice, he sits down by your ingle nook and makes his way straight to your heart. He is concise, he is musical, he is sympathetic, and he expresses himself in so magical a way that what he says at once attaches itself to your memory and lingers there for ever.

Now, this invaluable gift makes all of us grateful to the man who possesses it, and Burns possessed this gift in a most remarkable degree. Take, for instance, the most common, the most universal, and therefore the most important and most interesting of all obligations, the duty a man owes to his wife and children. Preachers have dwelt upon it from time immemorial, nor will they surcease as in duty bound from insisting on this sacred and superior duty. But not all the pulpit orators that ever lived have done for it what Burns has done in lines with which every Scots husband, every Scots wife, and every Scots child is as familiar as with the Lord's Prayer—

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

Well, when a poet has once said a thing like that, and when an entire people has learnt the lines in which he says it, it is perfectly idle to attempt to displace him in our affection by telling us that he himself was not perhaps the best of husbands or the best of fathers. What does anyone think to gain by indicating in Burns a certain social fidgetiness, a too-marked eagerness for the society of the well-born and the prosperous, or by recalling that he combined with a desire for social distinction, as his brother Gilbert told us he did, a certain jealousy of persons whose rank and position in life were higher than his own. Every one of you has the answer ready, and you give it in the admirable words of the poet himself—

"If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great
But never can be blest."

Indeed the whole of that "Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet," is conceived in the same philosophic spirit, and could not have been written by Burns had he not been, what in many respects he was, a sort of rustic Horace. Whatever social weaknesses Burns may have had as a man, as a poet he knew society through and through. He estimated it at its proper value, and he was well aware how, as Pope has said,

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

That was how it was put by Pope—Pope, the scholar, the wit, the classical friend of the Bolingbrokes and the Warburtons. But note how much more memorably and how much more imaginatively it is put by the Ayrshire ploughman:-

"The rank is but the guinea stamp.
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Again I say, when a poet has stated a great rudimentary and permanent truth in so supreme and consummate a manner as that, in words which everyone can understand and everyone learn by heart, it is as idle as shooting shafts at the sun to ask us to give up loving Burns, worshipping Burns, and venerating Burns. It is because he has this supreme gift of expression that he states these elementary truths in so perfect a manner, that you are devoted to his memory, that you cherish his memory, that you follow him through all the various passions of the human heart, and that you find that he is equally happy in giving expression to them all.

We have now seen what he has to say of the domestic affections and what he has to say of the social duties. But, gentlemen, there is another sphere perhaps still more important, and we must follow him there, though, of course, it is very delicate and treacherous ground. I say that when a man has stated radical truths in that manner it is perfectly idle to suppose that you will give up loving him because, as one cannot deny, he was as weak as water in the presence of your native beverage and of your native beauties. Now do not suppose—I sincerely hope the time will never come when it will be imputed as a fault of a poet to truly love "the lasses, O"—nor when it will be considered unbecoming in him to stimulate his fancy in waters more potent than the waters of the Castalian fountain. But I am perfectly ready to grant, and insist upon it, that Burns was convivial to a fault, and that he loved them over much, or at any rate that he loved them very much in the wrong sort of way. I am afraid that this does not meet with an echo in your breasts. At the same time I cannot help thinking that it is true. But Wordsworth, who, I think, wrote better and more wisely of Burns than any other man has done, said of him that he was a man who preached from the text of his own experience. That is why we find his sermons so impressive, and why for our lives we cannot help forgiving the preacher. Nevertheless to you, his countrymen, I would like to say, if you will allow me, I should like to say, don't confuse the issue. Don't suppose for one moment that Burns does not stand in need of some forgiveness. Never for a moment imagine that his conduct always merits your admiration. Further, I ask of you not to give any countenance to the notion that the world was unjust to Burns. He himself has left on record that the world was very good to him. Above all, do not encourage the notion which has had far too much currency in our time, that the world is always unjust to poets. On the contrary, the gibes of envy and the malice of partisans apart, which are as futile as they are fugitive, the world is not only just, it is singularly generous to poets, extending to them a peculiar form of affection, an exceptional amount of indulgence, which it withholds, I think, from all other men. And of this peculiar affection, this exceptional indulgence, Burns got the benefit, and still gets the benefit, perhaps, more than any other poet that ever lived. Therefore don't let us be unjust to the world, but remember the famous passage in English literature where the recording angel is represented as dropping a tear upon the page and blotting out the record. We are all recording angels where Burns is concerned. Not all the saints in Heaven have been so much loved as this flagrant sinner who so charmingly confesses his sins. Therefore I say we are all recording angels so far as Burns is concerned. He confesses his transgressions so fully, so frankly, so pathetically, that even in spite of ourselves we let fall upon the melodious confession the loving absolution of obliterating tears. Let us drink to the immortal memory of Burns.

The toast was pledged amid loud applause.

CENTENARY DEMONSTRATION AT MAUCHLINE.

ON the 23rd July the foundation-stone of a National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes at Mauchline was laid with full Masonic honours. The Cottage Homes are intended for the benefit of respectable and deserving persons who from old age, ill health, or other misfortune, find life go hard. Their site, between Mauchline and Mossgiel, is surrounded by some of the fairest scenery in Ayrshire. The cottages will contain three single and three double apartments. The former are intended for single people; the latter for widows with young families, or probably for worn-out ploughmen and their wives. On a triangular piece of ground adjacent to the Homes will be erected the tower, a handsome square-built turreted structure, from the top of which may be commanded a magnificent view of the lovely country around. Underneath it there will be a hall or museum, where it is intended to deposit relics of Burns. The ceremony was made the occasion of a procession through the town. The scheme of decoration was not elaborate, but the quaint streets were simply and brightly set off with streamers of flags. The processionists, after marching through the principal streets, arrived at the scene of the ceremony about two o'clock. The foundation-stone having been duly laid by H. R. Wallace, Esq., of Busbie and Cloncaird, Provincial Grand Master, according to the rites and usages of ancient Freemasonry,

Mr. Wallace said that he had pleasure in informing them that they had laid the foundation-stone that day of a national memorial to their beloved bard. A good and earnest Mason saw in every such ceremony a project for the advancement and amelioration of the condition of his fellowmen. On the present occasion they had peculiar reasons for being in sympathy with what was transpiring. During the past fifty years the Freemasons of Ayrshire had taken part on many occasions on the inauguration of memorials to their immortal bard. But that memorial differed from all its predecessors, inasmuch as it was designed not only as a worthy and lasting memorial to Robert Burns, but to do that which he would have valued far more, to give effect to the principle he so strongly advocated—charity and kindness between man and man. It would stand in the future before ever-increasing thousands who loved the memory, the writings, and the humanity of Burns. As Scotsmen and as Ayrshire men they were proud of Burns, and as Freemasons they were doing honour that day to the memory of an illustrious brother, who crystallised in memorable verse some of the noblest tenets of Freemasonry. What happier site could have been chosen for the National Burns Memorial? It was within hail of the spot where Robert Burns spent some of the most interesting years of his life, years which he believed made more impression on his poetry than any other period of his life. Even had Burns never presided over the "Sons of Light," or been a Freemason, they would have hailed him as a son of truth, as an enemy of hypocrisy and cant, as a Scotsman who had spread from east to west and from north to south a sympathy between man and man, as the national bard of Caledonia, and as a man who would always be spoken of with respect and admiration as the poet of humanity.

Mr. Leiper Gemmill moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Wallace for performing the ceremony, after which the company adjourned to a marquee erected within the Netherplace grounds, where luncheon was served.

The customary loyal and patriotic toasts were duly honoured

Sheriff Brand proposed "The Immortal Memory." He said that the memory of the works of those great men who had passed from earth was one of the most valued heritages they possessed. In the number and achievements of such men Scotland was rich. She could recall from very early times the names of poets, philosophers, warriors, statesmen, and men of science who had achieved results that were destined to endure. Among poets Burns took a place in their hearts peculiarly his own. Round his life had gathered a literature profuse and divergent; and where opinions had often varied, and criticism had sometimes ventured to be hostile, his rare lyric and epic genius, freed from the entanglements of this world, for ever fascinated their upward gaze, and had swayed the minds of the generations of the men who had succeeded him with a force that derived increase from the flight of years. They met that day, as the nineteenth century was almost closing on its hinges, to pause and reflect on the historical fact that one hundred years had elapsed since Burns left this planet for the regions of the immortals. He lived and struggled here for thirty-seven years, and died too soon for himself and for Scotland He lived now, though a hundred years had flown since then, securely enshrined in their minds, his words on their lips and his influence on their lives. Instead of the nineteenth century having poured over his memory the waters of oblivion, it had ministered to the brightness of his fame. On the 25th January, 1859, they celebrated the centenary of his birth; in 1896 they commemorated with all their ardour the centenary of his death; and had they not for every year between held birthday festival in his honour? It had been truly said by an able and appreciative writer "that Burns when he died, 21st July, 1796, passed from the judgment of Dumfries and appealed to time." They had assembled there that day in response to that appeal, for it was one they delighted to honour, even if they did no more than acknowledge the mighty debt they owed him. Nor did they care to dwell on the prosaic or painful facts of his life. These they were prone to forget and lay aside on that centenary occasion, for Burns stood forth to their view, and would stand forth for centuries to come, as the greatest master of the lyre Scotland ever produced; as one who, through the deep tragedy of his life, shone with lonely brilliance—a marvellous example of manhood and a powerful exponent of the brotherhood of humanity, and the relentless foe of oppression and wrong, of hypocrisy and imposture. In his case sympathy was not a theory of moral sentiment, but the inexhaustible and profound expression of kinship for his fellow-men in all time. In him also did they find in an unusual degree that duality and these antagonisms of mind and character which had sometimes engaged the attention of philosophical thinkers. Combined with an extraordinary knowledge of the good, did they not find an equal knowledge and appreciation of the force and effects of evil? As a humourist and satirist, Burns, among writers north of the Tweed, stood unrivalled. They might if they chose go to the satires of Horace and Juvenal, they might dwell upon the quaint phrase of Hudibras, or dip into the pages of Cervantes, or dwell upon the acrid sentiment of Dean Swift, or peruse with bewilderment the terrific diatribes of Victor Hugo; but after these excursions into satiric literature they would always come back to Burns, for in his writings they found the work of a master hand, poising a lancet shaft with unerring aim, transfixing the objects of his attack, and holding them up in imperishable words to the scorn of Scotland and of the world. His intellect had the flash of electric light, his feelings he distilled off into a language so perfect, so compact, so inimitable that it penetrated into the innermost existence of all who came under his power—and who did not? What level, then, did Burns occupy among poets? Not only over the length and breadth of the mighty empire swayed by the sceptre of the Queen, but also in the far prairie lands, the pathless wilds, and the mighty cities which owed allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. What position did he hold at the lowly hearths of the poor, in the palaces of the rich, amidst the trenches in the battlefield, with the mariner who risked his life on the waves of the restless sea? He stood supreme. Mighty changes had passed over the world since 1796, and what might transpire in the century to come they need not stay to conjecture; but amid all the mutations and developments of their era it was the glory of the spirit of Burns—and perchance that spirit was present with them there and then—to have seen the fruit of his poetic genius harvested by the rolling of the sphere, and they did the greatest honour to themselves by honouring his memory.

INAUGURATION OF THE DUNDEE BURNS SOCIETY.

THE Dundee Burns Society, which had recently come into existence, decided that no more fitting time could be selected for holding its inaugural gathering than the week in which all Scotsmen were celebrating the centenary of Burns' death. The meeting took place in the Victoria Art Galleries, on 23rd July, 1896.

The chairman, Mr. A. H. Millar, President of the Society, delivered the inaugural address on the aims of the new Society.

Having alluded to the centenary celebrations of the poet's death, and the varied forms which these had taken, he said that in Dundee the notion had been started that they might commemorate the event in a more excellent way. The Dundee Burns Society, which formally began its existence that night, was intended to render that kind of homage to Burns which the poet would have appreciated most highly, by making the works of himself, his predecessors, and his successors in Scottish poetry better known and loved than they had been. Their first aim, then, was the study of Scottish literature. By some malevolent fate it had often happened that Burns Clubs, both in this country and in America, had confined themselves so closely to what was called the "social element" of the poet's work that much of the grandeur of his writings was obscured or imperfectly understood. A hoary and wicked old tradition, handed down from their great-grandfathers, declared that Burns and whisky "gang thegither;" and this fatal formula had already slain not a few Burns Clubs. It was time to have this wretched imposture put in its grave, and carefully "yirded." They believed that Burns and the other great Scottish poets could be efficiently studied without the aid of whisky—and they meant to do it. They would not exact a temperance pledge from every member, but they would positively forbid the introduction of alcohol in any form into the apparatus of the Society. The shipwrecks of former Burns Clubs would be their landmarks. The enemy that did so much to ruin the life of Burns would not be suffered to come within their gates. There was another feature in the society which made it, so far as he knew, unique. They purposed admitting ladies to the full privileges of membership, placing the sexes on an equality. Already they had the names of several lady members on the roll, one of them being a distinguished literary lady, and they were confident that many other ladies would follow their example. And why not? If Shakespeare and Goethe could be studied by ladies, it was a shame to Scotland that her daughters should be debarred from studying their national poet. Moreover, the Society was to be thoroughly democratic—as democratic as Burns himself would have wished; and they had on their roll the names of representative men drawn from all ranks of society. Having explained the lines upon which the Society was to be conducted—two of the features being the holding of Scottish musical evenings and the founding of a library of Scottish literature—the President concluded by a reference to the enthusiasm with which the inauguration of the body had been taken up, and mentioned that, although only a few weeks ago the Society was merely a floating idea in the minds of a few citizens, the membership had already reached over 170. Mr. Millar then read a letter from Mr. William Allan, M.P., who said:—I have received your favour intimating that "my ain auld toon" has formed a Burns Society, to be conducted on purely non-alcoholic lines. I can believe that this is as Burns himself would have wished, for, although he was no teetotaller, he regretted oft and much his too intense worship of Bacchus. We cannot judge him in this respect by any modern standard. It would be doing him scant justice. His times were not our times. In his day the general tone of society was measured by the number of empty bottles on or beneath the dining-room table This measure of "guid fellowship" permeated all ranks. Personally I never look on Burns from that aspect at all. I have nothing whatever to do with his human weaknesses. He was not a saint. Who is? "Let him that is without sin," &c. &c.—so I have no kindly feeling towards those ghouls who would dig up the bones of dead genius to see if there was a black spot on them. Weigh his soul and weigh his sin, and see which turns the scale. It is not "how did he live?" but "what has he left us?" By this standard there is only one reply—Song. I go further: I have always looked on Burns as a divinely called Recorder. What would we know to-day of Scotland's life and character of last century were they not preserved in the imperishable pictures Burns has left behind? Prose never becomes the property of the people like poetry; and I believe, had Burns painted his pictures in prose—inimitable as they would no doubt have been—they would have been forgotten ere now. Judge him not harshly! Judge him not by a standard of to-day! Let no one say "He should have been;" rather let it be said of him "The Almighty called him into being—endowed him with gifts divine—he was His handiwork; therefore let us be proud and thankful that his gifts were left to auld Scotland." I wish the Dundee Burns Society every success, an' mony a guid hairst in the fields sawn by Burns.

The chairman then read the following poem, written for the occasion by Mr. Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman"):

BURNS.

A hundred years have fled, and now
The harvest of the poet's fame
Is golden on the laurelled brow.
Bright with a loving world's acclaim.

These years have sunk; the clouds that rose
Have also sunk; he rises through
The folds of mist and dust, and glows
In the wide space of windless blue.

He came all swarthy, keen and strong;
Yet in his heart such tender call,
That all the seeds of lavish song
Sprang up, and gave a voice to all.

Away to-day with carping thought,
We will not think of any wrong;
We owe him much; he owes us naught,
For he—he gave his country Song.

He sang of love—a softer light
Fell on the fields o'er which he trod;
He sang the daisy, meek and white,
And flung a glory on the sod.

He sang of toil—the very cot
Grew brighter, and the toiler saw
A humble splendour crown his lot
And point him to a nobler law.

Of country—till his name was hers,
Or both as one—his spirit knelt
Before the shrine till worshippers
Felt all his throbbing bosom felt.

Of revel and the hours of mirth—
Nay, let us own it, for he wove
The band of Ariel round the earth
In "Auld Lang Syne" with all its love.

He grasp'd the handle of the plough,
And made it sacred—standing there,
What inspirations, with their glow,
Made rainbows through the wintry air.

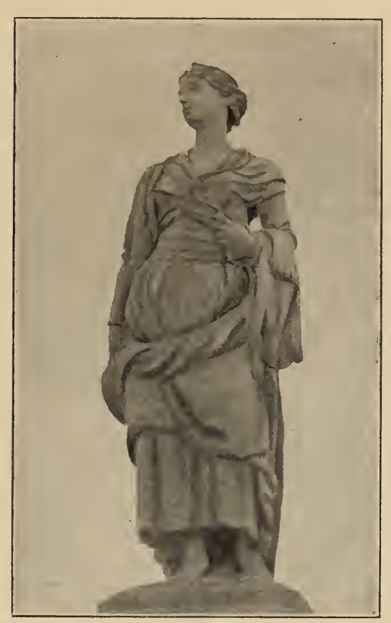
He passed, with all his hopes and fears,
From storm and cloud to perfect rest;
The lurid light of these few years
Has broadened to an endless West.

Within that glowing light he stands,
The voice of all—his passionate songs
Have burst the pale of narrow lands,
And he to all the world belongs.

The Rev. Dr. K. C. Anderson spoke on the subject, "Burns, a Failure; Burns, an Ideal." Burns' life, he said, was a failure in every respect save one—that was in relation to his poetry, and that had become an ideal that had grown more luminous as his life receded into the distance. About the details, therefore, of Burns' life they might say little. Burns as an ideal, Burns' poetry, the great thoughts he brought before them, should interest them and the members of this Burns Society in the days and years that were to come. It seemed to him that the key to the life of Burns was to be found in the struggle of a shrinking will between two great extremes; and it was just that contradiction in the nature of Burns, the difficulty of bringing these two extremes together, that made up the tragedy of his career. He had a noble nature, a keen, penetrating intellect, and a very tender, sympathetic heart. He had a keen sense of right and wrong; and on the other side great animal passions, wild and turbulent, that he could not control. Taking such a nature, so strong and so weak, and putting him into Scotland as it was in these days, he said that the life of Burns became almost a necessity; and he for one did not wish for one moment to utter a word of blame against him. There he was, and there was his lesson to them for all time. Burns had interpreted Scotland to the Scottish people, and Scotland lived in the poems and the songs of Burns. His songs were as immortal as love, as pure as the dewdrop, as fresh as morning, and as everlasting as the heart of man.

Mr. Andrew Stewart spoke on "The Rhyming Epistles of Robert Burns." He held that in the rhyming epistles one got nearer to the poet, saw him in a truer, clearer light, and understood him better than through the medium of either his songs or his poems, for every verse in the best of the epistles was stamped with his own bold, manly autograph. Here they found the man engaged at his daily work, in his leisure, in his friendships, his social joys, his domestic surroundings, by his own fireside as husband and father; they learned his religious opinions, and, to their surprise perhaps, they discovered that Burns was in reality a deeply religious man, in spite of all his flouts and jeers at clerics. It was hypocrisy he detested. They found him at his own fireside with a high and pure ideal of his duties and responsibilities. One of the most notable qualities of the epistles was their freedom and *abandon*. It was the heart of Burns speaking to the heart of his fellow-men, and through the heart he had entered the very blood of his countrymen. Mr. Stewart then made an interesting comparison between Burns' "Epistle to a Young Friend" and Gray's "Elegy.".

After an address by Mrs. R. A. Watson and a recitation by Mr. John Willocks, a Burns concert completed the evening's programme.



THE HIGHLAND MARY STATUE, DUNOON.

UNVEILING OF A STATUE TO HIGHLAND MARY AT DUNOON.

THE Burns centenary celebrations were brought to an auspicious close on 1st August, 1896, when Lady Kelvin unveiled a statue of Highland Mary at Dunoon. This worthy memorial was promoted by a committee under the zealous chairmanship of Mr. Hill, the site being generously gifted by Mrs. Bouverie Campbell Wyndham, within a mile of where Mary Campbell was born, at the farm-house of Auchamore. It is the work of Mr. D. W. Stevenson, Edinburgh, and was cast by Messrs. Singer & Sons, Frome, Somerset. It is raised on a pedestal made of Ballochmyle stone, designed by Mr. R. A. Bryden, Glasgow.

The proceedings began with a reception by Lord and Lady Kelvin in Dunoon Castle. The party afterwards proceeded to the Castle Hill, and an enormous crowd lined the roadway below.

Lord Kelvin presided, and at the opening of the proceedings said that Mary Campbell, the Highland Mary of Burns, needed no monument; her memory was cherished wherever on this earth the English language had permeated. Many years after her death Burns said those touching words—"My own Highland lassie was as warm-hearted and charming a young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." This precious treasure, this inestimable blessing, Burns possessed only five months after the ever-memorable betrothal of the 14th March, 1786, on the banks of the Fail Burn. In October Mary nursed a sick brother. The brother recovered; the sister died. Who could tell what far-reaching benefit to the poet's life was thus lost? Dunoon had done well to found a monument commemorating Mary Campbell, whose name was known throughout the whole world; and it should be remembered that Mary Campbell was born within a mile from the spot where the statue stood. That statue was not erected for the sake of increasing the fame of Robert Burns. That was impossible. Nor would the Highland Mary of Burns ever be forgotten. But it seemed to him proper that Dunoon should have this statue, being the birthplace of one so celebrated and so loved.

Mr. Colin Rae Brown then gave a short address. Some learned journalistic scribes on the other side of the Tweed had been asserting that in regard to Highland Mary we in Scotland were dealing with a myth. Fortunately for the promoters of this movement, that was a question which those who knew anything about the history of Dunoon very easily set at rest. Having traced Mary Campbell's connection with Dunoon, he concluded with a touching reference to her death, describing her as the forerunner of those noble women who were the angels of society. She nursed her brother back to health, but herself fell a victim to the disease, and passed away at the early age of twenty-two.

Lady Kelvin then unveiled the statue amidst ringing cheers.

Mr. Clunn, in moving a vote of thanks to Lady Kelvin, remarked that that statue was something of an ideality to them. Around the memory of Highland Mary Burns had wreathed some of the noblest sentiment and some of the most pathetic verse that his brain had ever conceived.

Lord Kelvin, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, said that Lady Kelvin felt it an honour to have unveiled the statue. It would stand a perennial monument—as lasting as the metal of which it was made—of the honour which Dunoon claimed in having been the birthplace of Mary Campbell. They congratulated the sculptor, Mr. Stevenson, on the completion of that great poetic work—a work which was worthy its great and interesting object. It was the monument to a "young, lovable, and well-loved person," cut off early, at the age of twenty-two, having done, they might hope, great things for the great poet Because, although they felt what a vast influence Mary Campbell would have had on the poet's life had she lived, they must still believe that she left him a beautiful and precious legacy, which must also have had its influence for good. His lordship concluded by calling for a vote of thanks to the sculptor, which was heartily given, and briefly acknowledged by Mr. Stevenson.

The Hon. William MacCullough proposed a vote of thanks to the donors of the site. In the course of his observations he alluded to the potent influence of Burns Clubs in keeping alive the sentiment of nationality in the colonies of the British Crown. They were silver bands which helped to bind the British Empire together.

Mr. James Stewart, president of the Auckland Burns Club, New Zealand, also said a few words.

Mr. Bouverie Campbell Wyndham, on behalf of the donor of the site, acknowledged the vote of thanks.

Rev. David Macrae moved a vote of thanks to the executive committee. The wide range from which contributions had come showed, he thought, the deep interest that had been taken in the proposal to erect the statue. That interest was due to the deep admiration and love which Burns had excited—in spite of his waywardness—in the hearts not only of his own countrymen, but of people in all parts of the world. That widespread feeling had made not Ayrshire only, but the whole of Scotland, the "land of Burns." His name and his songs were a bond of union between Scottish men and women over the whole world. Burns died only to rise again and live a nobler life than his life on earth, and to wield a mightier power than he did even a hundred years ago. That monument showed them the genius not only that had immortalised himself, but had immortalised her whom he loved, and Burns glorified whatever he loved. He would not attempt to justify all Burns' loves. Burns had such overpowering passions that no man on earth was perhaps more entitled to that lenient judgment which he himself pleaded for with profound and tender words of warning.

Mr. Colin Rae Brown acknowledged the vote of thanks, and formally presented the statue to the burgh of Dunoon.

Provost Cooper briefly returned thanks, and the ceremony at the statue was brought to a close.

THE BURNS STATUE, PAISLEY.

UNVEILING OF THE BURNS STATUE AT PAISLEY.

LORD ROSEBERY visited Paisley on 26th September, 1896, and unveiled a statue in memory of Burns, the ceremony being made the occasion of a popular demonstration in honour of the national poet. The public assembled in large numbers in the Fountain Gardens, in the centre of which the statue is situated. The proceedings opened with the rendering, by the Tannahill Choir, under its conductor Mr. J. Roy Fraser, and to the accompaniment of the Ferguslie Brass Band, of the part-songs "There was a lad was born in Kyle" and "Of a' the Airts" As the choir finished the latter song Lord Rosebery arrived on the scene, and took up, amid loud cheers, his place on a platform which had been erected around the pedestal of the statue.

The chairman. Bailie Wilson, said that he had been asked to preside in the absence, through ill health, of their esteemed friend ex-Provost Cochran. As one who had been for a few years the treasurer of the movement, he would in a few words give the history of the memorial to be unveiled that day. In 1883 a number of gentlemen, musical and otherwise, met and formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of organising a scheme for the erection of a statue to the bard Prior to that, a movement for the erection of a memorial to their own local bard, Robert Tannahill, had just been carried to a successful issue. When the new movement was thus set on foot, the choir which had done such yeoman service for the Tannahill statue came forward, and agreed to "sing up" a Burns statue as well. A junction of the Tannahill memorial organisation and the new Burns memorial organisation was effected, and a joint committee appointed to undertake the management of the affairs, both musical and financial, of the new Burns memorial movement. It was agreed to have an annual open-air concert, and the first took place in 1884 at Craigencore; but from that time (by the kind permission of the late Mr. William Fulton, Glenfield) the concerts took place till last year at his beautiful estate on Gleniffer Braes. In 1893 a number of local gentlemen were called in as additional members of committee, and the labours of this committee had resulted in securing for the memorial a work of art that would stand as a monument to the genius of our national bard, to the artistic ability of the gifted sculptor, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, and to the patriotism of the Tannahill Choir and its enthusiastic leader. The chairman concluded by introducing Lord Rosebery as a burgess of the town, and as one who would always find in Paisley warm hearts and a ready welcome.

His Lordship said:—It is not easy for me to speak about Burns, for I have spoken about him so recently and so fully. But I am glad to come here to-day to unveil yet another statue in his honour—a statue significant in at least two respects. In the first place, it is produced fitly enough by melody, as I understand; for this effigy is the outcome of popular music, which, while it has at the moment charmed the hearts of thousands, has left a permanent embodiment here. This figure, then, is in fact "petrified music." No apter memorial could have been found of the sweet singer of Scotland. In the second place, we citizens of Paisley always remember that a great master of phrases once bade the world, in words so familiar that you might almost adopt them as your motto, keep its eye on Paisley. When Paisley, then, takes action of this kind it may be assumed that her purpose is notable and well considered. And so it is. After a century of deliberation, during ninety years at least of which Paisley has had one and sometimes more Burns Clubs annually expatiating upon the poet, and during the whole of which she has been, I doubt not, watching for an opportunity, Paisley has determined to erect a statue to Burns, and, looking round at the many that already exist, has determined that hers should be unique. And so, when we consider the means taken to provide the money, this statue may be described. Moreover, the opportunity has come. Nine years ago, for reasons which I will presently touch upon, there might even have been a more suitable moment, but this year, when we commemorate Burns' death—this year, to which Burns looked forward as the test of his immortality—offers a fitting occasion for this deliberate memorial.

It is well, I think, in the case of a great genius, that some memorials should be deliberate, and that some should be immediate. It has recently been alleged, in connection with the memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, first, that his works are his best memorial, and secondly, that it would be well to wait and see how these works endure. In answer to the first contention, I would submit that it would put an end to memorials altogether, except in cases where they would be injurious. It would put an end to memorials of any worthy and enduring fame, and would encourage them only in the case of spurious and fleeting reputations. And as to the second contention, I would urge this, that it is well enough for the genius, but is not sufficient for the generation in which he lived They will be taunted with want of appreciation, as were the contemporaries of Burns, if they do not, as soon as may be, testify that they realised the fact that a genius had dwelt among them. On the other hand, it is also well when, a century after the death of a great man, his countrymen unite to show by commemoration, as in the present case› that his memory is still green and living among them.

As to this statue of Burns, however, it may be well to remember two or three points. Manifold are the statues of Burns, but of busts or statues taken from life there is not one. There is not even a cast taken after death (though we have the cast of his skull), inestimably precious as it would be now. We have to some extent, therefore, to idealise our statues of Burns, though not so much so as in the case of that statue of Highland Mary which was erected the other day—a graceful tribute to a charming character, but one of whom we possess no likeness whatever. Still of Burns we have nothing but canvas, and canvas that is not wholly satisfactory, for the engraving—which was, after all, touched from life—always seems to me far more powerful and lifelike than the original painting—to give much more of the vigour of the face and the spirit flashing through the eyes. Skirving's head, again, refined and exquisite as it is, seems to me more delicate and less human than the man as we have him described by such eye-witnesses as Kirkpatrick Sharpe. At any rate, we have ample scope in a statue of Burns for idealisation; and, after all, that is not a bad thing, if we cannot have an image taken directly from life, and approved as a close likeness by contemporaries.

Let us try and realise what he was like. We often please ourselves with fancies of what such and such a character would look like if he walked into the room where we are sitting. It is perhaps a vain effort, for our surroundings baffle us. How can we fancy Moses, or Homer, or Cæsar, or St. Paul, or Attila, or Peter the Hermit walking into our library? The mere furniture scares the idea. Luther in his monk's dress we can conceive, for the dress remains unchanged. And when we get down to the era of portraiture, we can strain our imaginations to see the subjects of Holbein and Rembrandt and Vandyke walking out of their frames, and so on to our own times, until we can realise men who never existed, such as Pickwick or Colonel Newcome, or even Squire Western or Moses Primrose, without a wrench. The difficulty really lies, not in the form or face of a man, but in the embodiment of that inexplicable force called genius. You can realise, perhaps, the face; what none can realise is the manner and degree in which genius animated it. Their eyes did not always gleam, their nostrils did not always dilate, their lips did not always curl—perhaps they never did—they were not always the figures portrayed for us in works of imagination—perhaps they never were. But, nevertheless, one could not be with them for long without seeing in their faces that they were different from their fellows.

What, then, was Burns like, so far as we can tell? We have, as it happens, few more vivid portraits of Burns than that sketched in your own town. A hundred and nine years ago Burns visited Paisley. Nine years ago would have been the centenary of that visit, and perhaps the fittest opportunity for erecting this statue. The recollection of one who saw him then is distinct, "of a big, stout, athletic man of a brown, ruddy complexion, broad-chested, erect, and standing firmly on his legs, which perhaps were rather clumsy, though hid in yellow topboots. His dress was a blue coat and buckskin breeches, and his caste seemed what we should now style that of a gentleman farmer." But the observer was struck with a certain gloominess that seemed to have possession of his countenance and general bearing. As he stood at noonday in the street, an ardent admirer who readily recognised him from his portrait took him home. Burns then made the remark that "perhaps people were apt to attach more merit to poetry than was its due, for that, after all, it was only natural ideas expressed in melodious words." There we see the true poetic nature, for poetry is much more than this, but as it freely flowed from Burns it seemed little or nothing.

But there are a score of word portraits of Burns. Walter Scott's, so well known, is one of the best. Here is the last living one, and one of the most curious:—"He was brought back (from Brow Well), I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarcely stand upright. He reached his door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add that he was not fastidious about his dress." And here is the last:—"He lay in a plain, unadorned coffin with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness, but death had not changed the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked. The dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses slightly touched with grey, and inclined more to wave than to curl."

You at Paisley, then, have a word photograph of the poet which will survive many statues. But it is well to have a statue too. It is well that men as they walk the street, as they pursue the toil or the business which binds them so close to the earth, should be able to lift their eyes to a figure which raises them for a moment from the terrestrial to the celestial. For genius is in itself celestial, as something spiritual, unsubstantial, infinite, above and beyond ordinary mortality. And besides genius this effigy recalls much to raise us—patriotism, tenderness, contempt of money, sympathy, humanity. It is for these that the affection of Scotland, as apart from admiration, clusters round Burns. I think, indeed, that the greatest of the many debts that we Scotsmen of the latter nineteenth century owe to Burns is that he keeps our enthusiasm alive. It is impossible to overestimate that debt, for though a nation cannot live on enthusiasm alone, it is its salt and its savour. Without it we degenerate and decay; for an individual, indeed, it seems nobler to fail with it than to succeed without it. Great indeed are its virtues. It was enthusiasm that sent forth the Crusades, that nerved the French Revolution to beat back the world, and Burke single-handed to breast the French Revolution; it was enthusiasm that freed our slaves and made Italy a nation. Everywhere it is a rare and divine force, a sublime gas that may raise you to the stars or explode you; guided by wisdom, it may achieve the impossible. And it is well to remember this now, when a wave of moral passion is sweeping over the land, and we see what we can see in no other country, a nation alight with disinterested moral enthusiasm, with a towering indignation against the oppressor, and a glowing sympathy for the oppressed. Some of us have feared that numbness was creeping over our people, and that the spirit which animated Cromwell, Drake, and Byron was paralysed or dead. But this has been a great awakening, and putting all controversial matters of policy on one side, whatever may be the result, I for one rejoice to see that the Britain which has always been the foe of the oppressor, the friend and shelter of the oppressed, is unchanged and unchangeable.

"We have proved we have hearts in a cause; we are noble still."

It is to Burns that we owe our perennial supply, as distinguished from gusts and flashes of this precious quality. To Burns we owe it that we, canny, long-headed Scots, do not stagnate into prose ; his genius and character are the Gulf Stream which prevents our freezing into apathy and material life. The Scottish character is proud and reserved : we want a hero who will keep us warm. Wallace and Bruce are too remote ; Knox wants a little warming himself ; Mary Queen of Scots does not unite us all ; Scott, though we all love him, is not so compact or picturesque as Burns. He never fails us ; we rally regularly and constantly to his summons and his shrine ; his lute awakens our romance and charms the sunless spirits of darkness ; his is the influence that maintains an abiding glow in our dour character. Do you remember the line that Blackie quoted on his death-bed? "The Psalms of David and the songs of Burns—but the Psalmist first," he added. Those were the last words of that brave intellect and cynical Scot, and they contain the secret of many a Scottish character. Strangers may wonder at our worship, but these do not understand the enthusiasm excited by a sympathy that survives time and the grave, or the pride that cherishes a national and immortal heirloom.

His Lordship then, amid loud cheering, unveiled the statue, which stands on a handsome pedestal of red granite.

Mr. J. Roy Fraser, in handing over the statue to the Town Council of Paisley, said that a purely sentimental, musical, and poetical movement, having for its object the raising of a monument to Robert Burns, had, after many years' determined labour, reached its culminating point, and they were now met as a community to witness and to welcome the consummation of their long-cherished hopes. He would like to pay a tribute to those who, by their united efforts, had contributed to the success of their statue movement. First on the roll let him place the name of Mr. William Fulton, of the Glen, who year after year had freely opened to them his beautiful grounds for the purpose of an open-air festival. Second on the roll of contributors to the statue he would place the great host of enthusiastic working girls, and let him add with regret, less numerous, though earnest, men, who yearly filled the ranks of the Tannahill Choir. It was not too much to say, however, that to a very large extent the statue had been raised by the working girls of Paisley. And what could be more appropriate to the memory of the poet? Who had immortalised the humble Scottish lassie, who had touched the tender emotions so dear to the female heart, like Robert Burns? And, thirdly, he now came to the great source whence came the financial success of the statue movement—the people of the West of Scotland. There was a chord in the Scottish heart that could be depended upon to respond with unerring certainty and sympathetic vibration to the charms of our native lyrics, be the strains those of patriotism, manly independence, domestic virtue, or the human elevating passion of love ; and in all of these we were rich beyond any other European nationality. He handed over the statue in full hope and confidence that it would be cherished as a valuable art treasure to be carefully guarded and preserved by the municipality for the benefit of the inhabitants of the burgh for all time coming, and he hoped and trusted it would remain to many future generations a memorial of the musical enthusiasm of Paisley's sons and daughters, and a signal proof of the power and influence of Scottish song, by which alone the statue was erected.

Provost Mackenzie, Paisley, in accepting on behalf of the corporation the custody of the statue, said it was extremely appropriate that Mr. Fraser should be the medium of presenting the gift, in view of the prominent part he had always taken in raising the necessary funds for its erection. To Mr. Fraser and his choir and the Burns committee, also the late Mr. Fulton of the Glen and his friends, they could not but feel most grateful. It was certainly through their combined and enthusiastic efforts that Paisley was now in the position of having that handsome memorial of their national bard. And not only was that memorial a thing of beauty and an ornament to the town, but it also afforded the townspeople an opportunity of paying a tribute to genius. It had often been said that Paisley had been singularly fortunate in the generosity of her wealthier sons. That day, however, they saw before them a generosity of a different kind—viz., the generosity of the people to the people, for had they not, one and all, their little mite in that beautiful structure. In that sense, they might truly say that they had all a personal interest in the statue. In the history of their town there were memorable occasions which they delighted to look back upon with pride and satisfaction. The present ceremony would undoubtedly be one of these.

THE END.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a*, in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *œ*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A', All.
Aback, away, aloof, backwards.
Abeet, *albeit*, although.
Abeigh, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight, to publish.
Abreed, in breadth.
Addle, putrid water, &c.
Ae, one.
Aff, off.
Aff-loof, off hand, extempore, without premeditation.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Agee, on one side.
Agley, off the right line; wrong, awry.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Aik, oak.
Aikerbread, the breadth of an acre.
Ain, own.
Air, long since. *Air up;* soon up in the morning.
Airle-penny, a silver penny given as airles or hiring-money.
Airles, earnest-money.
Airn, iron, a tool of that metal, a mason's chisel.
Airt, quarter of the heavens; point of the compass.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Akwart, awkward, athwart.
Alake, alas.
Alane, alone.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
Ambrie, *aumrie*, cupboard.
An', and.
An, if.
Ance, once.
Ane, one.
Anent, over against, concerning, about.
Anew, enough.
Anither, another.
Aqueesh, between.
Ase, ashes of wood, remains of a hearth fire.
Asklent, asquint; aslant.
Asteer, abroad; stirring in a lively manner.
Atains, or *atanes*, at once; at the same time.
Attour, moreover, beyond; besides; out over.
Athart, athwart.
Atween, between.
Atweel no, by no means.
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.
Auld, old.
Auld-farran, or *auld farrant*, sagacious, prudent, cunning.
Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years.
Auld Reeky, a cant name for Edinburgh; old and smoky.
Auld shoon, old shoes literally, a discarded lover metaphorically.
Aumos, gift to a beggar.
Aumos-dish, a beggar's dish in which the aumos is received.
Auntie, aunt.
Aurglebargin, or *eaglebargin*, to contend and wrangle.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away, begone.
Awfu', awful.
Awnie, bearded.
Awsome, frightful; terrible.
Ayont, beyond.

B

BA', ball.
Babie-clouts, child's first clothes.
Backets, ash-boards, as pieces of backet for removing the ashes.
Back, returning.
Backlins, coming, coming back.
Back-yett, private gate.
Bad, did bid.
Baggie, the belly.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baig'nets, bayonets.
Bailie, a magistrate in Scotland.
Bainie, having large bones; stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Bake, a small cake or biscuit.
Ballets, *ballants*, ballads.
Bane, bone.
Bang, is sometimes an action of haste; to beat. We say, "he or it came with a bang." A *bang* also means a great number—"Of customers she had a bang."
Bannock, or *bonnock*, bread made of oatenmeal, thicker than cakes.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefoot.
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c., hardens upon a thing, like bark.
Barket, barked.
Barkin, barking.
Barley-bree, malt liquor.
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion.
Barmie, of, or like barm, yeasty.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, bots, colic.
Bauchles, old shoes worn as slippers.
Bauckie-bird, the bat.
Baudrons, *badrans*, a cat.
Bauk, a joist or rafter; the beam of weighing scales.
Bauld, bold.
Bawbee, halfpenny.
Bawk, a narrow ridge left untilled in a cornfield.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be; to give over, to cease.
Bear, see Bere.

Bearded-bere, barley with its bristly head.
Beas, vermin.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Bedeen, immediately, in haste.
Beet, *beek*, to add fuel to a fire, to bask.
Beets, boots, sustains.
Befa', to befall, or happen.
Beft, beaten.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Beik, to bask.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by, presently, quickly.
Ben, into the spence or parlour; a spence.
Benmost-bore, the remotest hole, the innermost recess.
Benison, blessing.
Bent, the open field.
Benty, overgrown with coarse grass.
Bere, barley.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish; a short rapid race.
Bickering, careering; school-boys battling with stones.
Biel, or *bield*, shelter, a sheltered place, the sunny nook of a wood.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building a house.
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
Bing, a heap of potatoes, &c.
Birdie-cocks, young cocks still belonging to the brood.
Birk, birch.
Birken-shaw, *birchen-wood-shaw*, a small wood,
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Birl, to carouse; when common people join their halfpennies for purchasing liquor, they call it, "birling a bawbee."
Birnie, birnie ground is where thick heath has been burnt, leaving the birns, or unconsumed stalks, standing up sharp and stubbly.
Birr, energy.
Birring, a noise of partridges, &c., when they rise.
Birses, bristles.
Bit, crisis, nick of time, place.
Bizz, a bustle; to buzz.
Black-bonnet, byname for an elder.
Black's the grun', as black as the ground.
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion.
Blae, black and blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt; full of mischief.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blathrie, idle talk.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Blaud, a flat piece of anything, to slap; heavy rain.
Blaudin-shower, a heavy driving rain; a *blauding*, signifies a beating.
Blaw, to blow, to boast; "blaw i' my lug," to flatter.
Blawart, a blue flower that grows among corn.
Bleer my een, dim my eyes.
Bleerit, bedimmed, eyes hurt with weeping.
Bleeze, *bleezing*, flame, blazing.
Blellum, an idle talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly; nonsense.
Bleth'rin, talking idly.
Blink, a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits.
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
Blinker, a term of contempt; a lively engaging girl.
Blinkin', smirking; smiling with the eyes; looking lovely.
Blirt and blearie, out-burst of grief, with wet eyes.
Blitter, a snipe.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who formerly got annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.
Bluid, blood.
Bluntie, a sniveller; a stupid person.
Blype, a shred, a large piece.
Blythe, cheerful.
Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall.
Bobbit, obeisance made by a lady.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
Bocked, gushed, vomited.
Bodin, or *bodden*, provided or furnished.
Bodle, a copper coin, of the value of two pennies Scots.
Bodword, an ominous message.
Bogie, a small morass.
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.
Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre.
Bonnie, *bonie*, or *bonny*, handsome, beautiful.
Bonnock, see *bannock*.
Boord, a board.
Boortree, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barnyards and gardens.
Boost, behoved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in a wall, a cranny.
Boss, empty.
Bother, *to bather*, to make a fuss.
Bourd, jest or dally.
Bousing, drinking.
Bow-hought, out-kneed, crooked at the knee joint.
Bowk, *bouk*, body.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bowt, *bowlt*, bended, crooked.
Brachens, ferns.
Brae, a declivity, a precipice; the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braird, the first sprouting of corns.
Braik, a kind of harrow.
Braindg't, reeled forward.
Brainge, to run rashly forward, to churn violently.
Braing't, "the horse brainget," plunged and fretted in the harness.
Brak, broke, became insolvent.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, calves of the legs.
Brang, bought.
Brankan, prancing, a capering.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brankie, gaudy.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury; noise as of horse feet.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brawlys, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily, bravely.
Braxie, a morbid sheep.
Breastie, diminutive of breast.
Breastit, did spring up or forward; the act of mounting a horse.
Brechame, a horse-collar.
Breckan, fern.
Bree, juice, liquid.
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent, bright, clear; "a brent brow," a brow high and smooth.
Brent-new, brand new; in fashion.
Brewin', brewing, gathering.
Brig, a bridge.
Briss, to press.
Brither, a brother.
Brochen, water-gruel of oatmeal.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, a race at country weddings; he who first reaches the bridegroom's house, on returning from church, wins the broose.
Brose, a dish made of oatmeal, sometimes seasoned with butter.
Browden, fond.
Brownie, a spirit supposed to haunt old houses.
Browst, ale, as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time.
Browster-wives, ale-house wives.
Brugh, a burgh.
Bruilzie, *brulzie*, a broil, a combustion.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Brunt, did burn, burnt.
Brust, to burst; burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Bucky, a sea-snail; a term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow by "a thrawn fellow."
Buff, nonsense.
Buff our beef, thrash us soundly, give us a beating behind and before.
Buff and blue, the colours of the Whigs.
Bught, a pen.
Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
Buirdly, stout made, broad built.
Buller, to bubble; the motion of water at the fountain-head, or noise of a rising tide.
Bumbazed, confused; made to stare and look like an idiot.
Bum-clock, the humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
Bummin, humming as bees, buzzing.
Bummle, to blunder, a drone, an idle fellow.
Bummler, a blunderer, one whose noise is greater than his work.
Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung,
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burd-alane, a solitary bird.
Burdies, diminutive of birds.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, *burnie*, water, a rivulet, a small stream which is heard as it runs.
Burnewin', i.e., burn the wind, the blacksmith.
Burr-thrissle, the Scottish thistle.
Busk, to dress.
Buskie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Buskit-nest, an ornamental residence.
Buss, bush, shelter.
Bussle, a bustle; to bustle.
But, *bot*, with, without.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
Bygane, bypast.
By himsel, lunatic, distracted.

Byke, a bee hive, a wild bee nest.

Byre, a cow-house, a sheep-pen.

C

CA', to call, to name, to drive.

Ca't, or *ca'd*, called, driven; calved.

Cadger, a carrier, hawker.

Cadie, or *caddie*, a person; a young fellow; a public messenger.

Caff, a calf; chaff.

Caird, a tinker.

Cairn, a loose heap of stones, a rustic monument.

Caition, security.

Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves.

Calimanco, a certain kind of cotton cloth worn by ladies.

Callan, a boy.

Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing

Callet, a loose woman, a follower of a camp.

Cam', came,

Camshough, or *campsho*, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.

Cangle, to wrangle.

Canna, cannot.

Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.

Cannilie, dexterously, gently.

Cant, to tell merry old tales.

Cantharidian, made of Cantharides or the Spanish fly.

Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.

Cantraip, a charm, a spell.

Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured.

Caprin, capering, skipping merrily.

Cap-stane, cope-stone, topmost stone of the building.

Car, a rustic cart with or without wheels.

Careerin', moving cheerfully.

Carena, care not.

Cark, *carkling*, painful anxiety, anxious.

Carle, an old man.

Carlin, a stout old woman.

Carl-hemp, the male stalk of hemp, easily known by its superior strength and stature, and being without seed.

Cartes, cards.

Castock, the stalk of a cabbage.

Cathel, cawdle, a hot pot made of ale, sugar, and eggs.

Caudron, a cauldron.

Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.

Cauld, cold.

Cauldrife, spiritless, wanting cheerfulness in address.

Caup, a wooden drinking vessel, a cup.

Cavie, a hen coop.

Cawsy, causeway, street.

Chafts, chops.

Chancy, fortunate.

Chantan, *chantin*, chanting.

Chanter, drone of a bagpipe.

Chap, a person, a fellow; a blow.

Chaup, a stroke, a blow.

Cheek for chow, close and united; brotherly, side by side.

Cheekit, cheeked.

Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.

Chiel, or *chield*, a young fellow.

Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-grate, a fireplace.

Chimla-lug, the fire-side,

Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.

Chirps, cries of a young bird.

Chittering, shivering, trembling.

Chockin, choking.

Chow, to chew; a quid of tobacco.

Chuckie, a brood-hen, a chicken.

Chuffie, fat-faced.

Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.

Claise, or *claes*, clothes.

Claith, cloth.

Claithing, clothing.

Claivers and havers, agreeable nonsense, to talk foolishly.

Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.

Clap-clack, clapper of a mill.

Clapper-claps, the clapper of a mill; it is now silenced.

Clarkit, wrote.

Clartie, dirty, filthy.

Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.

Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.

Claut, to clean, to scrape, hoard.

Clauted, scraped.

Claver, clover.

Clavers, idle stories.

Claw, to scratch.

Claymore, broadsword.

Cleckin, a brood of chickens or ducks.

Cleed, to clothe.

Cleek, hook, snatch.

Cleekit, having caught.

Clegs, the gad flies.

Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks.

Clink, coin, money; a female tale-bearer.

Clinkin, jerking; *clinking down*, sitting down hastily.

Clinkumbell, the church bell, he who rings it, a sort of beadle.

Clinty, hard, stony.

Clips, wool-shears.

Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.

Clock, to hatch; a beetle.

Clockin, hatching.

Cloited, the fall of any soft moist thing.

Cloot, or *clute*, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.

Clootie, a familiar name for the devil.

Closs, a lane or alley.

Clour, a bump, or swelling, after a blow.

Cloutin, repairing with cloth.

Cluds, clouds.

Clunk, the sound of drinking from a bottle.

Coaxing, wheedling.

Coble, a fishing-boat.

Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.

Cockstool, a pillory.

Coft, bought.

Cog, a wooden dish.

Cogie, diminutive of cog.

Coila, from Kyle, a district in Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.

Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs.

Collie-shangie, a quarrel among dogs; an Irish row.

Commaun, command.

Coman, *comin*, coming.

Convoyed, accompanied lovingly.

Cood, the cud.

Coof, or *cuif*, a blockhead; a ninny.

Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.

Cool'd in her linens, in her dead clothes.

Coor, to cover and recover.

Cooser, a stallion.

Coost, did cast.

Coot, the ancle; a species of water fowl.

Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish: also those fowls, whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be *cootie*.

Corbies, carrion crows.

Core, corps; party; clan.

Corn't, fed with oats.

Cosie, warm and comfortable.

Cosily, snugly.

Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.

Couthie, kind, loving.

Cove, a cave.

Cowe, to terrify; to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.

Cower, to crouch.

Cowp, to barter; to tumble over; a company of people.

Cowp the cran, to tumble a full bucket or basket.

Cowpet, *cowpit*, tumbled.

Cowran, *cowrin*, cowering.

Cowte, a colt.

Cozie, snug.

Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.

Crack, conversation; to converse.

Crackin', conversing.

Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house, in old husbandry.

Craig, *craigie*, neck, throat.

Craiks, cries or calls incessantly; a bird; the landrail.

Crail, a crooked dwarf.

Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggerel verses.

Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel—metaphorically, inharmonious verse.

Crankous, fretful, captious.

Cranreuch, the hoar frost, called in Nithsdale "frost rhyne."

Crap, a crop; to crop.

Craw, a crow of a cock; a rook.

Creel, a basket; *to have one's wit in a creel*, to be crazed; to be fascinated.

Creepie-stool, the same as cutty-stool.

Creeshie, greasy.

Creuks, a disease of horses.

Crocks, old ewes that have given over bearing.

Cronie, an intimate acquaintance.

Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.

Crookieden, a cant name for hell.

Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the low roar of a bull; to hum a tune.

Crooning, humming.

Crouchie, crook-backed.

Crouse, cheerful; courageous.

Crousely, cheerfully; courageously.

Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal, boiled water, and butter; sometimes made from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.

Crowdie-time, breakfast time.

Crowlin, crawling, a deformed creeping thing.

Crummy, a cow.

Crummie's nicks, marks on the horns of a cow.

Crummock, *crummet*, *crummie*, *crombie*, a cow with crooked horns.

Crummock driddle, walk slowly, leaning on a staff with a crooked head.

Crump, *crumpin*, hard and brittle, spoken of bread; frozen snow yielding to the foot.

Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.

Cryn, to shrink, or become less by drying.

Cuddle, to clasp and caress.

Cudeigh, a bribe; a present.

Cuif, see *coof*,

Culzie, to entice; to flatter.

Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.

Cun, to taste; to learn; to know.

Cunzie, or *coonie*, coin.

Curch, a covering for the head ; a kerchief.
Curchie, a courtesy, female obeisance.
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling.
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well-known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring; a slight rumbling noise.
Curn, a small parcel.
Curpin, *curpan*, the rump, the rear of a person or animal.
Curple, a crupper.
Curshe, a kerchief ; a linen dress worn by our Highland women.
Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.
Cutty, short ; a spoon broken in the middle.
Cutty-stool, or *creepie-chair*, the seat of shame, stool of repentance.

D

DAD, to beat one thing against another. "He fell with a *dad*." "He *dadded* his head against the wall."
Daddie, a father.
Daffin, merriment ; foolishness.
Daft, merry ; giddy ; foolish.
Daft-buckie, mad fish.
Daez't, bewildered, stupefied.
Daimen-icker, an ear of corn occasionally.
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable, rare.
Daintiths, delicacies, dainties.
Daise, *daez*, to stupefy.
Dam, urine.
Dander, *daunder*, to wander to and fro ; to saunter.
Dandered, wandered.
Dang, *did ding ;* beat, thrust, drive.
Duppl't, dappled.
Darklins, darkling, without light.
Darn, to hide ; to mend.
Dash, to put out of countenance.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse ; a large piece of anything.
Daudin showers, rain urged by wind.
Daunton, intimidate.
Daur, to dare.
Daury, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
Daurt, dared.
Daut, *dawt*, fondle.
Davoc, diminutive of Davie, as Davie is of David.
Dawd, a large piece.
Dawin, dawning of the day.
Dawtit, or *dawtet*, fondled, caressed.
Dead-sweer, very loth, averse to, lazy.
Dearies, diminutive of dears ; sweethearts.
Dearthfu', dear, expensive.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil, the devil.
Deil-ma-care, no matter for all that.
Deleerit, delirious.
Delvin', digging.
Deray, merriment, jollity ; solemnity ; tumult, disorder ; noise.
Dern, secret, hidden, lonely.
Descrive, to describe, to perceive.
Deuks, ducks.
Deval, *devle*, to descend, fall, hurry.
Dewgs, rags or shapings of cloth.
Diddle, to shake, to jog.
Didle, to act, or move like a dwarf.
Dight, to wipe ; to clean corn from chaff.
Dimpl't, dimpled.
Din, dun, sallow, noise.
Ding, to worst, to push ; to surpass, to excel.
Ding dang, moving hastily on the back of another.
Dink, neat, tidy, trim.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Disrespecket, disrespected.
Dit, to stop or close up a hole.
Divot, thin turf.
Dizzen, a dozen.
Dochter, daughter.
Dock, the backside.
Docken, a dock ; the herb.
Doited, stupefied, silly from age.
Doll, a large piece ; dole or share.
Donsie, unlucky; affectedly neat and trim ; pettish.
Doo, dove, pigeon.
Doodle, to dandle.
Doofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.
Dorts, a proud pet.
Dosend, cold ; impotent.
Douce, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucer, *douser*, more prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Douks, dives under water.
Doup, backside ; the small remains of a candle.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
Doure, stout, durable ; sullen, stubborn.
Dow, am or are able ; can.
Dow'd (liquor) that is dead, or has lost the spirits ; or withered (plant).
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c., half asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot ; *downa-do's*, incapacity.
Doylt, stupid ; wearied, exhausted.
Doytin, walking stupidly, bewildered.
Dozen, stupefied, the effects of age ; *to dozen*, to benumb.
Draigle, to soil by trailing ; to draggle among wet, &c.
Drunts, long prayers.
Drap, a drop ; to drop.
Drapping, dropping.
Draunting, drawling ; of a slow enunciation.
Dree, to suffer ; to endure.
Dreep, to ooze ; to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it ; lingering.
Dribs, drops.
Driddle, perform, to be insignificantly diligent.
Drift, a drove, a flight of fowls ; snow moved by the wind.
Dring, the noise of a kettle before it boils.
Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarcely appearing to run.
Droddum, the breech.
Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
Drouk, to drench.
Droukit, drenched, all wet.
Drounting, drawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drouthy, thirsty, dry ; addicted to tippling.
Drucken, drunken.
Drum, a hill.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, or *drammock*, meal and water mixed in a raw state.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
Dub, or *dyb*, a small pond ; a hollow filled with rain water ; mire, a puddle.
Duchless, weak, silly.
Duchty, powerful assuming.
Duddie, ragged.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Dult, a dolt.
Dumfounder, to stun with a blow, to stupefy.
Dunder, to make a thundering noise.
Dung, or *dung-dang*, worsted, pushed, driven, stricken, overcome.
Dunsh, see *dush*.
Dunt, a large piece, a surprise ; a blow ; to palpitate.
Dunted, throbbed, beaten.
Dunty, a doxy.
Durk, a dirk, a poniard or dagger.
Dush, *dunsh*, to push or butt as a ram.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c. ; overcome with superstitious fear ; to drop down suddenly.
Dust, a riot.
Dwaum, a sudden faintness ; to faint suddenly.
Dwine, to pine away.
Dyke, a wall.
Dyn, noise.
Dynle, to tremble, to shake.
Dyvor, a bankrupt, or about to become one.

E

EAG, to egg, to incite, to stir up.
Eard, earth, the ground.
Earn, to coagulate milk ; eagle.
Earning, rennet. the coagulating matter used for curdling milk.
Ee, the eye.
Eebree, the eye-brow.
Eek, to make an addition to.
Een, the eyes ; the evening.
E'enin, the evening.
Eerie. frighted, haunted, dreading spirits.
Eerock, a chicken.
Eild, old age.
Eildeens, of the same age.
Eith, easy.
Either, easier,
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldin, fuel, as coal, peats, &c.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful, elvish.
Eller, an elder, or church officer.
Elsin, or *elshin*, a shoemaker's awl.
En', end.
Enbrugh, *Embrugh*, Edinburgh.
Endland, along.
Eneugh, *aneugh*, enough.
Ergh, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution ; half boiled.
Esthler, *Ashler*, hewn stone.
Ether, an adder.
Ether-stone, stone formed by adders, an adder bead.
Etter, the matter from a suppuration ; to fester.
Ettercup, or *ethercap*, a spider ; an ill-natured person.
Ettle, to try, to attempt.
Even'd, compared.
Evite, to shun.
Eydent, diligent, laborious.

F.

FA, to become, to suit.
Fa,' a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.

Fa', fall; lot; to fall.
Fa's, does fall; water-falls.
Fa' that, to enjoy, to try, to inherit.
Fab, a trick, a cheat; to trick, to cheat.
Face, set up a face, set up a pretence.
Facing-tools, drinking-pots.
Faddom, to fathom, to comprehend.
Faddom't, fathomed, measured with the extended arms.
Fadge, a spongy sort of bread in shape of a roll.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faik, to fold, to tuck; to abate any thing in price; a failure, a fold, a tuck.
Faik-dyke, a wall of turf.
Faiket, forgiven or excused, abated a demand.
Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.
Faird, a bustle, a sudden displeasure.
Fainness, gladness, overcome with joy.
Fair-fa-ye, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him.
Fair-farrand, well-favoured.
Fairin,' fairing, a present brought from a fair.
Fairny-tickles, freckles.
Fait, neat, in good order.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Fang, the talons of a fowl.
Fang, to, to grip, to hold fast.
Fankle, an entanglement; to entangle, to disarrange.
Farden, a farthing.
Fareweel, farewell, adieu.
Farl, a cake of bread, &c.
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for.
Fasheous, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasten-e'en, Fasten's even, night before Lent.
Fattrels, *fathrals*, ends of ribbons, folds or puckerings.
Faugh, a single furrow, out of lea, fallow; a colour between white and red.
Faught, a fight.
Fauld, a fold; to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Fause, false.
Fause-tail, a braid of hair.
Fausity, a falsity.
Faut, fault.
Faute, want, lack.
Fautor, defaulter.
Fawn, fallen.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field; smooth; loyal; steadfast.
Fearfu', fearful, frightful.
Fear't, affrighted.
Fecht, a fight, a struggle; to fight; to toil; to struggle.
Fechtin', fighting.
Feck, many, plenty; as *maist feck*, the greatest number; *nae feck*, very few; *little feck*, little exertion.
Fecket, an under waistcoat with sleeves.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckly, mostly; weakly.
Feed, or *fead;* feud, hatred, quarrel.
Feedom, a fatality.
Feerie, nimble.
Feeze, to screw; to twist; to flatter.
Feg, a fig.
Fegs, faith, a petty oath.
Feide, feud, enmity
Feigh, an interjection of disgust.
Feil, many.
Feirrie, stout, vigorous, healthy.
Felly, relentless.
Fen, successful struggle; fight; to ward off.
Fend, *fen'*, a shift; to be able to support one's self.
Fending, a shift, a bare support.
Fent, an opening left at the bottom of a shirt or sleeve.
Ferlie, or *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.
Fernyer, the last year.
Ferry, a sow's litter.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
Fettle, energy, the power of exertion.
Fey, strange; one marked for death, predestined, foe.
Fidden, a load of a certain weight.
Fiddle, to trifle at work.
Fidge, to fidget; fidgeting.
Fidgin-fain, tickled with pleasure.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fien-ma-care, the devil may care.
Fient, fiend; a petty oath.
Fient-a-bit, devil-a-bit.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother; a friend.
Fierrie, bustle, activity.
File, to dirty, to defile.
Filibeg, or *philibeg*, a kilt.
Filler, a funnel for filling with.
Findy, solid, substantial.
Fire-flaught, a flash of lightning.
First-fit, the person who first enters a house on New-year's day, and who is expected not to come empty-handed, otherwise it is considered ominous of misfortune.
Fissle, or *fistle*, to make a rustling; to fidget; bustle, fuss.
Fit, a foot; able.
Fitch, to move, to remove.
Fitsted, the print of the foot.
Fittie-lan,' the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fivesum, five at once.
Flacht, a handful.
Flaff, a breath of wind, such as is caused by a fan; to flap or flutter.
Flaffen, *flaffin*, fluttering.
Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.
Flainen, or *flannan*, flannel.
Flait, scolded.
Flandrekins, foreign generals, soldiers of Flanders.
Flane, an arrow.
Flang, threw with violence.
Flaught, or *flechan*, a sudden blast of wind, a flake, a handful.
Flaughter, to cut turf from the ground.
Flaw, a soft expression for a lie.
Flawgairies, or *fleegairies*, gewgaws, whimsies, fancies.
Flech, a flea.
Fleckert, freckled.
Flee, a fly; to fly as a bird.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleetch, *fleech*, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleetchin, supplicating.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow; a fright; to frighten.
Flet, did chide.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, *flethers*, flattering; smooth wheedling words.
Flett, a saucer.
Fleuk, a flounder.
Flewet, a small blow.
Fley, *fley'd*, to scare, to frighten.
Fleyt, afraid, or terrified.
Flicher, *flichter*, to flutter, to startle, or alarm.
Flichtering, fluttering.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces, splinters.
Fling, to kick, to throw off; to jilt; a species of dance peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland.
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber used as a partition between horses; a flail.
Flird, to flounce, to flaunt.
Flirds, vain finery.
Flisk, to fret under the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flit, to remove from one house to another.
Flitter, to flutter.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating, moving tremulously from place to place.
Flocht, a flight, a sudden gust of passion, a sudden change of opinion.
Flochty, flighty, unsteady, easily angered.
Flory, an empty, vain, ostentatious person.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Flurrish, a blossom; to blossom.
Flushes, floods.
Fluther, hurry, bustle, confusion.
Flype, a flap, a shred; to turn outside in.
Flyte, to scold; *flyting*, scolding.
Fochten, distressed, fatigued.
Fodgel, squat and plump.
Fog, moss.
Foggie, a garrison soldier, one advanced in life, a dolt, a species of humble-bee.
Fon, fond.
Foor, hastened.
Foord, a ford; to ford.
Foordays, the morning far advanced; fair day-light.
Foorsday, Thursday.
Forbye, besides.
Forebears, forefathers, ancestors.
Foregainst, opposite to.
Forenent, *forenens*, over against.
Forespeak, to bode ill to one, to bespeak.
Forespoken, boded ill to.
Forfairn, distressed; worn out, jaded, forlorn, destitute.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgettie, apt to forget.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
Forleet, to forget, to forsake, to abandon.
Forpet, the one-fourth part of a peck.
Forret, *furret*, forward; to further.
Forscomfish't, overcome with heat or exertion.
Fou, *fu'*, full; drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Foul-fa'-ye, ill befall ye.
Foul-thief, the devil, the arch-fiend.
Foumart, a polecat.
Founder, to stun by a blow; to stumble.
Fourhours, a slight repast, once taken at four o'clock, now applied to tea.
Fourneukit, quadrangular.
Foursome, four together.
Fous, the house leek.
Fousum, nauseous, surfeiting.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fouty, mean, base.
Fow, a measure, a bushel; also a pitchfork.
Fowk, *fowks*, folk, folks.

Foy, a bon aller.
Foxy, spungy.
Frae, from ; off.
Fraise, to flatter, to commend.
Frammit, strange, estranged from, at enmity with.
Fraught, a freight ; to freight.
Freath, *freeth*, or *fraeth*, froth ; the frothing of ale in the tankard.
Freck, stout, firm, generally applied to strong aged people.
Freets, superstitious opinions.
Freik, a troublesome person, a petulant youth.
Freiks, impertinent foolish fancies.
Fremm, *fremmit*, foreign, not akin.
Frien', friend.
Frightsome, frightful.
Frist, to trust ; *fristed*, trusted.
Frow, *frowdie*, a lusty woman.
Frush, brittle ; hasty in temper.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, cony, &c.
Fulyie, gross, fat.
Fuff, to blow intermittently ; a sudden displeasure.
Fuff't, did blow.
Fuffle, to put in disorder.
Fu-han't, full-handed ; well to live in the world.
Fulyie, foul matter.
Funk, a blow ; to wince as a horse does.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Fur-ahin, the hindmost horse on the right hand when ploughing.
Furder, further.
Furlet, four pecks.
Furm, a form, a bench.
Furthy, affable, cheerful, frank.
Fusion, strength, taste, spirit.
Fusionless, spiritless, without sap or soul.
Fustit, that has lost its strength, or decayed in its substance.
Fyfteen, fifteen.
Fyke, trifling cares ; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fykefacks, whimsies which are troublesome to others.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G

GA', did give.
Gab, the mouth, talk, chat ; to speak boldly, or pertly.
Gabbit, did talk.
Gabby, talkative.
Gaberlunzie, *gaberlunzieman*, one who carries a wallet.
Gad, or *gaud*, a rod or goad.
Gadge, a rule, a gauge ; to dictate in an imperious manner.
Gadsman, or *gaudsman*, a plough-boy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go ; *gaed*, went ; *gane* or *gaen*, gone ; *gaun*, going.
Gaet, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gaff, or *gawf*, to laugh loud.
Gaffa, hearty loud laughter.
Gair, or *gare*, intent on gain, niggardly.
Gairfish, the tortoise.
Gairs, triangular pieces of cloth sewed on the bottom of a gown.
Gaislin, a young goose, a term of disparagement to a child.
Gaist, or *ghaist*, a ghost, a spirit, a piece of dead coal.
Gait, a goat.
Gallant, large, jolly.
Galloway, a small horse.
Galore, plenty.
Gamrel, *gomeril*, an idle foolish person.
Gan, begun.
Gane, gone.
Gang, go ; to go, to walk.
Gang, *as of water*, as much as is brought from the well at one time.
Gangrel, a wandering person ; creeping ; applied also to creeping vermin.
Gansel, or *ganshel*, snappish language.
Gansh, a snap made at anything with the teeth ; to snap at anything as a dog.
Gappocks, or *gabbocks*, mouthfuls.
Gar, to force.
Garse, or *gerse*, grass.
Gar't, forced to ; caused.
Garten, a garter.
Garrie, a small fish.
Gash, wise, sagacious ; talkative ; to converse.
Gashgabbit, or *gash-beard*, long-chinned, loquacious, shrewd.
Gatty, failing in body.
Gaucy, *gawsie*, jolly, plump, large, buxom.
Gaunt, or *gant*, a yawn ; to yawn.
Gaunted, yawned, longed.
Gavel, the gable of a house.
Gaw, to gall ; to take the pet.
Gawkie, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Gawp up, to swallow up greedily.
Gayly, or *gailies*, in tolerable health, pretty well.
Gear, riches ; goods of any kind.
Gebbie, the craw or crop of a fowl, used sometimes for the throat of a human being.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Gee, a fit of obstinacy or sulkiness.
Geen, the wild cherry.
Gell, to ache.
Gellin', aching.
Gentles, great folks, gentry.
Genty, elegantly formed, neat.
Geordie, George, a guinea, called *Geordie* from the head of King George.
Get, or *geat*, a child ; a brat, spoken contemptuously.
Getlin, a child.
Ghaist, a ghost ; *ghaists*, ghosts.
Gibbie-gabble, foolish ; nonsense.
Gie, to give ; *gied*, gave ; *gien*, given.
Gif, if.
Giff-gaff, exchange of gifts.
Giftie, diminutive of gift.
Gig, a fit of humour, a whimsy ; a charm, a curiosity, an ingenious artifice.
Gillie, or *gilloc*, diminutive of gill.
Gilligachus, or *gilligawpie*, a staring gaping fool ; a gormandizer.
Gilpey, *gilpy*, a half-grown romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old ; also a term of reproach, or familiarity to a woman.
Gin, if, against.
Gipsy, a young girl.
Gird, or *gir*, a girth, a hoop.
Gird, a blow ; to strike ; to keep fast to a thing.
Girdle, a round iron plate on which oatcake is fired.
Gire-carlin, a giant's wife.
Girn, a snare or trap ; a grin ; to grin.
Girnel, a meal chest ; to lay up in a granary.
Girnigo-gibbie, a fretful child.
Girnin', grinning, fretful.
Girsle, gristle.
Girt, great ; a girth ; *girt of the leg*, the calf of the leg.
Girth, a hoop.
Gite, enraged, outrageously ; giddy.
Gizz, a periwig ; the face.
Glaik, to fool, to wanton, to trifle.
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
Glaiks, the reflection of the sun thrown from a mirror ; an idle good-for-nothing fellow. *To give the glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains ; to trick, to jilt.
Glaister, to bawl, to bark.
Glaize, a warm at a fire ; *to glaize*, to graze in passing.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth like glass.
Glaum, a snatch at ; to grope or grasp at ; *glaumed*, grasped, snatched at eagerly.
Glaumour, or *glaumer*, incantation, a fascinating spell in order to deceive the eyes.
Glaur, or *glar*, mire, ousy mud.
Gleck, sharp, ready.
Gled, a hawk.
Gleg, sharp-sighted, ready-witted, quick of apprehension.
Gleib, *glieb*, glebe.
Gleib o' lan, a portion of ground. The ground belonging to a manse is called "the gleib," or portion.
Glen, a dale, a deep valley.
Gley, or *glee*, a squint, to squint ; *a-gley*, off at a side, wrong ; *gley'd*, squinting.
Gleyde, an old horse.
Glib, quick, ready in speaking.
Glib-gabbit, smooth and ready in speech.
Gliffin, a surprise, a sudden glow of heat.
Glint, to peep ; a peep, a glance ; *glinted*, peeped ; *glintin*, peeping.
Glisk, a transient view, a glimpse.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Gloamin-shot, twilight musing ; a shot in the twilight.
Gloit, a lubberly inactive person.
Gloss, a fire of red embers without flame.
Gloum, a frown ; to frown.
Glout, to pout.
Glowr, to stare ; a stare, a look ; *glowred*, stared ; *glowran*, amazed, gazing suspiciously.
Glum, displeased.
Glundy, a fool, an inactive person.
Glunsh, *glunch*, a frown, a sour look ; to frown.
Glunshoch, a sulky person.
Goan, a wooden dish.
Goaran, *goarin*, looking round with a strange inquiring gaze.
Golach, or *goloch*, an earwig.
Gorble, to devour quickly.
Gor-cock, the red game, red cock, or moor-cock.
Gore, hardened rheum in the eye.
Gore, or *gair*, a piece of cloth of a triangular form, generally cut off from the cloth of a shift, &c., in order to make them wider at the bottom than at the top.
Gossie, or *goss*, a gossip.
Gou, to emit the earliest sound an infant does in expressing happiness.
Gove, to stare ; to bellow and cry.
Gowan, the flour of the wild daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.

Gowany, abounding with daisies.

Gowd, gold; *gowden*, golden.

Gowdie, head; *heels oe'r gowdie*, heels over head.

Gowdspink, a goldfinch.

Gowff, a fool; the game of golf; a blow.

Gowff'd, struck.

Gowk, a cuckoo; a fool; *gowk's errand*, a fool's errand.

Gowl, howl; to scold loudly and angrily.

Gowp, a gulp, a large mouthful; to gulp.

Gowpen, the two hands joined to contain anything, as grain, &c., also the quantity so contained.

Gowpin, gulping.

Gowstly, ghastly.

Graft, *graff*, a grave; to engraft.

Grain, or *grane*, a groan; to groan; *grain'd* and *gruntit*, groaned and grunted; *graining*, groaning.

Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning cowhouses.

Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, harness.

Gramashes, riding hose.

Grane, to groan.

Grange, a granary, a farm-house.

Grannie, grandmother.

Grape, to grope; *grapet*, groped.

Grat, wept, shed tears.

Graybeard, a stone bottle.

Grays, coleworts and cabbages mashed together, a dish used by country people in Scotland.

Great, or *grit*, intimate, familiar.

Gree, to agree; *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor; *gree't*, agreed; *wan the gree*, supremacy.

Green, to long for.

Greens, coleworts.

Green-graff, green grave.

Greeshoch, a fire of red embers without flame.

Greet, to shed tears, to weep.

Greetin, crying, weeping.

Grieve, an overseer.

Grippet, catched, seized.

Grippy, avaricious.

Grist, a miller's fee for grinding.

Groanin-maut, drink for the cummers at a lying in.

Groat, fourpence; *to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game.

Groats, milled oats.

Groozle, to breathe with difficulty, applied generally to children.

Gropsy, a glutton.

Grou, to shudder with loathing, ugly.

Grouff, to sleep in a disturbed manner; a short disturbed sleep.

Grousome, loathsome, frightful, disgusting.

Growble, to swallow hastily.

Grozet, or *grosart*, a gooseberry.

Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.

Grumphie, or *grumphin*, a sow; an angry pig.

Grun, ground.

Grunds, sediment.

Grundstane, a grindstone.

Gruntle, the phiz, the snout, a grunting noise.

Grunzie, a mouth which pokes out like that of a pig.

Gruppit, sprained.

Grushie, thick; of thriving growth.

Grutten, wept, cried.

Gryse, or *greive*, a pig.

Guddle, to mangle, to haggle.

Gude, the Supreme Being; good, kind.

Gude auld-has-been, was once excellent.

Gudes, *guids*, commodities or stock.

Gudgie, thick and short.

Guff, an inhalation of smoke or vapour.

Guid-e'en, good evening.

Guidfaither and *guidmither*, father-in-law and mother-in-law.

Guidman and *guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.

Guid-mornin, good morrow.

Guidwilly, liberal-hearted.

Gule, wild marigold.

Gulravage, *gilravage*, confused scamper, noisy frolic.

Guller, see *Buller*.

Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife.

Gum, a dispute, a misunderstanding.

Gumlie, or *gumly*, muddy.

Gumlie jaups, muddy drift.

Guran, a tumour, a boil.

Gurly, cold, rough, boisterous.

Gusty, or *gustfu'*, tasteful.

Gutcher, grandsire.

Gutsy, gluttonous.

Gut-scraper, a fiddler.

Gutters, mire, puddles.

Guttery, miry.

Gutty, big-bellied, thick.

Guzzorn, the gizzard.

Gyse, to disguise.

Gytlin, a child. See *Getlin*.

Gyzarts, people disguised.

Gyzen, *gizzen*, to shrink with dryness as a cask; *gyzent*, shrunk.

H

HA', have; *I wad ha' gaen*, I would have gone.

Ha', a hall.

Ha' Bible, the great Bible that lies in the hall.

Havers, halvers, a copartnery between two, in which each shares equally. Only used among young people, or in affectation.

Habber, to stutter.

Habble, or *hobble*, a mob, a fight, a wrangle, a confusion, a difficulty; to hobble, to walk lamely.

Hacks, chops in the hands or feet.

Haddie, a haddock.

Haddin', house, home, dwelling-place, a possession.

Hadna, or *hadnae*, had not.

Hae, to have, to accept.

Haen, had (the participle of *hae*), haven.

Haerst, or *hairst*, harvest.

Haet, the smallest quantity.

Haet, *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation; nothing; the devil have it.

Haff, half.

Haffet, *hauffet*, the temple, the side of the head.

Hafflins, nearly half, partly, not fully grown.

Hag, a gulf in mosses and moors, moss ground.

Hagabag, huckaback, coarse napery.

Haggis, a large pudding peculiar to Scotland.

Haggle-bargle, or *aurgle-bargle*, keen wrangling in cheapening a thing.

Haik, to go about idly from place to place.

Hail, whole, sound, healthy.

Hailscart, wholly sound, wholly unhurt, the total.

Hain, to use sparingly, to save, to lay out at interest.

Hain'd, spared.

Hainsh, the haunch.

Hair, a small quantity.

Hairshaw, the hairlip.

Hairumscarum, wildness, irregularity, nonsense, any foolish enthusiastic pursuit; hairbrained.

Haist, haste.

Haistert, hurried.

Haith, a petty oath, in faith.

Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.

Haiverel, a fool, a half-witted person.

Hal', or *hald*, an abiding place.

Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.

Hallanshauker, a tatterdemalion.

Hallions, clowns.

Haly, holy.

Haly-pool, holy well with healing qualities.

Hame, home.

Hameart, or *haimart*, domestic, home-made, home-bred.

Hameliness, frankness, affability, homeliness, unaffectedness.

Hamely, homely, frank, affable, unaffected.

Han', or *haun*, hand.

Hand-afore, the fore horse on the left hand in a plough.

Hand-ahin, the last horse on the left hand in a plough.

Han's breed, hand's breadth.

Handsel, or *hansel*, the first gift received on a holiday, or compliment on wearing a new dress.

Handsel-Monday, or *Hansel-Monday*, the first Monday after New Year's day.

Hand-waled, hand picked.

Hankle. See *Fankle*.

Hanks, thread as it comes from the measuring real, quantities, &c.

Hansel-throne, throne when first occupied by a king.

Hantle, a great quantity.

Hanty, convenient, handsome.

Hap, a warm outer garment; to wrap, to cover.

Happer, the hopper of a mill.

Happing, hopping.

Hap-shackled; when the fore and hind foot of cattle are fastened together to prevent leaping, they are said to be *hapshackled*. A wife is called "the kirk's hap-shackle."

Hap-step-an'-loup, hop step and leap.

Hardlies, scarcely.

Harigals, the pluck of an animal.

Harkit, or *harkent*, hearkened, whispered, did whisper.

Harl, to drag; to give a coating of lime and sand to the outer wall of a building.

Harn, very coarse linen.

Harnpan, the skull.

Harns, brains.

Harskip, *herschip*, ruin.

Hartsome, cheerful.

Hash, a lazy, slovenly fellow; to slash, to abuse, to maltreat.

Hasp, or *hesp*, a quantity of reeled yarn.

Hassock, a great bunch, as of hair, &c.

Haster, to perplex, to vex and tease a person.

Hastit, hastened.
Hastow, hast thou.
Hatter, a rush of pimples, a collection of scales.
Haud, to hold, to keep, to support.
Hauf-mark marriage, a clandestine marriage.
Hauf-marrow, a husband or wife.
Hauf-wuttit, foolish,
Haught, to make an effort, to bring phlegm up the throat.
Haur, a fog, a mist.
Haurl, *haurlin*, to drag, to pull roughly.
Haury, foggy, misty.
Hause, the throat.
Hausebane, the collar bone.
Hauslock, the wool that grows on the sheep's neck.
Havermeal, oatmeal.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Hazle rung, a stick.
Heal, health.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Heapit, heaped.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hech, oh! strange; an expression of fatigue.
Hecht, promised; to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
Heck, a hay rack in a stable.
Heckling, a hackling, a nettling, rough usage.
Hee balou, words used to soothe a child.
Heels-owre-head, *heels-owre-gowdie*, topsy-turvy, turned the bottom upwards.
Heepie, a listless or melancholy person.
Heer, a certain quantity of reeled yarn.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise, to lift.
Heezie, motion in a swing, or over the top of a wave.
Heftit, accustomed to live in a place.
Heigh, high.
Hellim, the rudder or helm.
Hempy, a tricky youth, as one for whom the hemp grows.
Hen-shin'd, shot ancles like a hen.
Here awa, in this quarter.
Herrin', a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel', herself.
Hesp, a clasp, a hook; to fasten or strengthen with a clasp.
Het-pint, a beverage presented on a New-Year's day morning by the first-fit. See *First-fit*.
Het-skin, a sound beating on the hips.
Hether-bells, the blossoms of the heath.
Hethery, heathy.
Heugh, a craig, a ravine; *coal heugh*, a coal pit; *lowin heugh*, a blazing pit.
Hiddils, lurking places.
Hiddlins, by stealth, secretly.
Hiddrick, the head ridge on which a plough turns.
Hiddy-giddy, *hirdy-girdie*, confused, giddy, wanton; also an instrument fixed on the trace between two bullocks to keep them from resting on one another.
Highlan, or *heelan*, highland.
Hilch, a hobble; to halt; *hilchin*, halting.
Hilt-an'-hair, every part of a thing.
Hiltie-skiltie, in rapid succession.
Hinderen, the close, the hind end.
Hinderlets, the hind parts.
Hindmast, the last.
Hing, to hang any thing; to be in the state of hanging.
Hinney, honey.
Hint, or *ahint*, behind.
Hip, the act of missing, or passing over; to miss, to pass over.
Hippin, a towel wrapt about the hips of an infant.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to walk lamely, to creep.
Hirsel, *hissel*, or *hirdsel*, a flock.
Hirsle, to move with a rustling noise, to slide on the breech.
Histy, or *hirsty*, dry, chapped, barren.
Hit, it, in vulgar conversation.
Hite, or *hyte*, mad, enraged, excessively keen.
Hivy, rich, in comfortable circumstances.
Hizzie, *huzzy*, a young girl.
Hoast, cough.
Hobble, to dangle on the knee.
Hobble-shew, or *hubble-shew*, a rabble, a crowd, a confusion.
Hoch-hey, an expression of grief or fatigue.
Hocus, a stupid person.
Hod, to jog as a person on horse.
Hodden gray, woollen cloth of a coarse quality, made by mingling one black fleece with a dozen white ones.
Hoddin, the motion of a countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
Hoeshins, footless stockings.
Hog, a cant name for a shilling.
Hoggie, a two-year old sheep.
Hogmanay, the expression used by children, who go about begging on the last day of the year; also the name given to the day itself, or to a present given or received on that day.
Hogscore, a distance line in curling, drawn across the rink. When a stone fails to cross it, a cry is raised of "A hog, a hog," and it is removed.
Hogshouther, a kind of horse play, by jostling with the shoulder; to jostle.
Hoise, to lift up, to hoist.
Hollen, the holly shrub.
Honner, honour.
Hoodie-craw, a species of crow.
Hoodock, miserly.
Hool, the husk; to shell, to deprive of the husk.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take time, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horl, a small iron or wooden ring used as a pulley.
Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.
Hornmad, quite mad.
Horsecowper, a horsedealer.
Hosenet, a small net, a difficulty.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough; a cough.
Hotch, a moving up and down, a jerk; to move up and down, to move as a collection of maggots.
Hotch'd, turned topsy turvy; blended, mixed.
Hotchpotch, hodgepodge, any confused mixture.
Hou, a roof-tree; to hoot.
Hough, low, mean; to throw a stone.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, or *howlet*, an owl.
Housal, domestic, household.
Housie, diminutive of house.
Hout! tut! fy!
Houtfy! for shame.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Howd, to hide, to conceal.
Howder't, hidden.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow; a hollow; to hollow.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a tippling house; a house of resort.
Howk, to dig; *howkit*, dug, hollowed; *howkin*,' digging deep.
Howm, a plain, a flat by a river side.
Howp, hope; to hope.
How-towdie, a young hen.
Hoy, to urge; *hoy't*, urged, inveigled.
Hoyse, to pull upwards.
Hoyte, to move clumsily.
Hubble-shew. See *Hobble-shew*.
Huchyalled, *huchall'd*, to move with a hilch.
Hud, the trough used by masons for carrying lime, a hod.
Huggers, coarse stockings without feet.
Huggrymuggry, clandestine conduct; clandestinely.
Hughoc, diminutive of Hughie, as Hughie is of Hugh.
Huirdin, hoarding, saving.
Hullion, a sloven.
Hum, a flam, a quiz, a trick; to trick, to deceive.
Humlock, a small rising ground, a hard heap of earth, &c.
Hums and *hankers*, mumbles and seeks to do what he cannot perform.
Hummilt, having no horns.
Humph, to begin to putrify.
Humph'd, becoming putrid.
Humstrum, a pet, a fit of sulkiness.
Hund, a hound.
Hunder, or *hunner*, a hundred.
Hunker, to crouch, to squat on the hams.
Hunkers, the hams.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the buttocks.
Hure, a whore.
Huredow, whoredom.
Hurkle, *hurdle*, to draw one's self together in a couching manner as a dog asleep.
Hurlebarrow, a wheelbarrow.
Hurroe, holla! a cheer, a holla.
Hushion, a cushion; a stocking leg worn on the arms in winter.
Hussle, to shove with a rustling noise, to rustle.
Hussle-bussle, a confusion.
Hutch, a cottage, a deep pool, a measure of coals.
Huther, or *hudder*, to work confusedly.
Hutherin, confused, doing any thing confusedly.
Hutheron, a slatternly woman.
Hyjinks, drinking by lot.
Hyves, a particular sort of eruption affecting children.

I

I', in.
Ice-shoggles, icicles.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Idleset, idleness.
Ieroe, a great grandchild.
Ilk, same as Macnab of that *ilk*, Macnab of Macnab.
Ilk, or *ilka*. each, every.

Ill-deedy, mischievous.
Ill-far'd, ill-favoured.
Ill-gaetit, having bad habits.
Ill-less, harmless ; neither good nor ill.
Ill-o't, awkward at it.
Ill-scrapit-tongue, an ill tongue, bad language.
Ill-willy, ill-natured, malicious, illiberal, unwilling to oblige.
In, in friendship.
Inch, a small island.
Income, an affection of any part of the body not arising from outward injury.
Ingan, an onion.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire ; fire-place.
Ingle-cheek, the fireside.
Ingle-gleede, fireside blaze.
Ingle-lowe, light from the fire ; flame from the hearth.
Inlake, deficiency, shortcoming ; to fall short of weight or measure.
Inlying, child-bearing.
Inowr, in and over ; an invitation from an individual to come *inowr*, is to enter their house.
I rede ye, I advise ye, I warn ye.
Instriking, the disappearance of an eruption in consequence of its being thrown back into the habit by cold or absorption.
Intack, a contraction, as by sewing ; a cheat, a circumvention.
Interdick, to interdict ; *interdickit*, interdicted.
Intill, into, within.
Inwith, inwards.
I's, *I* am.
I'se, I shall or will.
Isk, or *iskie*, the call given to a dog.
Isna, or *isnae*, is not.
Ither, other ; one another.
Itsel', itself.
Izles, embers.

J

JABBLE, soup ; a large blunt needle or knife.
Jad, or *jaud*, jade ; a giddy young girl.
Jag, a prick as with a pin ; to prick as with a pin.
Jauk, to waste one's time idly, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jaumph, to travel with exertion as if on bad roads.
Jauner, *jaunder*, talking idly.
Jaup, a jerk of water ; to jerk, as agitated water.
Jaw, a wave or dash of water, a large quantity of any liquid, or dash of it ; to throw out any liquid forcibly.
Jawp, to bespatter with mire, to throw water upon.
Jawpit, bespattered, &c.
Jee, to incline or move to one side.
Jeel, to congeal.
Jeel, or *jeelie*, jelly.
Jeest, a joist, a jest.
Jelouse, to suspect, to be jealous of.
Jessie, or *jaisie*, a wig.
Jiffin, or *jiffie*, an instant.
Jig, or *jeeg*, to creak, to fiddle, to scoff at.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimps, easy stays.
Jinglan, jingling.
Jink, to turn suddenly when pursued, to avoid a blow by stooping hastily or turning aside, to give the slip to.
Jink an' diddle, moving to music, motion of a fiddler's elbow.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl.
Jinkin', dodging, the quick motion of the bow on the fiddle.
Jinks, sports.
Jirg, to creak, to grind the teeth.
Jirk, or *jirt*, a jerk.
Jo, a sweetheart.
Jockey-coat, a great-coat.
Jockteley, a large clasp knife.
Jogtrot, a slow jolting motion on horseback, pertinacious adherence to a practice or opinion.
Joggle, a jogging from side to side ; to jog from side to side.
Jouk, a crouch, a stoop ; to bow or stoop to avoid a blow, or to conceal one's self.
Joukery-paukery, juggling, roguery.
Jow, to toll, to spill from a vessel by moving the contents ; the undulation of water.
Jowler, a bull dog.
Juggs, a punishment, in which the culprit has an iron collar round his neck, which is fastened by a chain to the wall.
Jundie, to jostle, to push with the elbow.
Junnice, a jostle, a blow, a jog.
Junny, to jog, to shake a vessel with liquor so as to produce the sound occasioned by the dashing of the liquor within it.
Junt, a large piece, generally of butcher meat.
Jupe, a woman's short gown.
Jurr'd, a journeyman or journeywoman.
Jute, sour or dead liquor ; jade.
Jybe, a taunt ; to taunt.

K

KAE, a jack-daw.
Kaiber, a rafter.
Kail, colewort ; a kind of broth.
Kail-brose, potage made of oatmeal and the oily scum of the above soup.
Kail-custock, the stem of cabbages or coleworts.
Kail-gully, a large knife used for cutting kail.
Kail-pat, a pot for boiling broth.
Kail-runt, the hardest part of the stem of the colewort.
Kail-stock, a colewort plant.
Kailwife, a woman who sells vegetables.
Kailworm, a species of caterpillar which feeds on the leaves of the colewort and cabbage.
Kailyard, a kitchen garden.
Kain, *kane*, fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer.
Kaive, to walk with an awkward swaggering motion.
Kame, a comb ; to comb.
Kanny, or *canny*, fortunate ; also wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly ; cautious.
Katy-handit, or *kaury-handit*, left-handed.
Keb, a blow.
Kebars, rafters.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keckle, a cackle, a laugh, a vaunt, a vapouring ; to cackle, to giggle, to titter, to boast.
Kedgie, fond, happy.
Kee, *key*, humour, a pier or harbour.
Keek, a peep ; to peep.
Keek-bo, bo-peep.
Keekin'-glass, a mirror.
Keel, red or black chalk.
Keelyvine, blacklead, a blacklead pencil.
Keepit, kept.
Keist, did cast.
Kell, the crown piece of a woman's cap.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous water-spirit, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms ; also a term of reproach to a mischievous young person.
Kelt, coarse cloth with the nap on it.
Kelty, a large bumper, another glass imposed as by way of punishment on one who infringes on the etiquette understood to be established in a convivial party.
Kemp, to strive in working ; a champion.
Ken, to know, not to be in doubt ; *kend*, or *kent*, knew.
Kendlin, any live combustible or match for lighting up a fire.
Kenna, or *kennae*, know not.
Kennin, knowing, an increase in bulk or quantity which is just perceivable, and no more.
Kensna, knows not.
Kenspeckle, that may be easily recognized, remarkable in appearance.
Kent, a long staff or stick.
Kep, to catch any thing that is thrown, to stop or oppose the passage of any person or thing, to receive any thing which is poured or runs out, to meet with.
Ket-ketty, matted, hairy ; a fleece of wool.
Kevel, lot.
Kew, a clew, a queue ; to clew up.
Keytch, to toss, as if any light body were kicked up by the foot.
Kiaugh, carking, anxiety ; to be in a flutter.
Kicky, saucy, repulsive, ostentatious.
Kilt, killed.
Killogie, an open space before a kiln fire.
Kilt, a filibeg, a tuck ; to tuck ; to truss up the clothes.
Kiltit, tucked, dressed with the filibeg.
Kimmer, a female gossip, a term of contempt used to a woman.
Kin', kind, friendly ; sort.
Kinch, a noose.
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kink, a fit of coughing ; to cough.
Kinkoch, or *kinkhost*, the hooping cough.
Kinnin, a rabbit.
Kintry, or *kintra*, country.
Kintra-cooser, country stallion.
Kip, a bawdyhouse ; to play the truant.
Kipper, cured salmon.
Kipple, a couple ; to couple ; to wed.
Kirk, a church ; to attend one to church the first time of going there after marriage, child-bearing, or the loss of a husband, wife, or child ; to go to church the first time that attendance is given there after any of the above events.
Kirn, the harvest supper ; a churn ; to churn.
Kirn-milk, butter milk.
Kirnstaff, an instrument used for agitating the milk in churning.
Kirsen. to christen or baptize.
Kirsenin' a christening.
Kirst, Christian (the name).
Kirstal, crystal.
Kiss caups, to pledge friendship.
Kist, a coffin, a chest ; to put into a coffin, to store up in a chest ; a counter.

Kistin', the ceremony or act of putting into a coffin or chest.

Kistit, coffined, chested.

Kitchen, anything that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kitchen-fee, the drippings of roasting meat.

Kith, acquaintance.

Kitt, a number; *the hail kitt*, the whole number.

Kittle, to tickle; to accomplish; to bring forth kittens.

Kittlin, a kitten.

Kittlin', the act of bringing forth kittens.

Kittly, ticklish; hard to be understood, mysterious.

Kittly-cowt, hide-the-mare, a play among children, when something is searched for that has been concealed.

Knab, a person in comfortable circumstances, a person of dignity.

Knabby, wealthy, dignified.

Knackety, tinical, fond of neatness.

Knacky, tricky, ingenious in trifles, witty, facetious.

Knag, a pin or peg to hang any thing on.

Knaggie, or *knaggy*, having protuberances.

Knap, a smart blow; to strike smartly.

Knap of the knee, the knee pan.

Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.

Knaur, a knot in wood.

Knicht, a knight.

Knitten, tape.

Knock, a clock.

Knoit, a blow; to buffet, to beat, a large piece.

Knoof, or *knuif*, to chat familiarly, to be friendly.

Knoose, to bruise, to beat.

Knoost, or *knuist*, a lump of any eatable.

Knots. See *Mystic knots*.

Knowe, a small round hillock.

Knubblock, a knob, an induration, the swelling occasioned by a blow or fall.

Knurl, a dwarf.

Knurlin, crooked, but strong, knotty.

Koot, the ancle bone.

Koum, soot, coal-culm; to soil with soot.

Kounger, to snub, to overbear, to reprove harshly.

Kuittle, to cuddle.

Kuittlin, cuddling.

Kye, cows.

Kyte, the belly.

Kythe, to appear in one's own likeness as to reputation; to make a discovery of one's self, to be otherwise than one would appear.

L

LAB, to throw a stone with a swing of the arm, in the manner a quoit is thrown; to walk with a long swinging step.

Lack, to discommend, to depreciate.

Lackanee! alas!

Lad, a sweetheart.

Laddie, diminutive of *lad*.

Lade, a load, a water-way.

Lady-landers, a beautiful little insect, called in English lady-fly, or lady-bird.

Laggen, the angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish.

Laidner, a larder.

Laif, a loaf.

Laigger, to bespatter, to bemire.

Laigh, low.

Laiglen, a milking pail.

Lainsh, a launch; to launch.

Laip, to lap as a dog.

Lair, a layer or stratum; a burying place; to inter.

Lair, or *lear*, learning.

Laird, landlord, lord of the manor, the male heir to a property or estate.

Lairdship, an estate.

Lairing, wading and sinking in snow, mud, &c.

Laith, loath, impure.

Laithfu' or *lethfu'*, bashful, modest, sheepish.

Lake, lack, want.

Lallan, lowlandish, lowland.

Lallans, the Scottish dialect of the English language.

Lambie, or *lammie*, diminutive of lamb.

Lammer, or *laumer*, amber.

Lamp, to run with long steps.

Lampit, the limpet shell-fish.

Lan'-afore, foremost horse in the plough.

Lan'-ahin, hindmost horse in the plough.

Land-lowper, an unsettled person who has not steadiness to remain fixed in one place.

Land-o'-the-leal, land of the faithful, heaven.

Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c., myself alone.

Lanely, lonely.

Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.

Lang-kail, boiled coleworts unmashed.

Lang-nebbit, having a long nose, acute; applied to learned or pedantic words.

Langsum, tedious.

Langsyne, ancient, long past, long ago.

Lang-tongued, given to babbling loudly; loquacious.

Lantron, a lantern.

Lap, did leap.

Lapper, to curdle; to clot; *lappert*, curdled, clotted.

Lapstane, the stone a shoemaker holds on his knee to beat his leather upon.

Lash, a smart shower.

Lass, a sweetheart.

Lassie, girl, diminutive of *lass*.

Lat, a hindrance; to hinder; to allow, to let.

Late and air, late and early.

Late-wauk, or *Lyke-wake*, the watching of a corpse before interment.

Laughan, *laughin*, laughing.

Laughter, or *lachter*, the whole eggs laid by a hen before she begins to sit on them for incubation.

Laun, or *lan'*, land, estate.

Lave, the rest, remainder, the others.

Laverock, the lark.

Law, a hill.

Lawborrows, a writ under which a person swears that he dreads harm from another, in his person or property, and by which that other is obliged to find caution to keep the peace.

Lawin, a tavern reckoning.

Lawlan, lowland.

Lay, that part of a weaver's loom in which the reed is fixed, which drives home the wool; to slay: to alleviate; to allay.

Lay my dead, attribute my death.

Lay on, to strike, to beat with repeated blows.

Lea', to leave.

Leal, loyal, true, faithful.

Lea-rig, grassy ridge.

Lear, learning.

Leddy, lady.

Lee, untilled land, an open grassy plain.

Leefu'-lane, or *lee-lane*, quite alone, single, without company.

Lee-lang, live-long.

Leem, *leme*, flame; to shine, to gleam.

Leep, to parboil, to cozen.

Leesh, silk twine, part of the mounting of a silk weaver's loom.

Leesum, or *leesome*, pleasant.

Leere, to live.

Leeze-me-on, blessing on, recommend me to, how well I love.

Leish, to lash.

Leisin, lying.

Leister, *lister*, a three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.

Leit, to permit, delay, give a hint of.

Len, a loan; to lend.

Lends, the loins, the buttocks.

Lentren, Lent.

Let-be, to let alone; much less.

Let-gae, to raise a tune.

Let-on, to pretend, to give a hint of.

Lether, a ladder; *to lether any person*, to beat, to whip; *letherin*, a whipping.

Lett, a ticket put up on a house to show that it is to let.

Letter-gae, a precentor.

Leugh, did laugh.

Leuk, a look; to look.

Lew, or *lew-warm*, lukewarm.

Libber, a lubberly fellow; a gelder.

Libbit, gelded.

Lichts, the lungs.

Lichtly, to undervalue, to make light of.

Lick, a blow; a cheat, a wag; to strike, to beat, to whip, to chastise, to beat or overcome in fighting.

Licker, liquor.

Licks, correction, a beating.

Lie-in, to be in child-bed.

Lift, sky, firmament.

Likit, loved.

Lills, the holes of a wind instrument.

Lilt-aff, to drink off quickly.

Limmer, a strumpet.

Limms, the limbs.

Limp't, limped, hobbled.

Line, to impregnate, applied in general to the dog species.

Ling, to walk quickly with a long step.

Lingle, shoemakers' twine for sewing with.

Lingle-tailed, having the bottom of the clothes hanging tawdrily.

Link, to trip along; *linkin*, tripping along.

Links, the winding of a river, a flat common.

Linkumdoddie, an imaginary locality.

Linn, a waterfall, a cascade.

Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower

Lintie, or *lintwhite*, a linnet.

Lippen, to depend upon, to trust to.

Lippie, the fourth part of a peck.

Lire, or *lure*, the breast, a dug, muscular flesh, the air, the complexion.

Lirk, a crease, a fold, a wrinkle; to fold, to wrinkle, to crease.

Lisk, the groin.

Lith, a joint.

Lithe, to thicken any thing a little by boiling; to grow thickish by boiling.

Liver, to deliver a vessel of her cargo.

Loan, the place of milking.

Loaning, lane.

Loch, a lake.

Lock, a small quantity.

Locker, to curl.

Loo, or *loe*, to love a person or thing; to be in love.
Loof, or *lufe*, the palm of the hand.
Looms, tools, instruments.
Loot, did let; *looten*, permitted.
Lootna, did not let.
Losh-man! rustic exclamation modified from Lord man.
Loun, a clown, a ragamuffin, a cunning rogue, a strumpet.
Lounder, a hard blow; to beat soundly, to give a hard blow to.
Loun's piece, the uppermost slice of a loaf.
Loup, *lowp*, leap startled with pain; a loop.
Louper-like, *lan-louper*, a stranger of a suspected character.
Loupie, crafty, deceitful, tricky.
Lout, to stoop, to bend to, to submit to, to condescend.
Lout-shouther't, round-shouldered.
Lowe, a flame; to flame.
Lowin', flaming; *lowin'-drouth*, burning desire for drink.
Lowne, calm, not windy, sheltered.
Lowpin-on-stane, a stone for mounting a horse by, or a small building for the same purpose.
Lowrie, name given to a fox, also the diminutive of Lawrence.
Lows'd, unbound, loosed.
Lowse, to loose.
Lozen, a pane of glass.
Luck, to shut up, to fasten, to inclose.
Lucken, shut up, inclosed; contracted.
Luckenbooths, name given to the old tolbooth of Edinburgh, and from thence to the buildings in its immediate vicinity.
Luckenhandit, close-handed, niggardly, illiberal.
Lucky, a grandmother; large weight or measure.
Luesom, or *luesum*, lovely, worthy to be loved.
Lug, the ear; the handle of a pot, a bait worm got in the sand; *at the lug of*, near to.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Luik, a look; to look.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, smoke; to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Luppen, started, sprung as a board or hinge from its fastening; leapt.
Lurdon, a lazy woman.
Lure, rather, more willingly.
Luss, *lust*, or *lusk*, the yellow scurf on the heads of infants.
Lusty, fat.
Luve, love; to love.
Lyart, gray-haired, hoary.
Lythe, to thicken any liquid a little by boiling.

M

MACKLY, seemly, well proportioned.
Mae, more; the bleat of a sheep; to bleat as a sheep.
Magg, a cant word for a halfpenny.
Maggle, to mangle.
Mahoun, Satan, from Mahomet.
Maik, a halfpenny; a match, an equal.
Mail, or *Black Mail*, certain contributions levied, by robbers or marauding chiefs, for which they granted their protection.
Mailen, a farm.
Mair, more.
Maist, most.
Maista (had), had almost.
Maister, a master, an overmatch; urine; to overcome.
Maisterfu', powerful, fatiguing, overpowering.
Maistery, victory, superiority.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak', to make.
Makin, making.
Mak'sna, matters not.
Mall, Moll, Mary.
Mally, Molly.
Mamp, to mop, to nibble, to eat as a person who has no teeth.
Mane, a moan, a lamentation; to moan, to lament.
Mang, among.
Mangit, galled as with stripes, toil, or vexation.
Mank, a want.
Mansworn, perjured.
Mant, a stutter; to stutter.
Manteel, a mantle.
Map, to nibble as a sheep.
Marb, the marrow.
March, or *merch*, a landmark; border of lands.
Marches, part of a weaver's loom.
Margully, to mangle, to mar.
Marled, variegated; spotted.
Marmaid, a mermaid.
Marrow, a mate, an equal, without a fellow, as an odd glove; peerless.
Mar's year, the year 1715. Called *Mar's year* from the rebellion of Erskine, Earl of Mar.
Martial chuck, the soldier's camp-comrade, female companion.
Mashlum, or *meslin*, mixed grain.
Mask, to infuse, as tea; to mash, as malt, &c.; *maskin-loom*, mash vat; *maskin pat*, a tea-pot.
Maud, or *maud*, a plaid worn by shepherds, &c.
Maught, power, might.
Maughty, mighty, powerful; having maggots, as putrid flesh.
Mauk, or *mauch*, a maggot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maukrel, a mackarel.
Maun, or *man*, must; *maunna*, must not.
Maundrels, nonsense, foolish fancies or talk.
Mauner, to talk like one raving, to talk foolishly.
Maut, malt.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow; *mawin*, mowing; *maw'd*, mowed.
Mawn, a small basket without a handle.
Mawsie, a stupid girl.
Mean, to discover a sense of pain; to show lameness; to bemoan.
Meer, *meare*, a mare.
Meikle, a great quantity; in a great degree.
Meith, a limit, a mark, a sign.
Melder, a load of corn, &c., sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, a mallet; to maul; to meddle, to associate.
Melt, the spleen; to knock down.
Meltinblow, the finishing stroke.
Meltith, a meal of meat.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend, to amend.
Mennon, a minnow.
Mens, or *mends* (*to the*), amends, satisfaction; over and above.
Mense, discretion, good manners.
Mensefu', discreet, well-bred.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Menzie, a crowd.
Merk, a sum of one shilling and three halfpence sterling.
Mess John, the parish priest.
Messan, *messin*, a small dog, a mongrel cur.
Middin, a dunghill.
Middin-creels, dung-baskets, panniers in which horses carry manure.
Middin-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Middlins, moderately.
Midge, a gnat.
Milk, or *milks*, an annual entertainment given by a teacher to the scholars, and to which they contribute a small sum of money.
Milk, or *mulk*, to rook. To win all in one's possession, is to *milk* him.
Milkin' shiel, a place where cows or ewes are brought to be milked.
Milkness, milk; the milk department; the produce of the dairy.
Mill, or *mull*, a snuffbox.
Milsie, a hair searce.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Mim-mouth'd, gentle-mouthed.
Min', to remember.
Minawae, minuet.
Mind't, mind it; resolved, intending, remembered.
Minny, *minnie*, mother, dam.
Mint, an aim, an endeavour; to endeavour, to aim.
Mirk, dark; *mirkest*, darkest; *mirkness*, darkness.
Mirligoes, when the eyes reel with the effects of drinking, they are said to be in the *mirligoes*.
Misbehadden, improper, indiscreet; applied to expressions.
Misca', to nickname, to abuse by calling names; *misca'd*, abused.
Mishanter, distress, destruction.
Misken, not to know, to neglect, to overlook, not to take notice of one.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Mislippen, to disappoint.
Misluck, misfortune.
Mismarrow, to mismatch.
Mistaen, mistaken.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mistryst one, to break an engagement.
Mith, might.
Mither, mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Mizzled, speckled.
Mizzles, the measles.
Moch, or *mochy*, damp, moist.
Mocht, becoming putrid.
Moistify, to moisten.
Molligrant, a grumbling, a murmuring, a whining.
Mononday, Monday.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Monyplies, a part of the intestines of cattle.
Mool, dust, the earth of a grave; to crumble.
Moolins, crumbs.

Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Moosty, or *muisty*, mouldy.
Mortclaith, a pall.
Mosscheeper, the titlark.
Motherwit, natural sense.
Mottie, *motty*, full of motes.
Mou', the mouth.
Moubit, a mouthful.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Moul, to mould.
Mouligrubs (to be in the), to be in a pouting ill-humour.
Mouly, mouldy.
Mouly-heels, chilblains on the heels.
Moup, *mowp*, to eat with a quick motion as a rabbit.
Mousie, diminutive of mouse.
Mousewabs, or *mousswabs*, cobwebs, phlegm in the throat.
Mout, to moult.
Mouter, grist, a miller's perquisite for grinding.
Mow, a heap, as of hay, fuel, sheaves of grain, &c.
Mows, jests.
Moy, gentle, modest, mild.
Muckle, or *mickle*, great, tall.
Muckmidden, a dunghill.
Muir, a moor, a heath.
Muirburn, a contest, a dispute.
Muist, mouldness; dust, hair-powder.
Muller, to crumble, to moulder.
Mummle, to mumble, to speak inwardly.
Mump, to give an indirect hint of one's meaning.
Mumpit-like, dull, stupid-like.
Munds, the mouth.
Munt, to mount.
Muntin, mounting; the whole of a weaver's apparatus.
Murgeon, a murmur, a taunt; to mock by making mouths.
Murgullie, or *margulyie*, to mismanage, to bungle, to abuse.
Murle, a crumb. See *Muller*.
Murlie, that can be crumbled; friable.
Muses-stank, muses rill, a stank, slow flowing water.
Musie, diminutive of muse.
Muslin-kail, thin poor broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutch, a woman's cap, a coif.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel, myself, by myself.
Mystic knots, made by bridesmaids on the bride's night-dress. See "Address to the Deil."

N

NA, or *nae*, no, not, nor.
Nack, a trick. See *Knack*.
Nacket, a trifling little person; small in size.
Nackety. See *Knackety*.
Nacky, a kind of loaf. See *Knacky*.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Nag, a peg. See *Knag*.
Naig, a horse, a nag.
Nail (down on the), promptly paid, paid ready money.
Nail (aff at the), gone beyond all bounds in any thing.
Nain, own. *My nain*, mine own; obviously a corruption of *mine ain*, by attaching the *n* of mine to the word *ain*, and converting *mine* into *my*.
Naither, neither.
Naitherans, or *naithers*, used as neither, *e. g.* I dinna like it; *naitherans*, I do not like it neither.
Nane, none.
Nap of the knee. See *Knap*.
Nappie, diminutive of *Nap*, a short sleep; a wooden dish.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Nappy-boin, a small tub.
Nar, near; almost; close to.
Natch, to lay hold of violently.
Neebor, or *neibour*, a neighbour.
Needna, need not.
Neer-do-weel, one incorrigible in wickedness, folly, or indolence.
Neese, the nose; to sneeze.
Neet, a nit; the egg of a louse.
Neffu', *nievefu'*, a handful.
Negleck, a neglect; to neglect.
Negleckit, neglected; *neglectfu'*, apt to neglect.
Neth, below, or under.
Neuk, a nook, a corner.
Nevel, a blow with the fist or elbow.
Nevo, a nephew.
New-ca'd kye, newly driven kine.
Newlins, very lately.
Newrsday, New Year's day.
Newrgift, a present on a New Year's day.
Nibbit, two pieces of oaten cake spread with butter and laid face to face.
Nicher, a laugh, a neigh; to laugh, to neigh.
Nicht, night.
Nick, a name for the devil; to bite, to cheat, to cut.
Nicker, a favourite marble, to play with in the game of marbles.
Nicket, cheated.
Nicknack, a gimcrack.
Nickstick, a tally.
Niest, next.
Nieve, *nief*, the fist.
Nieve (hand for), hand and glove, cheek by jowl.
Nieve (to fauld the), to clench the fist.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Nifferer, a barterer.
Niff naff, to trifle; *niff-naffs*, trifles.
Nigger, or *neegre*, a negro, a churl, a miser.
Nines, perfection; *please me to the nines*, please me to perfection.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nips, bits, small pieces.
Nippet, scanty, niggardly.
Nirl, to break into small pieces.
Nirl'd, stunted in growth.
Nirles, an eruption like the measles.
Nit, a nut.
Nither, *nidder*, to straiten for room; to subject to hunger; to pinch with cold; to shrivel.
No, not.
Nob, a knob.
Nocht, nought.
Nock, a notch; the nick of an arrow or spindle.
Nock, a clock. See *Knock*.
Noit. See *Knoit*.
Noof, to chat familiarly. See *Knoof*.
Nool-knee'd, knock-knee'd.
Noot, the ball which is struck at in playing at shinty.
Norlan, of or belonging to the North.
Northart, north, northward.
Notic't, noticed.
Notour, notorious.
Nourice, a nurse.
Nouriskap, the place of a nurse.
Nowte, black cattle.
Nowther, neither, not one nor other.
Nowte-herd, a keeper of black cattle.
Nubblock. See *Knubblock*.
Nuckle, or *newcal*, new-calved.
Nurling, *nurr*. See *Knurl*.
Nurlock, a small hard swelling, an induration on the skin.

O

OAM, the steam of boiling water.
Observe, an observation.
Ocht, aught, any thing.
Ochtlins, in the least.
Oe, or *oye*, a grandchild.
O'ergang, overbearingness, to treat with indignity, literally to tread.
O'erlay, an upper cravat.
O'erword, or *owrword*, a word used more frequently than any other, is called his *o'erword*.
Off-set, or *aff-set*, ornament, any thing that tends to recommend.
O haith! O faith! an oath.
Ohon! alas!
Olicht, nimble.
On-fa', or *on-come*, a fall of rain, hail, or snow.
On-going, conduct, behaviour.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Ooly, or *ulzie*, oil.
Oon, *une*, an oven.
Ora, or *orro*, supernumerary, that can be spared.
Ora-duddies, superfluous rags, old clothes.
Orlage, the dial plate of a clock.
Orp, to weep sobbingly, or to continue it as if obstinately.
Ou, wool. See *Wou*.
Oughtlins, in the same degree.
Ouk, a week; *oukly*, weekly.
Oup, *oop*, to join two things together, or to strengthen them by warping something round the break or joining.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Ouriness, sadness, melancholy.
Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves.
Out, not in friendship.
Out-by, without, in the open air.
Out-gaet, way of getting out.
Out-gie, or *out-lay*, expenditure.
Out-laik, overweight, over measure.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Out-owre, over, across, beyond.
Out-redd, completely put in order; to put completely in order.
Out-shot, a projection.
Out-stricking, an eruption on the skin.
Out-throu, completely through.
Out-wale, the refuse; sometimes also the pick or choice.
Owr, or *owre*, over, too much.
Owrcome, the issue, the surplus; to overcome.
Owre-hip, striking with a fore-hammer, by bringing it with a swing over the hip.
Owrelay, a cravat.
Owrgang, to overrun, to overcome.
Owrhaul, to overhaul.
Owrhead, wholly, without distinction.
Owrloup, to overleap.
Owrset, tired out, overset; to overset.
Owrsman, an oversman, an arbiter.
Owrtack, to overtake.
Owsen, oxen.
Owther, either.

Owthor, author.
Oxter, the arm-pit.
Oxtered, carried or supported under the arm.

P

PACE, Easter.
Pace-eggs, dyed eggs given at Easter as toys to children.
Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Paddack, or *puddock*, a frog.
Paddock-hair, the first down upon nestlings.
Paddock-ride, or *rude*, the spawn of frogs.
Paddock-stool, a fungous production like a mushroom.
Paidle, *paidlen*, to walk with difficulty as if in water.
Paik, to belabour one soundly.
Paiks, chastisement, a drubbing.
Pailing, a fence of wooden stakes.
Painch, paunch; *painches*, tripe.
Paip, the Pope, thistle down, a cherry stone.
Pairle, two rounds of the stocking in knitting.
Paise, a weight used by a weaver to keep his web stretched.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pale, or *pail*, an instrument in trying the quality of cheese.
Pall-all (called also *the Beds*), a game among children.
Pang, to fill to cramming.
Pantry, a press, a larder.
Pap, to enter any where suddenly or unexpectedly.
Papin, a beverage of small beer and whisky.
Papingo, or *papinjay*, a mark shot at with the bow and arrow.
Papple, to bubble up like water; the corn-cockle.
Parishen, parish.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Partan, a crab fish.
Pash, the head.
Pat, did put; a pot.
Pate, Peter.
Pates, the steps at the corner of some roofs, for the easier climbing to the top.
Patient of death, a throe preceding dissolution.
Patron, a pattern.
Pattie, a little pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a small spade to clean the plough.
Paughty, proud, haughty, saucy.
Pauky, or *pawkie*, sly, cunning.
Paumie, a whip on the palm of the hand with the ferula.
Pawn, a short frilled lappet hung at the top or bottom of a bed, of the same cloth as the hangings.
Pay't, paid; beat.
Peat-reek, the smoke of burning turf, a bitter exhalation; whisky.
Pech, or *pegh*, to pant, to breathe short.
Pechan, *peghan*, the crop, the stomach.
Pechin, respiring with difficulty.
Pee, to urine.
Peelin, peeling, the rind of fruit.
Peen, or *pene*, a pane of glass.
Peep, a chirp; to chirp.
Peerie, a boy's peg top; to purl.
Peesweep, a lapwing.
Peet-mow, a peat-stack, a heap of peat dust.
Peg, a blow.
Peinge, to whine; *peingein*, whining.
Pellock, a porpoise.
Peltry, trash, things of no value.
Pen, an arch.
Pennie, riches.
Penny-dog, a dog who constantly follows one. Applied to a mean sneaking person.
Penny-fee, small money wages.
Penny-pig, or *peinor-pig*, a small vessel of a round shape, used by children for keeping their money.
Penny-stane, a stone used as a quoit, also the game itself.
Penny-wedding, a wedding at which the guests contribute to the entertainment.
Penny-wheep, small beer, sometimes used to express whisky, when sold at a penny per gill.
Penny-widdie, a haddock dried without being split.
Pensfu', proud, conceited.
Perfite, perfect, accomplished.
Perjinkety, or *perjink*, precise, finical.
Perlie, *pirlie*, or *pirliewinkie*, the little finger.
Pernickety, finical, precise in trifles.
Perquire, or *perqueer*, accurate.
Perrackit, a little smart child.
Pettle, to feed daintily; to fondle. See *Pattle*.
Pettles, the feet.
Pewther, or *pouther*, pewter.
Phraise, to flatter, to speak fair.
Phraisin, flattering.
Pick, the choice; meat, food; pitch.
Pick-mirk, *pitmirk*, total darkness.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Piddle, to urine.
Pie-hole, an eyelet hole.
Piel, a match, an equal; to match, to equal.
Pig, an earthen pitcher.
Pig-wife, a woman who deals in crockery.
Pigmy-scraper, a little fiddler, a term of contempt for a bad player.
Pike, to pick, to scratch with the nail of the finger.
Pile, a grain, a pickle.
Pillowber, a pillow case.
Pimpin, mean, low.
Pine, pain, uneasiness, grief.
Pingle, trouble; to strive, to contend.
Pink, the most choice one; to glimmer.
Pinkie, glimmering; a pink; the little finger.
Pin-to, a pin used by a weaver for turning round the beam which receives the cloth.
Pints, ties to fasten the shoes.
Pint-stoup, a two-quart measure.
Piper's-news, a story which is no secret.
Pipes (*to tune one's*), to cry.
Pirn (*to wind one a*), is to do him an evil action, to take revenge on him.
Pirnie-cloth, where the web is of unequal threads, coarse and fine.
Pish, to piss.
Pit, to put.
Pizzant-like, poisoned-like, shrivelled, wasted, withered, applied to a human being.
Plack, two bodles, or the one-third of a penny English.
Plackless, pennyless, without money.
Plaid, a worsted mantle.
Plaidie, diminutive of plaid.
Plainstanes, the pavement.
Platie, diminutive of plate.
Play, to boil as a pot.
Playfairs, *playocks*, children's toys.
Plenishin, furniture for a house.
Pleuchgate, or *plougate*, as much land as can be tilled by one plough.
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough; to till with a plough.
Plish, *plash*, to make a noise by dashing water.
Pliskie, a mischievous trick.
Pliver, plover.
Plouster, to splash among water or mire.
Plot, to scald with hot water.
Plouk, a pimple.
Ploukie, or *ploukit*, pimpled.
Ploum, a plum.
Ploumdamis, a prune.
Plounge, a plunge; to plunge any thing into water.
Plowt, to jump, plunge into water; a heavy shower.
Ploy, an entertainment for children, a merry-making among young people, a procession.
Pluff, a puff, a small ignition of powder.
Pluffy, having a fat chubby face.
Plump, a heavy fall of rain; *thunder-plump*, a thunder shower; to rain heavily.
Plumrose, primrose.
Ply, a fold, a plait; to fold, to plait.
Poacher-court, kirk-session.
Pob, the refuse of flax from the mill.
Pock, a bag, a small sack.
Pock-shakings, the youngest of a family.
Podlie, a small fish.
Poind, or *poon*, to seize cattle or goods for rent.
Policy, pleasure or planting ground, the inclosure of a gentleman's mansion.
Portage, the goods allowed to be put on board a vessel as a passenger's private store or luggage.
Poortith, poverty.
Port-youl (*to sing*), *youl*, to cry.
Pose, a hoard.
Posie, a nosegay, a garland.
Pou, or *pu'd*, to pull, pulled.
Pouk, to pluck, to pull, to tug at.
Poukit-like, contemptible in appearance, withered-looking, having the expression of poverty, with shabbiness of apparel, puny.
Pourie, a cream pot.
Pourin, a small quantity of liquid.
Pousse, to push.
Poussie, a cat or hare.
Pou't, did pull.
Pout, a pullet, a chick. *He durst not play pout*, he durst not make the least noise or exertion.
Pouther, *powther*, powder; to powder; *pouthery*, like powder; fiery, active.
Pow, the head.
Powhead, a tadpole.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powsowdie, sheep-head broth.
Powt, a slight blow, a poker; to poke, to stir a fire.
Powter, to stir, to dig or scrape as among earth or ashes.
Pratfu', or *pretfu'*, tricky, mischievous, applied to children.
Pratick, practice, art.
Pratts, or *protts*, tricks, rogueries.
Preclair, supereminent, angelically fair.

Pree, or *prie*, a tasting; to taste.
Preen, a pin.
Preeve, or *prieve*, to prove; to taste.
Preevin, or *prievin*, a proving; a tasting.
Prent, print; to print.
Prick, to stick, to set.
Prickit, stuck, set.
Prickmedaintie, a finical person.
Pridefu', full of pride.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to haggle for a reduction of price in buying; *priggin*, the act of haggling.
Primsie, precise, demure.
Prinkle, to feel that pricking or tingling sensation which arises from a stoppage of the circulation of the blood.
Prize up, to force up as if by a lever.
Propine, a gift, or the promise of it; to declare.
Prowan, provender.
Pryme, to fill, to stuff, to prime.
Puddin, a pudding,
Pullishee, a pulley.
Pultrous, lecherous.
Pump, to break wind backwards with noise.
Pund, a pound, in value one shilling and eight pence sterling.
Purff'd, breathing short and with difficulty, in consequence of a full habit or violent exertion.
Purpie, purple.
Put, to push. *To put a stane*, to throw a stone forward from the hand raised over head.
Putten, pushed.
Pyat, or *pyet*, a magpie.
Pyle (*a pyle o' caff*), a single grain of chaff.
Pystle, epistle.

Q

QUAIKIN-ASH, or *Quaukin-aish*, the aspen.
Quair, a quire of paper.
Quairny, in small particles.
Quaite, quiet; *quaitely*, quietly.
Quak, quack, the cry of a duck.
Quarrel, a stone quarry.
Quat, to quit, to relinquish.
Quauk, to quake.
Quech, or *quegh*, a drinking cup with two handles, generally used for ale or beer.
Queen, equally even, exactly joined.
Queir, a choir in a church.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.
Queyet, quiet, rest, tranquillity.
Queyne, or *quean*, a young woman.
Quietlenswise, in a quiet manner.

R

RACK, a frame for holding plate; wreck, ruin.
Rackle-handit, or *raucle-handit*, rash, ready to strike.
Rackless, careless, reckless.
Raff, plenty, abundance.
Raffan, hearty, merry.
Ragg, to rally.
Raggle, to ruffle.
Ragweed, ragwort.
Raible, a rhapsody of nonsense; to rattle nonsense.
Raik, or *rake*, a walk, a stroll; to stroll, to walk. *A raik of water*, as much as is brought from the well at one time.
Raikin, unsettled, greedy.
Raip, or *rape*, a rope.
Rair, a roar; to roar.
Raird, a loud sound; the breaking of wind backwards; a scold; to brag; to bandy ill language; to roar; to break wind backwards.
Raire, to rave.
Raivel, or *raivle*, a railing; to ravel, to protect or surround by railing.
Raivell'd, ravelled, disarranged, intricate.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Rame, a reiteration of words.
Ramfeezl'd, disordered with fatigue.
Ramgunshoch, rugged.
Ramp, a romp; to romp, to stamp about in fury.
Rampage, to rage, to storm.
Rampin', raging.
Rampron-Eel, the lamprey.
Ramstam, thoughtless, forward.
Random-splore, frolic.
Randy, *randie*, a scolding sturdy beggar, a shrew.
Rane, a rote, tedious jargon; to repeat over and over.
Rang, did reign. See *Ring*.
Ranter, to sew a seam across neatly, a roving fellow.
Rantin, joyous.
Rantletree, a wooden beam fixed in the chimney of country houses for suspending any thing over the fire.
Raploch, coarse; coarse woollen cloth.
Rapper, wrapper leather.
Rapple-up, to do work in a hurried and imperfect manner.
Rash, a rush; to rush, to thrust; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Rashen, made of rushes.
Rashes, rushes. See *Thrashes*.
Rashy, rushy, covered.
Rattle, a blow.
Ratton, a rat.
Rauchan, a plaid, a mantle.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless, reckless.
Raught, reached.
Rauk, *rouk*, or *roaky*, fog, foggy, misty.
Rave, tore.
Raw, a row; cold and damp, applied to the weather.
Rax, to stretch; *rax't*, stretched.
Raxes, iron hooks, in which a spit turns.
Ream, cream, froth; to cream, to froth.
Reamin, creaming, brimful, frothing.
Reave, to rove.
Rebute, to repulse; rebuke.
Rede, *redd*, counsel; to counsel, to discourse; to put in order; to comb, to disentangle, to unfold, to separate, to clear up; counselled, cautioned, advised.
Red-peats, burning turfs.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, tipsy; *a ree yaud*, a wild horse.
Reek, smoke; to smoke; to soil with smoke; a quarrel.
Reekie, name given to Edinburgh.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked; smoky, steamed.
Reel, a species of dance once peculiar to Scotland; to go through the figure of the reel.
Reel-rall, confusion; confused.
Reep, to rip.
Reest, or *roost*, to stand restive; to dry in the sun or smoke, applied to smoke.
Reestit, stood restive; stunted, withered; sun dried.
Reif, the itch; rapine.
Reifart, a raddish.
Reif-saw, itch ointment.
Reify, having the itch.
Reiff, or *rief randies*, sturdy beggars.
Reik, reach; to reach, to stretch out the hand.
Reik, or *rink*, the course of the stone in curling.
Reik-out, to rig out.
Reinge, to rinse; to rap hard.
Reingein, hard rapping.
Reissle, or *reessle*, a blow, a crashing fall; to beat soundly, to fall with a crash.
Remead, remedy.
Restrick, to restrict; *restrickit*, restricted.
Retour, a return.
Reuth, pity.
Reve, to rob, to steal.
Rever, a robber.
Rew, repentance, a change of mind; to repent.
Rewth, cause for repentance.
Rice, brushwood.
Richt, right, title; in health; to put in order, to right.
Rickle. See *Ruckle*.
Ride, *rude*, the spawn of frogs.
Rife, or *ryfe*, plenty.
Rift, a belch; to belch.
Rig, a ridge; a frolic, a riot.
Rig-an-fur, ribbing on stockings.
Rigbane, the backbone.
Riggin, the back, the ridge of a house.
Rigglin, a ridgling; a creature with one testicle.
Rigwuddie, or *rigwiddie*, the rope or chain that crosses the saddle of a horse to support the spokes of a cart; spare, withered; one that deserves the gallows.
Rin, a run; to run, to melt; *rinnin'*, running.
Ring, reign; to reign; to wring.
Ringle-e'ed, where there is too much white in the eye.
Rink, the course of the stone in curling on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Ripe, *rype*, to search, to poke.
Ripples, pains in the back and loins; sounds which usher in death.
Ripplin-kame, a flax comb.
Risk, to rasp; to make a noise like the tearing of roots.
Riskit, *risket*, made a noise, as above.
Risp, a rasp; to rasp, to grind the teeth.
Rizzar, to dry in the sun; *rizzart*, dried in the sun.
Rizzars, *rizzarts*, red currants.
Roak, mist; *roaky*, foggy (west country). See *Rauk*, *Roaky*.
Rock, or *roke*, a distaff.
Rockin, a denomination for a friendly visit. In former times young women met with their distaffs, during the winter evenings, to spin and be merry these were called *rockings*.
Roddikin, the fourth stomach of a ruminating animal.
Roklay, a mantle.
Rone, the spout which carries the water down from the roof of a house; a sheep's skin dressed.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural, *roods*.
Roon, a shred, a border or selvage.
Roose, or *ruse*, to flatter, to commend, encourage.
Roos'd, *roused*, praised.
Roore, a rivet; to rivet.

Rottan, a rat.

Roufu', rueful, sorrowful.

Rouk, a rook, a rapacious person; to bereave of every thing, to plunder.

Roukery, a plundering.

Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.

Round, to whisper; *rounder*, a whisperer.

Roup, hoarseness; to rook, to win every thing from a person.

Roupie, or *roupit*, hoarse as with cold.

Roust, rust; to rust; *roustit*, rusted; *rousty*, rusty.

Rout, *rowt*, a multitude; to roar, to low as cattle. See *Rowt*.

Routhie, plentiful; *routhrie*, plenty.

Rove, to rave, to be in a delirium.

Rovin, raving, delirium.

Row, to roll, to wrap; *rowin*, rolling, winding, wrapping up.

Rowans, the fruit of the mountain ash.

Rowan-tree, the mountain ash.

Rown, the roe of a fish.

Rowp, to sell by auction; *rowpin*, an auction, a sale.

Rowpwife, a female auctioneer.

Rowt, a severe blow.

Royd, forward, disorderly.

Roydness, forwardness, wildness.

Rozet, rosin; *rozety*, having rosin upon it, resembling rosin.

Rub, to rob; *rubber*, a robber; *rubbery*, a robbery.

Ruck, a rick.

Ruckle, a quantity of loose materials thrown together—as a *ruckle* of stones. When a person is much wasted in body, he is said to be nothing but a *ruckle* of bones.

Rudas, an old, wrinkled, ill-natured woman.

Rude, the red taint of the complexion; the spawn of frogs.

Ruff, roll of a drum; to roll on a drum.

Rug, a good bargain; to pull, to tug, to tear.

Rugh, rough.

Rugh-rider, a horse-breaker.

Rullions, coarse shoes.

Rummle, to stir about, to rumble.

Rummlegairy, disorderly.

Rummlegumption, *rumble-gumption*, rough common sense.

Rumple, the rump, the tail.

Run-deils, downright devils.

Rung, a cudgel.

Runkle, a wrinkle, a crease; to wrinkle, to crease.

Runsh, to crunch.

Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage; an opprobrious epithet to a woman.

Ruser, a boaster.

Rushie, a riot.

Ruth, sorrow.

Ruther, a rudder.

Ryce, brushwood.

Ryke, to reach.

Rype, to search a pocket, to stir a fire, &c.

S

SAB, to sob; *sabbit*, sobbed.

Sabbin, *sobbin*, sobbing.

Sad, *sadden*, to grow solid, to consolidate.

Sae, so.

Saebins, since it is so; provided that.

Saem, *swine's saem*, hog's tallow.

Saft, soft; *saftly*, softly.

Saikless, innocent.

Sain, *saint*, to bless, to consecrate.

Saip, soap; *saipman*, soap-maker.

Sair, a sore; to serve; *sair't*, served; *sairly*, sorely; *sair head*, a headache.

Sairin, as much as satisfies one; an alms.

Sairy, *sairie*, poor, silly, used as a term of kindness or pity.

Sal, *sall*, shall.

Sandel, a smelt or sparling.

Sang, a song; *by my sang*, a petty oath.

Saps, sops.

Sark, a shirt, a shift; *sarkin*, coarse linen shirting; *sarkit*, provided with shirts.

Sauf, safe; to save; except.

Saugh, the willow; *saughen*, of willow; *saugh woodies*, withes made of willows.

Saugher, to walk and act in a lifeless, inactive manner; *saughrin*, inactive, lifeless.

Saul, soul; *saulless*, spiritless, dastardly.

Sault, costly, expensive, of serious consequence.

Saumont, salmon.

Saun, sand; *saun-blin*, purblind, short-sighted.

Saunt, *sauntit*, a saint; to vanish.

Saur, a smell, a savour; to smell, to savour.

Saut, salt; to salt; *sautfit*, a salt holder; *sautit*, salted; *saut-backets*, salt boxes.

Saw, salve, plaister; to sow.

Sax, six; *saxpence*, a sixpence; *saxt*, the sixth.

Scail, *skail*, to depart, to scatter, to spill, to dismiss; *scailwin'*, a sudden occurrence, which occasions a dispersion.

Scaith, harm, to harm; *scaithless*, harmless.

Scance, a hasty survey in the mind, a glance; to shine, to taunt or reproach.

Scantlins, scarcely.

Scart, a scratch; a niggard; to scratch; *scart-free*, without injury or expense.

Scaud, a scald; to scald; the appearance of light; *scaud o' day*, the day-break.

Scauld, a scold, a termagant; to scold.

Scaum, a burn; to singe.

Scaur, a scare; to scare; a precipitous bank of earth which the stream has washed red.

Scaw'd, scabbed.

Scawl, a scold.

Scawp, the scalp, a bare piece of dry stony ground.

Sclatch, a bespattering with mire, &c.

Sclate, a slate.

Sclate-pen, a slate-pen.

Sclater, a slater; a small insect of the beetle species.

Sclent, a slant, an obliquity, a squint; to slant, to squint.

Scob, to cut in the manner a cheese is proved before sale; to take long stitches in sewing; to dip the shuttle in weaving, so as the woof appears above the warp. The cloth is then said to be *scobbed*.

Scobs, onions, which having begun to vegetate, are then planted.

Scodgie, a female drudge about a kitchen.

Scog, to shelter, to shun.

Scomfish, or *scomfisht*, to be sickened by bad air or heavy meat. It implies the sensation of loathing with a degree of suffocation.

Scone, a kind of bread.

Sconner, *scunner*, a loathing; to loathe.

Scool, *skool*, a shoal of fish.

Score, a scratch; to scratch, to furrow as with the point of a nail.

Scorn, to jeer one about a sweetheart. Two young people talked of as intending to marry, are said to be *scorned* with each other.

Scot, an assessment.

Scour, a hearty drink; to run or walk quickly.

Scour-aff, to drink off heartily and quickly.

Scout, a syringe; to eject any liquid forcibly.

Scowp, scope, plenty of room; to skip.

Scowry, tattered, shabby in appearance; showery and windy.

Scowther, a hasty toasting, so as to burn; to burn slightly.

Scraigh, *scraich*, or *screigh*, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.

Scrat, a small fish, a disparaging term to a puny little child.

Screed. See *Skreed*.

Scrieve, a piece of writing; to move in furious career.

Scrimmish, or *scrimmage*, a skirmish.

Scrimp, to scant; *scrimpet*, did scant, scanty.

Scrimply, scarcely.

Scroggy, *scroggie*, thorny, briary; *scroggs*, thorns, briars.

Scrufe, scurf.

Scruiby, the scurvy; *scruibily*, scurvily.

Scruiby-garse, scurvy grass.

Scud, foam or froth; to raise froth or foam upon.

Scud-aff, to drink any thing quickly.

Scuds, a chastisement, a beating; to beat, to whip.

Scuff, a shove with the foot in walking, a slight touch or graze in passing an object, or in being passed by it; to shove or scrape with the shoe in walking; to tarnish by wearing; to treat a subject superficially.

Scuffy, shabby.

Scug, a shelter; to give shelter to, to avoid, to shun; to take advantage of a shelter, to conceal one's self, to crouch or turn aside in order to avoid a blow.

Sculduddery, *sculduddrie*, fornication, obscene talk.

Scull, a basket.

Scum, a worthless person; to skim.

Scutch, a beating, a dusting; to whip, to beat, to dust as in beating clothes before brushing.

See'd, did see.

Seeds, the husks of oatmeal.

Seek, to ooze, to leak.

Seelfu, pleasant.

Seenle, seldom.

Seep, to leak, to ooze.

Seg, to set the teeth on edge.

Segg, or *seggan*, the blue and yellow water flower-de-luce.

Seizin', seizing.

Sel', self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone.

Sel't, sold.

Semple, the commonalty; in common life.

Sen', to send.

Servan', servant.

Sess, an assessment.

Set, disposed, inclined; to let in hire, to become, to fit; *set-aff*, to go away, to put away; *set-out*, to set out by ornament or contrast; to embellish.

Settin, becoming, suitable.

Settlin, a settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frightened into quietness.

Settrell, thickset.

Shachl't, distorted, shapeless.

Shairn, cows' dung; *shairny*, befouled with cow's dung.

Shake-doun, a temporary bed made on the floor.

Shangie, or *shangan*, a cloven stick fastened to the tail of a dog.

Shank, the shaft of a coal pit; to walk, to run; *shankit*, walk it; *shanks*, legs.

Shanks-naigie (*to ride on*), to walk on foot.

Shanna, shall not.

Shargie, shrivelled, thin; *sharginess*, thinness.

Shaughle, *shauchle*, to shove in walking; to walk lamely, inactively, sillily, or as if the shoes were too large for the feet.

Shaughle-bane, or *shackle-bane*, the bone of the wrist.

Shaul, or *shawl*, shallow.

Shave, a slice, as of bread.

Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber.

Shavie, an ill turn.

Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow; *shawn*, shown.

Shawp, to shell; *shawps*, husks.

Shawpit, shelled, deprived of the husk.

Shaws, the branches of potatoes, leaves of turnips, &c.

Shear, to divide, to part, to reap.

Shearer, a reaper.

Shearin', the act of reaping.

Shed, to divide, to separate.

Sheep-shank. *To think one's self nae sheep-shank*, to be conceited.

Sheilin', a hut.

Sheilin-seeds, the husks of grain.

Sheilins, grain which has been freed from the husks.

Sheltie, or *shaltie*, a small horse.

Sherra-Muir, Sheriff-Moor, the famous battle that was fought in the rebellion, 1715.

Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.

Shiel, a shed; *shealing*, a shepherd's cottage.

Shill, shrill, chill.

Shilpie, a pale, sickly, shrivelled person.

Shilpit-milk, milk beginning to turn acid.

Shinty, a sort of game of Golf; only that in this game it is the object of one party to strike the ball the one way, and that of the opposite party the contrary—Scots Racket.

Shire, to pour off liquor from the dregs; clear, thin, applied to liquids.

Shirey, conceited, proud.

Shit, a term of contempt to a puny little child.

Shog, a shove, a shock; to shake backward and forward, to jog.

Shog-bog, a bog, a quagmire or marsh, where the roots of grass on its surface are so interwoven as to permit the sward to be walked on without sinking.

Shoggle, to joggle.

Shoggly, insecure in footing, that may be moved from side to side.

Shool, a shovel, a shove; to shovel.

Shoon, shoes; soon.

Shoot, a push; to push.

Shoot-by, to put off, to defer.

Shore, to offer, to threaten.

Shot, a stroke in play, a move in chess or draughts; shooting into seed.

Shottle, or *shuttle*, a small drawer.

Shou, to frighten away by noise or gesture.

Shouther, the shoulder; to jostle with the shoulder.

Shrew, to curse.

Shuggy-shou. See *Shou*.

Shure, sure, certain, steady, surely; did shear, shore.

Sib, a-kin, related; *sibness*, relationship.

Sic, or *sick*, such.

Sicht, sight; to inspect narrowly.

Sichtly, personable.

Sicken, such.

Sicker, sure, severe, parsimonious, griping.

Sickerly, severely, parsimoniously.

Sic-like, of the same kind.

Sic-wise, in such a manner.

Sidelins, sideways.

Sike, a sink, a drain, a small run of water.

Siller, silver, money.

Siller weed, silver mug.

Simmer, summer.

Sin, the sun; a son.

Sin', since.

Sinacle, the smallest quantity.

Sing, to singe; *sing't*, singed.

Sinsyne, since that time.

Sirken't, lifeless, inactive, afraid of pain.

Sirple, to drink sippingly.

Sit on, when any food is preparing by boiling, and is left unstirred, so as to adhere to the bottom of the pot, it is said to *sit on*.

Sitherwood, southern-wood.

Sithes, or *sythes*, chives.

Sive, to drain, to searce; *siver*, a drain, a sewer.

Skaif, a shabby person, a worthless fellow.

Skail. See *Scail*.

Skair, a share; to share.

Skate, a little-worth boy or girl.

Skeelie, slate pen.

Skeenie, or *Skeengie*, small twine.

Skeigh, *skeich*, skittish, spirited, proud.

Skellum, a worthless fellow.

Skelly, to squint, to look awry.

Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart blow.

Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.

Skelpin, *skelpit*, striking; walking rapidly, literally striking the ground.

Skelve, to separate into laminæ; a thin slice.

Skep, to escape.

Skep-in, to get into acquaintance, to lie together, to become familiar.

Skepp, a bee-hive.

Skiff, a shove or scrape with the foot in walking; to go with a light easy shoving step; to make a flat stone skip along the surface of the water.

Skift, a flying shower.

Skillet, a small bell.

Skilly, skilful.

Skink, a kind of broth; to fill liquor frequently out of one vessel into another, as if to mix.

Skinkle, to shine, to sparkle, to glitter.

Skinklin, *skinkin*, thin, gauzy; a small portion.

Skirl, a shriek, a cry; to shriek, to cry as a child.

Skirlin, shrieking, crying.

Skirl't, shrieked.

Skit, a contemptuous designation for a female.

Sklent, slant, a wry look; to run aslant; to deviate from truth.

Sklented, ran, or hit in an oblique direction.

Sklice, a slice; to slice.

Skouth, vent, free action.

Skrae, a thin meagre creature.

Skranky, slender.

Skreed, a lie; a piece torn off; the noise made in rending; a large piece; a tedious oration; a rent; to lie; to rend.

Skreed-aff, to perform any thing quickly—generally applied to reading or writing.

Skreigh, a scream; to scream—the first cry uttered by a child.

Skreigh-o'-day, the day-break.

Skreinge, to run forcibly; to rinse, to whip, to beat.

Skreingin, a beating, a whipping.

Skrimmish, a skirmish; to skirmish.

Skurrivaig, a vagabond; to wander about idly.

Skwype, a tear, a rend; to rend.

Skyre, to glance, to shine.

Skyrin, shining; making a great show.

Skytch, to skate.

Skyte, a smart stroke as with the back of the hand on the face; to glide swiftly, to shoot; to fly off or against any thing with a spring; to squirt the spittle forcibly through the teeth.

Slab, a lubberly fellow; *slabber*, a slovenly dirty fellow; to besmear, as a child does his clothes in taking soup.

Slade, did slide.

Slae, a sloe.

Slaid, a heavy, inactive, unwieldy person.

Slaik, a lick, a slabbering kiss; to lick, to kiss in a slabbering manner.

Slairg, to bedaub.

Slairy, a portion of the bedaubing matter.

Slaister, same as *slairy*.

Slap, a gap, a breach in a hedge or wall; *slaps*, slops.

Slash, a slabbering kiss; to kiss in a slabbering manner.

Slashy, wet and dirty.

Slaw, slow; *slawly*, slowly.

Slee, sly, cunning; *sleest*, sliest.

Sleekit, or *sleek*, smooth, designing, sly, cunning.

Slid, slippery, wheedling, smooth and cunning in manner and conversation; *slidder*, to slip; *sliddery*, slippery.

Slim-o'er, to do any thing with careless hurry, to finish superficially.

Slink, a sheep, calf, or kid, cast before the time, or taken from the *matrix* after the death of the mother.

Slip, a certain quantity of reeled yarn.

Slocken, *sloken*, to quench a fire; to slack thirst.

Slooter, or *slutter*, a lumpish inactive person.

Slootery, or *sluttery*, slovenly.

Slott, a bolt; to bolt.

Slubber, to take soft food, to make a noise in drawing it into the mouth.

Slunk, a slough.

Slush, a puddle; *slushy*, miry.

Sluthhund, a bloodhound.

Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough; *slypet*, fell.

Sma', small.

Smack, kiss.

Smaik, a mean scurvy fellow.

Smash, a blow, a stroke by a violent fall, the state of being dashed to pieces; to dash in pieces, to beat soundly.

Smatchert, a term of contempt to a child.

Smawly, small, little.

Smeary, to besmear.

Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense, sagacity.

Smeek, smoke, a quarrel, high words; to smoke any thing; to dry by smoke; to emit smoke.

Smergh, marrow, energy, sense, virtue.
Smicker, to smile fawningly.
Smiddy, *smiddie*, a smithy, a smith's work shop.
Smirtle, to smile bashfully, or as if endeavouring to conceal it.
Smit, to infect; *smittie*, infectious.
Smoor, or *smore*, a smothering; to smother, to suffer smothering; *smoored*, smothered.
Smoukie, a little, cunning, fawning child.
Smourock, a kiss as if taken in a concealed manner.
Smouty, *smoutie*, smutty, obscene, ugly; *smouty phiz*, sooty aspect.
Smowt, a small fish; a trifling little boy or girl.
Smudge, to laugh in one's sleeve.
Smug, to kiss as if smuggling or concealing it.
Smurr, a thick small rain; to drizzle.
Smytry, *smytrie*, a numerous collection of small creatures.
Snab, a professional epithet used among shoemakers, and applied as a designation of one of the craft, as chip is among carpenters.
Snack, a snap, a slight repast; severe, sharp, ready-witted; to snap as a dog.
Snackly, sharply, smartly.
Snakin, exulting and sneering.
Snapper, a blunder, a stumble, an error; to stumble, to err in conduct.
Snaps, small round cakes of ginger bread.
Snap-up, to devour hastily; to take one short in speaking, to interrupt hastily in catching at an expression.
Snash, abusive language, a blow; to use testy and abusive language; to make a snap at.
Snashtry, trifles, extravagant unnecessary eatables.
Snashy, testy.
Snaw, snow; to snow.
Snaw-broo, snow water.
Snawy, *snawie*, snowy.
Sneck, a latch, the latch of a door; to put a door on the latch.
Sneck-drawer, *snick-drawer*, an artful designing person; *sneck-drawing*, addicted to over-reaching, cunning, designing.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sned besoms, to cut brooms.
Sneddins, cuttings.
Sneer, a snort; to draw the breath strongly through the nose.
Sneeshin, snuff; *sneeshin-mill*, a snuff-box.
Sney, an incision, a cutting off, a notch; to cut off, to snip.
Sneist, a sneering or testy taunt.
Sneist, or *sneyst*, to taunt in a testy manner; to jeer.
Snell, sharp, cold, ill-natured, bitter; *snelly*, sharply, coldly, ill-naturedly, bitterly; *snellest*, bitterest.
Snib, a bolt, a reproof, a preventive; to bolt, to catch, to cut off, to force, to abandon.
Snick-drawer. See *Sneck-drawer*.
Sniffle, to trifle; *snifflin*, trifling.
Snifter, a canine distemper, in which the creature is affected with a difficulty of breathing through the nose; to breathe through the nose with difficulty.
Snirt, or *snirtle*, concealed laughter; to breathe through the nostrils in a displeased manner.
Snod, neat, trim; to trim, to prune, to lop, to put in order.
Snoit, snot; to blow the nose hastily.
Snoke, a snuffing or smelling at; to snuff, to smell at.
Snood, a portion of a hair line for fishing; a ribbon for binding the head, and tying up the hair; to tie up the hair, or bind the head with a snood.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak.
Snoran, *snorin*, snoring.
Snowk, to scent or snuff as a dog, &c.; *snowkit*, scented, snuffed.
Soaky, or *socky*, a fat unwieldy person.
Soam, or *soum*, the air-bladder of a fish.
Sober, ailing, mean, insignificant, weak, poor; to depress, to keep under.
Sock, a ploughshare.
Sodds. See *Sunks*.
Sodger, a soldier.
Sonse, luck, prosperity; *sonsie*, having sweet engaging looks; lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, or *sowth*, truth.
Sorrow, an opprobrious term applied to a child.
Sorrow-raip, a rope laid over the shoulders for supporting the shafts of a hand-barrow.
Soss, flummery, any kind of stew or fricassee, a soft heavy fall; to fall as a heavy soft substance.
Sotter, to simmer.
Sough, a heavy sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
Souk, a suck; to suck; *soukies*, the flower of the clover.
Soukin, sucking.
Soun', sound; a sound; to sound.
Soup, a sweep; to sweep.
Souple, the lower part of the flail; supple; to supple.
Sour-milk, butter-milk.
Sourocks, the leaves of the sorrel.
Sour-ploums, a sulky person.
Souter, a shoe-maker.
Souther, to solder.
Sowens, or *sowns*, the fine flower remaining amongst the seeds of oatmeal made into a pudding.
Sowp, a spoonful.
Sowth, hum, whisper.
Spae, to tell fortunes; *spae-man*, a male fortune teller.
Spaik, spoke; did speak.
Spaiks, the wooden bars on which a coffin is carried to the place of interment.
Spail, or *spale*, a chip, a shaving of wood, a thin portion of grease which sometimes curls on a burning candle, and is considered ominous of death.
Spain, *spean*, to wean.
Spairan, *spairin*, spairing.
Spairge, a quantity of the bedaubing matter; to besprinkle, to dash water or mire, or any liquid, on any person or thing.
Spang, a span; to span.
Spangie, boss-and-span, a game among children.
Spark, a spot, as of ink or mire; to spot, to bespatter.
Sparlin', or *spirlin'*, the smelt.
Spat, a spot.
Spaul, or *spawl*, a limb.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Speel, a climb; to climb.
Speer, *spier*, to ask a question; *speerin*, inquiring, asking.
Speet, to spit, thrust through.
Spelder, to tear open, to cut up and stretch asunder.
Speldins, or *speldrins*, dried haddocks.
Spence, the parlour of a farm house or cottage.
Spend, to spring.
Spice, pride, sauciness, conceitedness; a small quantity.
Spicy, proud, saucy, conceited.
Spill, to spoil, to destroy.
Spindle, a certain quantity of spun yarn.
Spink, a pink.
Spinnin-graith, wheel and roke and lint.
Splatter, a splutter; to splutter.
Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch, a purse of animal's skin.
Splinder, a splinter; to splinter.
Splinder-new, quite new.
Splore, noisy merriment, a frolic.
Spoolie, or *spoolzie*, spoil, plunder; to spoil, to plunder.
Sprackle, or *sprachle*, to clamber; *sprachled*, scrambled.
Sprainqs, tints, shades of colour.
Spraing't, shaded, streaked.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckle, to speckle; *spreckled*, spotted, speckled.
Spree, an innocent frolic; fine, showy, trim.
Sprig, a small nail without a head.
Spring, a cheerful tune.
Sprit, *spret*, a tough-rooted plant, like rushes.
Sprit-new, quite new.
Sprittie, full of sprits.
Sproosle, an anxious bustle, a hurried exertion.
Sprose, a boast, a brag, a dashing frolic, an ostentatious appearance; *sproser*, a braggart.
Sprush, neat, tidy, fine, trim.
Sprush-up, to dress up, to make neat.
Spung, the breeches pocket, a watch fob, a purse; to pick one's pocket.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit, spirit, spark, a brimstone match.
Spunkie, mettlesome, spirited; will-o'-wisp, or ignis fatuus.
Spunk-out, to come to light.
Spurt, a revival, a communication of energy, an incitement, a spur, an impulse.
Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge; *spurtle-blade*, the sword.
Squatter, to dash through the water like a duck, skimming it, and fluttering with its wings.
Squattle, to sprawl, to make such an exertion as a duck does in shallow water.
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
Stab, a stake; to stake, to surround with stakes.
Stack, a rick; to put up in a rick.
Stack-yaird, the inclosure in which stacks are erected.
Staggie, the diminutive of stag.
Staig, a young horse.
Stainsh, staunch.
Stainsher, an iron stanchion or bar.
Stammer, to stagger.
Stammock, the stomach.
Stamp, a trap.
Stance, a station.

Stand, to cost.

Stane, a stone; made of stone.

Stane-cast, such a distance as a stone may be thrown.

Stane-chacker, the bird stone-chatter.

Stang, sting; did sting; also a long pole, used anciently in a particular manner for punishment. To ride the *stang* on any person, is to raise the pole, mentioned above, on the shoulders of two people, a third gets up on it, and publishes the crime of the offender.

Stank, a pool of stagnant water.

Stap, a step; a stop, a hindrance; a push, a thrust; to step, to hinder, to stop, to give over, to push.

Stappit, stepped, stopped, thrust, hindered.

Stapple, a stopple.

Staps (*to go to*), to turn quite infirm, to go into staves as a dry cask.

Stark, stout; arrant, very.

Starn, stern; the stern of a ship; a star; a single grain.

Staucher, or *stacher*, to reel, to stagger.

Stauf, a staff.

Staulk, a stalk; to stalk.

Staulkin, stalking, walking disdainfully without an aim.

Staummer, to stagger, to stammer in speech; *staumrel*, foolish, stammering in speech.

Staun, or *stan'*, a stand; to stand.

Staund, a barrel set on end.

Stave, to walk inconsiderately, to enter a place forwardly and thoughtlessly. *To go to staves*, to go to ruin.

Staw, a surfeit; to surfeit; *staw*, or *staw'd*, did steal.

Staw, or *sta'*, a stall for cattle.

Stead, an impression; as *Fitstead*, the print of the foot.

Steadin, a situation for building.

Stech, *stegh*, to cram the belly, &c., a confused mass.

Stechin, cramming; *stecht*, crammed.

Steek, a stitch of a needle; to stitch; to close, to shut; *steekit*, stitched, shut, closed.

Steer, a stir; to stir, to trouble, to touch, to meddle with.

Steeve, or *steive*, firm, fast; *steevely*, firmly.

Stell, a still; to distil.

Sten' or *stend*, to bolt, to spring suddenly and forcibly; to rear on end as a horse.

Stent, a task; a limit; an assessment; to stint, to limit, to assess, to stretch out. *To be on the stent*, to be on the stretch.

Stew, a vapour, a stench; to stench.

Stewgs, rusty nails.

Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.

Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.

Stichle, to snore; *stichlin*, snoring.

Stick, a stoppage, an impediment; to botch, to bungle; to spoil in the execution.

Stick an' stow, totally, altogether.

Sticket, stopped, hindered.

Sticks (*go to*), to go to ruin.

Stiffening, starch made up for clear starching.

Stimpart, the fourth part of a peck, or the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.

Stinkan, foul smelling.

Stirk, a young cow or bull.

Stirling, the bird starling.

Stirrah, an appellation of reproach to a boy.

Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.; to become benumbed. *Stock of a bed*, the fore part of a bed frame.

Stock-an-horn, a shepherd's pipe, formed of a reed stuck into a horn.

Stockin', a stocking. *Throwing the stockin'*—When the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it falls on is the next that will be married.

Stoit, to walk like one infirm.

Stoiter, a stagger, a reel; to stagger, to stammer.

Stook, *stouk*, a shock of corn; to put up into shocks; *stooked*, made into shocks.

Stoopie, a wooden water-pitcher.

Stoor, sounding hollow, hoarse, austere.

Storm-sted, or *storm-steddit*, stopped by a storm.

Stot, a young ox.

Stott, the act of rebounding; to strike a ball against any thing so as to make it rebound.

Stou, a shred, a slice; to crop, to cut a slice from.

Stouins, croppings of coleworts or cabbages.

Stound, sudden pang of the heart.

Stoup, a post, a support.

Stoup-an-roup, the whole of a thing.

Stour, or *stowre*, dry dust, also dust when in motion by the wind, &c.; a battle, a riot.

Stowfie, thick and short; a thick and short person, generally applied to a child.

Stowlins, *stownlins*, by stealth.

Stown, *stoun*, stolen.

Stowp, or *stoup*, a kind of jug with a handle, a spirit measure, a wooden water pitcher.

Stowth, stealth.

Stoyte, the walking of a drunken man.

Strack, did strike.

Strae, straw. *To die a fairstrae death*, to die in bed, not by violence.

Straik, a stroke, a blow; to stroke, to strike.

Straikin, coarse linen.

Straikins, the refuse of flax.

Straikit, stroked.

Straikit-measure, exact measure.

Stramash, a riot, a broil.

Stramullyuch, cross, sour, ill-natured.

Strand, the water-way on the sides of a street.

Strang, strong.

Strappin, tall and alert, bouncing, stately.

Strath, a plain by a river side, a valley.

Straught, straight, direct; the state of being straight; to straighten. *It's aff the straught*, it is off the straight line.

Stravaig, to wander as if without any object, to stroll idly.

Strave, did strive.

Streamers, the northern lights, or Aurora Borealis.

Streek, a stretch; to stretch a thing, to stretch one's self; *streekin*, stretching.

Streen (*the*), last night.

Strick, rapid as a river; a handful of flax.

Striddle, to straddle.

Strideleys, astraddle; *stridelins*, astride.

String, to hang with a rope.

Strinkle, to sprinkle, to strew.

Stroan, to spout, to piss.

Stroot, or *strute*, intoxicated, stuffed full.

Stroup, the spout of any thing.

Strum, a fit of sulkiness; sulky.

Strunge, harsh, strong tasted.

Strunt, spirituous liquor; a fit of ill-humour or sulkiness; to walk sturdily, to strut. *To tak the strunt*, to become pettish or sulky.

Struve, did strive.

Studdy, *studdie*, an anvil.

Stuff, corn, or any grain unthreshed.

Stumle, a stumble; to stumble.

Stump, to halt.

Stumpie, stout, thick and short.

Stunkart, a stinking person.

Sturt, trouble.

Sturtin, frighted.

Styan, or *stye*, a small tuberele on the eyelid.

Styme, a little sight, a small knowledge of any thing.

Sucken, legally astricted, the jurisdiction of a mill.

Sucker, sugar; to sugar; a term of fondness; *suckert*, fondled.

Suddle, to soil, to sully.

Sugh. See *Sough*.

Sumph, a blockhead; *sumphish*, blockish, stupid, doltish.

Sunday's-claes, dress for going to church in.

Sune, soon.

Sung, singed.

Sunk, the back of the fire; a seat of turf.

Sunken, sullen, sour.

Sunks, a kind of pad used in place of a saddle.

Suthron, southern.

Swabble, to beat.

Swack, a hearty drink; a forcible throw; to drink deep or in haste; to throw with force.

Swage, to assuage.

Swaird, sward.

Swall, to swell; *swall'd*, swelled; *swallin*, a swelling.

Swally, to swallow.

Swamp, slender.

Swank, limber, tall and agile.

Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.

Swap, an exchange; to exchange.

Swarf, or *swerf*, a swoon; to swoon.

Swarfed, swooned.

Swash, a dash, a blow; fuddled.

Swat, did sweat.

Swatch, a pattern, a sample.

Swatts, small beer.

Sweatin, sweating.

Swecht,, burden, weight. force.

Swee, the crane over a fire, from which any thing is suspended; to incline to one side, to move as on a crane; *swee-bauk*, a balance beam. *To be on the swee-bauks*, to be verging towards bankruptcy.

Sweel, to swath, to swaddle.

Sweer, or *sweert*, lazy, averse, unwilling, slow; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse.

Sweet-breeds, the diaphragm in animals.

Sweeties, confections.

Swelt, suffocated.

Swingein, large, big; a whipping, a beating.

Swinke, to labour hard.

Swirl, a curl, a circle, an eddy, a whirling motion; *swirlie*, knaggy, full of knots.

Swith, quickly, instantly, get away, make haste.

Swither, a doubt, the state of irresolution; to hesitate in forming an opinion or resolution.

Swoor, or *swure*, did swear.

Sybie, or *sybow*, a young onion.

Synde, to rinse, to clear wash.

Syne, after that, since, ago, then.

T

TACK, hold ; a lease.

Tackets, broad-headed nails for the heels of shoes.

Tackit, or *tongue-tackit*, a particular conformation of the tongue, where the frenum extends so far towards the point of it, as to impede the action of sucking.

Tackle, an arrow.

Tack-on, to buy on credit.

Tack-the-gate, to set off, to depart.

Tack-wi', or *tack-with*, to acknowledge ; to kindle.

Tae, the toe ; *three-tae'd*, having three prongs ; *the tae half*, the one half.

Tae-ee, a pet, a fondling.

Taen, one, contrasted with *tither*.

Tag, the tie of a shoe.

Taggit, when the upper garment, a gown or frock, is shorter than the petticoat under it, the woman is said to be *taggit*, *tag-tailed*, or *tig-tailed*.

Taid, a toad.

Taigle, to hinder, to delay.

Taikle, tackle.

Tailie, or *tylie*, a slice, a junt, as of beef.

Tairge, a target.

Taisle, a tassel.

Tait, or *tate*, a small quantity.

Taivers, tatters, as boiled to *taivers*, boiled to tatters.

Taivert, foolish, half-witted.

Tak, to take ; *takin*, taking.

Tale-pyet, a tell-tale.

Tallon, tallow ; to grease with tallow.

Tandle, a bonfire.

Tane-awa, a wasted infant.

Tangles, icicles.

Tangs, the tongs.

Tantrums, whimsies, high airs.

Tap, the top ; a child's spinning top.

Tap, or *lint-tap*, lint on the distaff.

Tap-castle, the upper part of a weaver's loom.

Tape, to use sparingly, to spare in the using.

Tapetless, thoughtless, headless.

Tappie-tousie, a game among children ; a bushy head of hair.

Tappit, having a top ; *tappit-hen*, a hen with a tuft of feathers on her head ; a quart measure, in allusion to the knob on the lid.

Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy.

Targe them tightly, cross question them closely.

Targets, tatters.

Tarrow, a loathing ; to loathe, to turn from meat or drink with disgust.

Tarry-breeks, a sailor.

Tarry-finger'd, or *tarry-handit*, given to pilfering.

Tartan, a cloth now well known ; the Scottish Lowland or Highland dialect, Highland manner or custom.

Tartle, to hesitate in a bargain ; *to tartle at one*, to appear not to know him.

Tash, a blemish, the appearance of having been used ; to tarnish, to render the worse of wear.

Tass, a small cup for drinking from, without any regard to its shape or composition.

Tassie, a small measure for liquor.

Tatter-wallaps, rags, tatters.

Tauch, tallow ; to grease ; *tauchy*, greasy.

Tauk, talk ; to talk.

Tauld, or *tald*, told.

Taupie, *tawpie*, a foolish or childish young person.

Taut, to mat ; *tauty*, or *tautit*, matted together, spoken of wool.

Taw, a favourite marble among boys ; to handle, to pull.

Tawie, that allows itself to be handled freely.

Taws, a whip, a scourge.

Tawtie, a potatoe.

Teat, a small quantity.

Ted, to spread, to scatter, to ravel, to entangle ; scattered, entangled.

Tedding, spreading after the mower.

Tee, thee ; the goal in curling, a mark set up in playing at quoits.

Tee-hee, a burst of laughter ; to burst out into laughter.

Teeger, tiger.

Teen, or *tynd*, anger, sorrow.

Teens, the tens in a person's age, as thirteen, &c.

Teet, a peep ; to peep.

Teethless-bawtie, toothless cur.

Teethless-gab, a mouth wanting the teeth, an expression of scorn.

Temmin, taminy, a woollen stuff.

Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon.

Tensum, ten together.

Tent, a field pulpit ; care, heed ; to take care of. *To tak tent*, to beware of, to take heed.

Tentie, heedful, cautious ; *tentily*, cautiously, carefully ; *tentless*, careless, incautious.

Teuch, or *teugh*, tough ; *teuchly*, toughly.

Teuk, took.

Teynd, to tithe ; *teynds*, tithes.

Thack, thatch ; *thack an' rape*, covered, secured from rain.

Thae, these.

Thafts, the benches of a boat on which the rowers sit.

Thairm, or *therm*, catgut for fiddle-strings.

Thane, not well roasted or boiled.

Thankit, *thanket*, thanked ; did thank.

The, used as to, or this, in English ; *the day*, to-day, this day.

Thee, or *theigh*, the thigh.

Theek, to thatch ; *theeker*, a thatcher ; *theekit*, thatched.

Thegither, together.

Theirsel', *theirsels*, *themsel*, *themsels*, themselves.

Thereanent, concerning that.

Thereintill, therein.

Thereout, without.

Theretill, thereto.

Thick, intimate, familiar.

Thieveless, forbidding, cold, indifferent, repulsive.

Thig, to borrow, to beg ; *thiggar*, crowding, making a noise ; a seeker of alms.

Think-shame, be ashamed.

Thir, these here, used only of things at hand.

Thirl, a thrill ; to thrill.

Thissle, *thrissle*, a thistle.

Thocht, a thought ; a small quantity ; *thochtfu'*, or *thochty*, thoughtful.

Thole, to suffer, to endure.

Thon, yon ; *thonder*, yonder.

Thoum, or *thoumb*, the thumb.

Thou's, thou art.

Thowe, a thaw ; to thaw.

Thowl, the notch in the side of a boat in which the oar acts.

Thowless, inactive, feeble, silly.

Thowl-pins, pieces of wood, or iron, which prevent the oar from leaving the *thowl*.

Thrang, throng ; a crowd.

Thrapple, throat, the windpipe ; to throttle.

Thrash, a stroke ; a rush ; to thresh, to beat ; *thrashes*, rushes.

Thrave, throve, thrived ; in husbandry, twenty-four sheaves, or two shocks of corn.

Thraw, a twist, a twine, a cross, a contradiction, a throe, a sprain ; to twist, to cross, to contradict.

Thrawart, cross-tempered.

Thrawin, twisting, &c. ; *thrawn*, crossed, twisted, twined.

Threed, thread ; to thread.

Three-neukit, three-cornered, triangular.

Threep, or *threap*, to maintain by dint of assertion.

Threesum, three together.

Threshin, thrashing ; *threshin-tree*, a flail.

Thretteen, thirteen ; *threttent*, the thirteenth ; *thretty*, thirty ; *thrid*, the third.

Thrimmle, to press through with difficulty.

Thrist, thirst.

Thrivin, thriving.

Throch, to carry through, to accomplish ; *throch-stane*, a grave-stone.

Throost, thrust.

Througang, a passage through.

Througawn, that goes through labour without shrinking or being disheartened ; persevering in toil.

Through, to go on with, to make out.

Throw'ther, confused, distempered, out of order.

Thrum, sound of a spinning wheel in motion ; the thread remaining at the end of a web.

Thud, a blow, an instantaneous gust of wind beating against an object ; to strike, to beat upon with intermitting gusts.

Thumble, a thimble.

Thummart. See *Foumart*.

Thumpit, thumped.

Thurst, a thrust, a push, a stab ; to drive, to stab ; to push or thrust, to intrude.

Thysel, thyself.

Tick, a dot ; a click ; to dot, to click as a watch.

Ticket, a blow.

Tid, humour, time.

Tift, order, health, condition ; quarrel.

Tig, a gentle stroke ; to strike gently.

Tig-tow, to strike gently, backwards and forwards, to pat reciprocally.

Till't, to it.

Time-about, alternately.

Timmer, timber.

Timmer-tuned, having an unmusical voice.

Tine, *tyne*, to lose ; *tint*, lost.

Tinkler, a tinker.

Tip or *tippenny*, ale at twopence per bottle.

Tip, a ram ; to fashion, to point with iron.

Tippence, twopence.

Tippenize, to drink tippenny.

Tir, or *tirl*, to tap or rap gently ; to uncover, to tear off as a storm does a thatch roof.

Tirlass, a woven wire frame, a lattice ; to lattice ; *tirlassed*, latticed.

Tirlin, or *tirlet*, uncovering.
Tirly-whirly, a whirligig.
Tirrivee, a hasty fit of passion.
Tither, the other.
Titlin, the hedge-sparrow.
Tittle, a whisper; to whisper, to prate idly; *tittlin*, whispering.
Titty, sister.
To, close.
Tocher, marriage portion; *tocher-bands*, marriage bonds.
Tod, or *tod-lowrie*, a fox. *Tod i' the fauld*, fox in the fold.
Tod, a pet, a fit of sulkiness.
Todle, *toddle*, a rocking motion like that of a child in walking, the wimpling run of a small stream; to move in walking with a rocking motion; *todlin*, rocking, wimpling.
To-look-to, a support, something in expectation, something laid up for futurity, a marriage portion.
Tongue-tackit. See *Tackit*.
Too fa' o' the nicht, when twilight darkens into night. *To fa'*, a building added, a lean-to.
Toom, empty; to empty.
Toop, a ram.
Toothfu', a moderate quantity of liquor.
Toots! tush.
Top, excellent.
Tore, or *tor*, the arm of a chair.
Tosh, tidy.
Tosie, or *tozy*, tipsy.
Toss, toast.
To-the-fore, remaining, laid up beyond the usual expenses of living.
Tott, a term of fondness to a child. *The hail tott*, the whole number.
Tottin, tottering, walking with the unsteady step of an infant.
Touk, took; a tuck; to tuck.
Touls, tools.
Toun, a town; a hamlet; a farm-house.
Toush, *toosh*, a woman's short gown.
Tousle, *touzle*, to teaze, to handle roughly, to dishevel the hair.
Tousy, or *towzie*, rough, shaggy.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn or trumpet; a hearty drink.
Toutie, an appellation given to a child, as if humorously blaming him with tippling.
Tovy, fuddled.
Tow, a rope.
Towmont, a twelvemonth.
Towt, a fit of illness; *towtie*, subject to fits of illness.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte, to totter like old age.
Traik, disaster, damage; to decline in health; to go idly from one place to another.
Traiket, draggled, disordered, dirty in dress. A fowl is said to be *traiket*, when its dirty feathers are deranged after rain.
Trams, the shafts of a cart or hand-barrow; the legs.
Transe, an entry, a passage through a house from front to back.
Transmugrify, to metamorphose; *transmugrified*, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trantlums, old or useless tools or ware.
Trap, a flight of wooden steps, generally called a trap ladder.
Trashtrie, trash, rubbish.
Tree, a barrel.
Trewan, a truant; a trowel.
Trews, stockings and breeches all of one piece.
Trewsers, trowsers.
Trickie, full of tricks.
Trig, neat, handsome.
Trim, to drub.
Trimly, excellently.
Trindle, *trinle*, or *trintle*, the wheel of a barrow; a trundle, a roll; to trundle, to roll.
Trinkle, to trickle; *trinklin*, trickling.
Trip, a flock, a number.
Troggers, or *troggin'*, wandering merchants, goods to truck or dispose of.
Troke, an exchange; to barter, to exchange one thing for another; to traffic in barter, to perform the act of bartering.
Trotters, sheep-feet.
Trou, to exercise belief; to believe, or credit any person or thing; *trouin*, believing.
Troulis, *troulins*, truly.
Trowth, a petty oath, in faith, in truth, the truth, troth.
Truff, a turf; to steal.
Trugs, troth, a petty oath.
Trummle, to tremble.
Trump, a Jew's harp; to deceive, to cheat; to go off in consequence of disgrace or necessity.
Trumph, trump, a winning card; a trifle.
Truncher, a trencher.
Tryste, an appointment; a fair, a cattle market; to appoint one, to meet a person. *To make a tryste*, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tuff, a tuft.
Tuffle, to ruffle, to rumple, to disorder, to dishevel.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tug or towe, either in leather or rope.
Tuggle, a contention by pulling; to contend about by pulling.
Tulchane, a calf's skin stuffed with straw, and set beside a cow to make her give her milk.
Tulchane Bishop, one who received the episcopate on condition of assigning the temporalities to a secular person.
Tulsh, a flabby infant.
Tulzie, *tulyie*, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Tummle, a tumble; to overturn; *tummle the wilcat*, to tumble heels over head.
Tummler-wheels, the wheels of a kind of low cart.
Tummlers, glass drinking cups; part of a weaver's loom.
Ture, tore.
Turkasses, pincers.
Turn, an office, a task.
Turnpike, a winding stair.
Turrs, turfs.
Twa, two; *twa-fauld*, twofold.
Twad, it would.
Twahaund crack, a familiar conversation between two.
Twall, *twal*, twelve; *twallpennies*, a Scots shilling, or one penny English; *twalt*, the twelfth.
Twasum, two together.
Twa-three, a few.
Tway, two.
Tweesh, betwixt.
Twig, a twitch; to twitch.
Twin, to part, to deprive.
Twine, to twist.
Twinters, sheep of two years old.
Twissle, or *twistle*, twisting, the art of making a rope.
Twitch, an instant of time.
Tyesday, Tuesday.
Tyke, a dog; used in jocularity to a person.
Tyken, tick, a strong striped cloth for beds and pillows.
Tylie, or *taillie*, a junt, a slice, as of beef.
Tyste, to entice.

U

UGG, to feel extreme loathing at; *ugging*, a loathing; *uggsum*, or *uggsome*, very loathsome.
Uggsumness, or *uggsomeness*, loathsomeness.
Umwhile, or *umquhile*, of old, some time ago, the late.
Unback'd-filly, a young mare hitherto unsaddled.
Uncannily, incautiously, carelessly; *uncanny*, dangerous.
Unchancy, unlucky, dangerous.
Unco, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious.
Unco pack and thick thegither, very intimate and friendly.
Uncos, or *uncoes*, news.
Undeimous, inconceivable, incalculable.
Undocht, weak, silly.
Uneith, not easy, difficult.
Unfauld, unfold.
Unfeiry, infirm, inactive.
Undoin, undoing, ruin.
Unhandy, unwieldy, clumsy.
Unheartsome, uncheerful.
Unkent, or *unkenned*, unknown.
Unkin, unkind.
Unloosome, *unloosum*, unlovely.
Unsicker, uncertain, wavering, insecure, unsteady.
Unskaith'd, unhurt, undamaged.
Unsneck, to take a door off the latch.
Unsonsy, unlucky, mischievous.
Unweeting, unwittingly, unknowingly.
Upcast, a taunt, a reproach.
Upcome, the upshot, the issue, the consequence.
Upgang, an ascent.
Uphaud, a support; to uphold, to support.
Upo', upon.
Upsides, equally up, equal to, quits. *To be upsides wi'*, to be revenged on.
Uptack, comprehension, conception; to comprehend, to take up, as in learning.
Upwith, upwards.
Usquebae, whisky.

V

VAICANCE, vacation.
Vaigrie, a freak, a piece of folly, a whimsy, a foolish fancy.
Vaiprin or *vap'rin'*, vapouring.
Vauntie, joyous, delight which cannot contain itself.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring, such as those round the ends of flutes, canes, &c.
Vittle, grain, generally standing corn; to support in victuals; *vittler*, a corn merchant; *vittles*, victuals.
Vively, lively, clearly.

Vizzy, an aim ; to take aim at, as with a musket.
Voggy, *vogie*, or *vowgie*, vain, proud, conceited.
Vow! surprising.
Vowster, a boaster.
Vowt, a vault.

W

WA', a wall ; *wa's*, walls.
Wa', way. *Gang your wa'*, go your way.
Wab, a web.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would ; a bet, a pledge ; to bet.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, wo, sorrow ; *waefu'*, woful.
Waefu'-woodie, hangman's rope.
Waeness, sadness.
Waesheart! alas for you !
Waesucks! or *waes me!* alas ! O the pity!
Waff, or *waiff*, wandering, shabby, little worth ; *waffy*, a vagabond, a scurvy person.
Waff, a slight touch of any thing passing; a breath of wind, as that from a fan.
Waft, woof.
Wa-gang, a departure ; the gout, the sensation of taste arising from any thing swallowed.
Waifs an' crocks, stray sheep and old ewes ; past breeding.
Waigle, a waddle ; to waddle.
Waik, a watch ; a company of musicians who serenade on the street early in the morning ; to watch.
Waipon, a weapon.
Waipon-shaw, a kind of ancient military parade.
Wair, wire ; the cover of a pillow ; to spend.
Wair'd, spent.
Waird, confinement ; a guard ; to ward ; to guard.
Wairsh, insipid ; *wairshness*, insipidity.
Waistin, a consumption.
Waistry, prodigality, profusion.
Waiter, water.
Walcome, a welcome ; to welcome.
Wald, or *wauld*, to wield, to manage, to govern, to possess.
Wale, the choice ; to choose ; *wal'd*, chose, chosen.
Walie, or *wally*, ample, large, jolly, also an exclamation of distress.
Walise, a portmanteau.
Wall, a well.
Wall-carses, water-cresses.
Wallies, toys, gewgaws.
Wallop, to leap, to tumble.
Wallow, to fade, to wither.
Walsh, insipid.
Walt, a welt ; to welt.
Walter, to wallow, to roll, to welter.
Walth, wealth, plenty ; *walthy*, wealthy, plenteous.
Wame, the womb, the belly.
Wamefu', a bellyful.
Wan, won ; was permitted to go, arrived.
Wanchance, misluck, misfortune ; *wanchansie*, unlucky.
Wandocht, weak, silly.
Wangrace, wickedness, ungracefulness ; *wangracefu'*, wicked, graceless, ungraceful.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Wanruly, unruly.
Wansday, Wednesday.
Wanter, an unmarried person.
Wanwordy, unworthy.
Wanworth, a mere nothing in value, an undervalue.
Wap, a slap ; to slap.
Wappon, a weapon.
War, were.
War, or *waur*, worse.
Warble, to wriggle.
Ware, spend.
Wark, work ; *wark-claes*, clothes for working in ; *wark-day*, a working-day; *warklume*, a tool to work with ; *warkman*, a labourer.
Warl, or *warld*, the world.
Warl's gear, world's wealth.
Warld's-worm, a miser.
Warlock, a wizard ; *warlock-knowe*, a knoll where warlocks once held trystes.
Warly, worldly, parsimonious.
Warna, were not.
Warp, the number four, used by fishwomen in reckoning oysters.
Warran, a warrant ; to warrant.
Warse, worse ; *warst*, worst.
Warsle, a wrestle ; to wrestle ; *warsl'd*, wrestled.
Wart, were it, wert.
Wast, west ; the west.
Wastlins, of, or belonging to the west ; *wastlin*, westward.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet ; given to tippling ; *I wat*, I wot, I know.
Water, a river, a running water ; *water-brash*, a belching up of water from the stomach ; *water-brose*, brose made of meal and water ; *water-gang*, the race of a mill ; *water-kelpie*, the spirit of the waters ; *water-mouth*, the mouth of a river.
Watna, or *waitna*, wot not.
Watshod, having the shoes wet.
Wattin, woting ; a wetting.
Wattle, a twig ; a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waud, a wade ; to wade.
Waugh, *wauk*, or *waughie*, moist, damp.
Waught, a large draught ; to drink in large draughts.
Wauk, or *wa'k*, a walk ; to walk.
Wauk, a wake ; to full cloth, to watch ; *wauk*, or *wauken*, to awake, to watch ; *waukin*, waking, watching.
Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.
Wauk-mill, a fulling mill ; *wauk-miller*, a fuller.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waulie, strong.
Waumle, or *wauble*, to tumble, to undulate, to vibrate as a rod thrown into the air ; to waggle.
Waund, a wand, a fishing rod, a ferule.
Wauner, a wander ; to wander.
Waur, or *war*, worse ; to worst.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child ; *weanly*, childish.
Wearifu', fatiguing, vexatious, tedious, troublesome ; *weary-widdle*, toilsome contest of life.
Weavin' the stockin'. To knit stockings.
Web, or *wab*, the covering of the intestines, the caul, the epidermis.
Wecht, a hoop covered with leather like a drum head, a utensil used in husbandry ; *wechts*, scales, also the weights.
Wee, little ; to weigh ; *wee things*, little ones ; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weed, a sort of fever to which nurses and women in childbed are subject.
Weeder-clips, instrument for pulling up weeds.
Weegle, *wiggle*, to waggle.
Weel, well, not sick ; well, properly ; *weelfare*, welfare ; *weel-faur'd*, well-favoured.
Weepers, the strips of muslin stitched on the sleeves of a coat or gown as a badge of mourning.
Weer, to wear ; to stop, to turn any creature back, about, or away, in a cautious manner.
Wees, a balance beam and scales.
Weet, rain ; wetness ; to wet ; *weetin'*, wetting, raining ; *weety*, wet, rainy.
Weirdless, luckless, worthless, of hopeless expectation.
Wersh, insipid, tasteless.
We'se, we shall.
Wesson, throat.
Westlin. See *Wastlin*.
Westlins. See *Wastlins*.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, or *wheezle*, a wheeze ; to wheeze.
Whalp, a whelp ; to whelp.
Wham, whom.
Whan, when.
Whang, a leathern string ; a piece of cheese, bread, &c. ; to give the strappado.
Whar, or *whare*, where ; *whare'er*, wherever.
Wha's, who is.
Whase, whose.
Whatna, what a, what sort of a.
Whatreck, yet, nevertheless.
Whauk, a blow ; to beat.
Whaukie, whisky.
Whaup, a curlew.
Whaurie, a misgrown child.
Wheelin, coarse worsted.
Wheen, a number.
Wheep, an instant ; to bind about with twine or thread. *Penny-wheep*, small beer
Wheeple, *whipple*, an indistinct whistle ; to make an ineffectual attempt to whistle.
Wheeze, a flattery, a deception ; to flatter, to deceive.
Whew, a whistle ; to whistle.
Whid, or *whud*, a lie ; to lie, to tell a falsehood ; an instantaneous motion ; hasty ; *whiddin*, running as a hare or cony.
Whig, the sour part of cream.
Whigmaleeries, whims, fancies, gewgaws, toys.
While, to spend a portion of time, used most commonly in a neuter sense in English.
Whiles, sometimes.
Whilk, which.
Whillie, or *whillirha*, a cheat, a lie, a fawning deceitful person, to cheat, to cozen, to gull.
Whin, ragstone, basalt.
Whinge, to whine ; *whingein*, whining.
Whinny, producing furze.
Whins, or *whuns*, furze. *To tak' through the whuns*, to be severely reproved.
Whip-aff, *whup-aff* or *awa*, to start off quickly ; to snatch a thing away quickly.
Whir, or *whirrin'*, the sound made by the flight of the partridge.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whisht, silence. *To hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, a whip, a lash, a stroke ; to whip, to lash ; *whiskit*, lashed.

Whiskin'-beard, a beard like the whiskers of a cat.

Whisky-tackets, pimples on the face.

Whissle, *whussle*, a whistle, a blow. *To weet the whissle*, to take a drink.

White, a cutting or slicing with a knife; to cut or slice wood with a knife.

Whitter, to move with a quick motion of the feet, as a rat; refreshment; a hearty draught of liquor.

Whittle, or *whuttle*, a knife.

Whittle, to cut with a knife.

Whittrit, a weasel.

Whommil, or *whammle*, to overturn, to turn upside down.

Whommilt, or *whamml't*, turned upside down, overturned.

Whult, a large piece, a fall.

Whulter, *whultin*, a thumper, a thing large in size.

Whun, ragstone, basalt; of or belonging to ragstone.

Whun-stane, a whin-stone.

Whunner, the rattling noise occasioned by the stroke of any thing rapidly.

Whup, a whip.

Whurl, to whirl.

Whurl, or *whurly*, a child of a fawning cunning disposition.

Whurligig, a toy that whirls round, a whimsy.

Whurliwha. See *Whillie*.

Whyles, at times.

Wicht, powerful, strong; inventive; of a superior genius.

Wick, the corner, as the wick of the mouth or eye; a term in curling; to strike a stone in an oblique direction.

Wicker, the barb of a hook.

Widdie, a rope. See *Wuddie*.

Widdie, a haddock dried without splitting.

Widdifu', twisted like a withy; one who merits hanging.

Widdle, struggle, bustle, effort. See *Wuddle*.

Wiel, a small whirlpool.

Wife, a woman; *wifie*, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.

Wig, a description of flour-bread; the watery liquor which separates from butter-milk.

Wight, strong, a man; *fremit-wight*, a stranger.

Wil-cat, a wild cat.

Wil-cat (*to tumble the*), to tumble heels over head.

Wil-fire, or *wulfire*, the erysipelas, or St. Anthony's fire.

Wilfu', willing, stubborn.

Wilk, or *wulk*, a shell-fish.

Will, or *wull*, wild, bewildered.

Willie-wain, a willow wand.

Willie-waught, a hearty drink.

Wilsome, wild, lonely.

Wilyart, bashful and reserved; avoiding society, timid; *wilyart-glower*, a bewildered, dismayed stare.

Wimmle, a wimble; to bore with a wimble.

Wimple, a curl, an undulation; to undulate, to purl; *wimplin*, curling, purling, undulating.

Win, to won, to dwell; to be allowed to go, to have it in one's power to go.

Win, or *wun*, wind; to winnow, to dry in the air.

Win, *wun*, or *wund*, boasting, empty bravado.

Win-aboon, to get above.

Win-about, to circumvent.

Win-aff, to get away.

Win-afore, to get before.

Win-at, to reach.

Win-awa, to get away.

Win ben, to get within, to get into the inner apartment.

Win butt, to be permitted to go into the outer apartment.

Win-by, to get past.

Windin, winding.

Windy, boasting, boastful, ostentatious.

Win-forrat, to get forward.

Wink, an instant, a twinkling; *winkin*, winking, twinkling.

Winna, or *winnae*, will not.

Winnins, earnings.

Winnin' - thread, putting thread into hanks.

Winnle-strae, the stalk of rye-grass.

Winnock, a window.

Winnock-bunker, window seat

Winny, windy.

Win-owre, to get over, to surmount.

Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.

Wintle, or *wuntle*, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.

Winze, or *wunze*, an oath; to swear.

Wirricow, a bugbear.

Wise (*s* like *z*) guise, manner.

Wise, to advise, to turn to another way by gentle means.

Wise-like, respectable in dress or appearance.

Wishy-washy, spiritless, tasteless, without consistency, vapid, thin, watery.

Wiss, a wish; to wish; to wot.

Withershins, backward motion, cross motion against the sun, contrary, counter.

Withoutin, without, in want of.

Witten, knowledge.

Wizzen, the weasand, the throat; to wither, to become dry, to shrink; *wizzent*, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.

Wonner, a wonder; to wonder; *wonner't*, wonder at it.

Woer-babs, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.

Woo', wool.

Woosh, or *wush*, washed.

Wordy, worthy.

Worry, to strangle, to suffocate.

Worset, worsted.

Wow, an exclamation of pleasure, surprise, or grief.

Wowff, to bark.

Wrack, to teaze, to vex.

Wraith, a spirit or ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.

Wrang, wrong; to wrong; wrung.

Wrat, a wart.

Wreathe, to writhe.

Wreeth, wreath, a drifted heap of snow.

Wright, a house carpenter.

Wrist, a sprain; to sprain.

Writer, an attorney.

Wud, wild, mad; *wud-mad*, distracted.

Wud, a wood.

Wuddie, or *woodie*, a rope, a halter; more properly one made of withes or willows.

Wuddle, to wriggle.

Wuddyfu', a ropeful, a person who deserves a rope.

Wullie, Willie, diminutive of William.

Wull. See *Will*.

Wull, will; to will; *wullin*, willing.

Wummle. See *Wimmle*.

Wurble, a twist, a twine, a rub between the finger and thumb; to twist, to twine, to crush by friction between the thumb and finger.

Wure, wore.

Wursum, pus, putrid matter.

Wurtle, a writhe; to writhe as a worm.

Wurts, herbs, wort.

Wyle, to influence artfully, to entice.

Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.

Wyss, in the enjoyment of reason; *no wyss*, insane.

Wyte, blame, to blame.

Y

YAD, *yaud*, a cow; an old mare; a worn-out horse.

Yaff, or *yamph*, a bark; to prate, to bark.

Yaird, a yard, a kitchen garden.

Yap, or *yaup*, hungry; to cry as nestlings for food.

Yarp, or *yerp*, a whine, a fretting, a carping; to whine, to fret, to carp.

Yaumer, to murmur.

Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for thou.

Year is used both for singular and plural, years.

Yearlings, *yealings*, born in the same year, coevals.

Ye'd, ye would; ye had.

Yedd, a contention, a wrangle; to contend.

Yeldrin, the yellow-hammer.

Ye'll, ye will.

Yell, or *yeld*, barren, that gives no milk.

Yelloch, to squall.

Yellockin, squalling.

Yer, your; *ye're*, you are.

Yerk, a blow, a whip; to lash, to beat, to strike with the open hand; to jerk; *yerkit*, jerked, lashed.

Yersel, yourself.

Ye'se, ye shall.

Yesk, a hiccup, to hiccup.

Yestreen, yesternight.

Yett, a gate.

Yill, ale.

Yince, once.

Yird, earth; to earth, to bury.

Yirdit, buried.

Yirm, to murmur, to whine, to importune with, murmuring.

Yirn, to coagulate milk.

Yirnin, rennet, the liquid used to coagulate milk.

Yirr, a snarl; to snarl like a dog.

Yitt-meal, oat meal.

Yoke, to engage, to fall to fighting.

Yokin, yoking; a bout.

Yole, a yawl.

Yonner, yonder.

Yont, or *ayont*, beyond, farther back.

Youdith, youth.

Youk, *yeuk*, the itch; *youky*, itchy.

Youl, *yowl*, a howl; to howl as a dog.

Young-guidman, a man newly married; *young-guidwife*, a woman newly married.

Yoursel, yourself.

Yowden, wearied.

Yowe, a ewe.

Yowf, a blow; to bark as a dog.

Yowie, diminutive of *Yowe*.

Yowt, a squall, a scream; to scream, to squall.

Yule, Christmas.

Yule-e'en, Christmas-eve.

Yyte, the yellow-hammer.

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